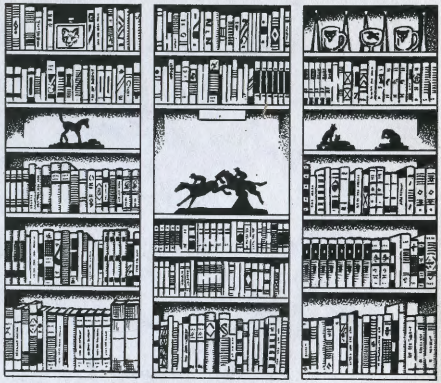

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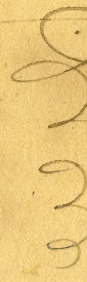

IZAAK
WALTON
W.H.Hearst sculp.

THE

COMPLETE ANGLER;

OR,

CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION:

BEING

A DISCOURSE ON RIVERS, FISH-PONDS,

FISH, AND FISHING.

BY

IZAAK WALTON AND CHARLES COTTON.

WITH LIVES, AND NOTES,

BY SIR JOHN HAWKINS, KNIGHT.

EDITED BY

JAMES RENNIE, A.M.

PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY, KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

EDITION PUBLISHED BY SIR JOHN HAWKINS, 1760.

THE *Complete Angler* having been written so long ago as 1653, although the last publication thereof in the lifetime of the Author was in 1676, contains many particulars of persons now but little known, and frequent allusions to facts, and even modes of living, the memory whereof is in a great measure obliterated: a new edition, therefore, seemed to require a retrospect to the time when the Authors lived, an explanation of such passages as an interval of more than a hundred years had necessarily rendered obscure, together with such improvements in the art itself as the accumulated experience of succeeding times has enabled us to furnish.

An Edition, undertaken with this view, is now attempted, and in a way, it is to be hoped, that may once again introduce the Authors to the acquaintance of persons of learning and judgment.

All that the Editor requests, in return for the pains he has taken, is, that the reader will do him the justice to believe that his only motives for the republication of this work were, a desire to perpetuate the memory of a meek, benevolent, pious man, and to contribute something to the improvement of an art of which he professes himself a lover.

Twickenham, April 10, 1760.

[The Notes to this edition by Professor Rennie, consisting chiefly of the correction of the errors of the original in Natural History, are marked by his initials, J. R.]

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PUBLISHED IN THE

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IN ALL, TWENTY-EIGHT WOODCUTS AND PLATES.

LIFE

OF

IZAAK WALTON.

THE excellent Lord Verulam has noted it as one of the great deficiencies of biographical history, that it is, for the most part, confined to the actions of kings, princes, and great personages, who are necessarily few; while the memory of less conspicuous, though good men, has been no better preserved than by vague reports and barren elogies.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, if little care has been taken to perpetuate the remembrance of the person who is the subject of the present inquiry; and, indeed, there are many circumstances that seem to account for such an omission; for neither was he distinguished by his rank, or eminent for his learning, or remarkable for the performance of any public service; but as he ever affected a retired life, so was he noted only for an ingenious, humble, good man.

However, to so eminent a degree did he possess the qualities above ascribed to him, as to afford a very justifiable reason for endeavouring to impress upon the minds of mankind, by a collection of many scattered passages concerning him, a due sense of their value and importance.

ISAAC, or, as he used to write it, IZAAK WALTON, was born at Stafford, in the month of August, 1593. The Oxford *Antiquary*, who has thus fixed the place and year of his nativity, has left us no memorials of his family, nor even hinted where or how he was educated; but has only told us, that before the year 1643, Walton was settled, and followed the trade of a sempster, in London.*

* *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. 805.

From his own writings, then, it must be that the circumstances attending his life must, in a great measure, come; and, as occasions offer, a proper use will be made of them: nevertheless, a due regard will be paid to some traditional memoirs, which (besides that they contain nothing improbable) the authority of those to whom we stand indebted for them, will not allow us to question.

His first settlement in London, as a shopkeeper, was in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and finished in 1567.* In this situation he could scarcely be said to have elbow-room; for the shops over the Burse were but seven feet and a half long, and five wide;† yet here did he carry on his trade, till some time before the year 1624; when "he dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow."‡ Now, the old timber house at the south-west corner of Chancery Lane in Fleet Street, till within these few years, was known by that sign: it is therefore beyond doubt that Walton lived at the very next door. And in this house he is, in the deed above referred to, which bears date 1624, said to have followed the trade of a linen-draper. It farther appears by that deed, that the house was in the *joint* occupation of Isaac Walton, and John Mason, hosier; whence we may conclude, that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton.

A citizen of this age would almost as much disdain to admit of a tenant for half his shop, as a knight would to ride double; though the brethren of one of the most ancient orders in the world were so little above this practice, that their common seal was the device of two riding on one horse.§ A more than gradual deviation from that parsimonious character, of which this is a ludicrous instance, hastened the grandeur and declension of that fraternity; and it is rather to be wished than hoped, that the vast increase of trade of this country, and an aversion from the frugal manners of our forefathers, may not be productive of similar consequences to this nation in general.

I conjecture, that *about* 1632 he married; for in that year I find him living in a house in Chancery Lane, a few doors

* Ward's *Life of Sir Thomas Gresham*, p. 12. † *Ibid.*

‡ Ex vet. charta penes me.

§ The Knights Templars. Ashmole's *Inst. of the Order of the Garter*, p. 55. See the seal at the end of Matt. Paris *Hist. Anglicana*, edit. 1640.

WALTON'S HOUSE, FLEET STREET.

higher up, on the left hand, than the former, and described by the occupation of a sempster, or milliner. The former of these might be his own proper trade; and the latter, as being a feminine occupation, might probably be carried on by his wife: she, it appears, was Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Thomas, afterwards Dr Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the seven that were sent to the Tower, and who, at the Revolution, was deprived, and died in retirement. Walton seems to have been as happy in the married state, as the society and friendship of a prudent and pious woman of great endowments could make him; and that Mrs Walton was such a one, we may conclude from what will be said of her hereafter.

About 1643 he left London, and, with a fortune very far short of what would now be called a competency,* seems to have retired altogether from business; at which time, (to use the words of Wood,) "finding it dangerous for honest men to be there, he left that city, and lived sometimes at Stafford,† and elsewhere; but mostly in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, of whom he was much beloved.‡

While he continued in London, his favourite recreation was angling, in which he was the greatest proficient of his time; and indeed, so great were his skill and experience in that art, that there is scarce any writer on the subject since his time, who has not made the rules and practice of Walton his very foundation. It is, therefore, with the greatest propriety that Langbaine calls him "the common father of all anglers."§

The river that he seems mostly to have frequented for this purpose was the Lea, which has its source above Ware, in Hertfordshire, and falls into the Thames a little below Black Wall;‖ unless we will suppose that the vicinity of the New River¶ to the place of his habitation, might sometimes tempt him out with his friends, honest Nat. and R. Roe, whose loss he so pathetically mentions,** to spend an afternoon there.

* See his Will, at the end of the Life.

† He lived upon a small estate near the town of Stafford, where, according to his own account, he suffered during the time of the Civil Wars; having by his loyalty rendered himself obnoxious to the persons in power.

‡ *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. 305.

§ *Lives of the English Dramatic Poets*, art. Cha. Cotton, Esq.

‖ See chap xix.

¶ That great work, the bringing water from Chadwell and Amwell, in Hertfordshire, to London, by means of the trench called the New River, was completed on Michaelmas day, 1613. Stow's *Survey*, fol. 1633, p. 12.

** Preface to *Complete Angler*.

In this year, 1662, he was, by death, deprived of the solace and comfort of a good wife, as appears by the following monumental inscription in the chapel of Our Lady, in the cathedral church of Worcester:

EXTERRIS
D.
M. S.
HERE LYETH BURIED
so much as could dye of
ANNE, THE WIFE OF IZAAK WALTON;
who was a Woman of remarkable Prudence,
and of the Primitive Piety;
her great and general knowledge
being adorned with such true Humility,
and blessed with so much Christian Meekness,
as made her worthy of a more memorable Monument.
She dyed (alas that she is dead!)
the 17th of April, 1662, Aged 52.
Study to be like her.

Living, while in London, in the parish of St Dunstan in the West, whereof Dr John Donne, dean of St Paul's, was vicar, he became, of course, a frequent hearer of that excellent preacher, and, at length, (as he himself expresses it,*) his convert. Upon his decease in 1631, Sir Henry Wotton (of whom mention will be made hereafter) requested Walton to collect materials for a *Life of the Doctor*, which it seems Sir Henry had undertaken to write:† but Sir Henry dying before he had completed the life, Walton undertook it himself; and, in the year 1640, finished and published it, with a *Collection of the Doctor's Sermons*, in folio. As soon as the book came out, a complete copy was sent as a present to Walton, by Mr John Donne, the Doctor's son, afterwards Doctor of Laws; and one of the blank leaves contained his letter to Mr Walton: the letter is yet extant, and in print,‡ and is a handsome and grateful acknowledgment of the honour done to the memory of his father.

Doctor King, afterward Bishop of Chichester, in a letter to the author, thus expresses himself concerning this Life "I am glad that the general demonstration of his [Doctor Donne's] worth was so fairly preserved, and represented to the world by

* Verses of Walton at the end of Dr Donne's *Life*.

† See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, octavo, 1685, p. 360.

‡ In Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, vol. i. lib. vi. p. 24. In the year 1714, the very book, with the original manuscript letter, was in the hands of the Rev. Mr Borradale, rector of Market-Deeping, in the county of Lincoln.

your pen, in the history of his life; indeed, so well, that, beside others, the best critic of our later time, Mr John Hales, of Eaton, affirmed to me, he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or reputation to the writer, than that of Doctor Donne." *

Sir Henry Wotton dying in 1639, Walton was importuned by Bishop King to undertake the writing his life also; and, as it should seem by a circumstance mentioned in the margin, it was finished about 1644. † Notwithstanding which, the earliest copy I have yet been able to meet with is that prefixed to a collection of Sir Henry's *Remains*, undoubtedly made by Walton himself, entitled *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, and by him, in 1651, dedicated to Lady Mary Wotton and her three daughters; though in a subsequent edition, in 1685, he has recommended them to the patronage of a more remote relation of the author, namely, Philip, Earl of Chesterfield.

The precepts of angling,—meaning thereby the rules and directions for taking fish with a hook and line,—till Walton's time, having hardly ever been reduced to writing, were propagated from age to age chiefly by tradition: but Walton, whose benevolent and communicative temper appears in almost every line of his writings, unwilling to conceal from the world those assistances which his long practice and experience enabled him, perhaps the best of any man of his time, to give, in the year 1653 published, in a very elegant manner, his *Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation*, in small duodecimo, adorned with exquisite cuts of most of the fish mentioned in it. The artist who engraved them has been so modest as to conceal his name: but there is great reason to suppose they are the work of Lombart, who is mentioned in the *Sculptura* of Mr Evelyn; and also that the plates were of steel.

And let no man imagine, that a work on such a subject must necessarily be unentertaining, or trifling, or even uninstructive; for the contrary will most evidently appear, from a perusal of this excellent piece, which, whether we consider the elegant simplicity of the style, the ease and unaffected humour of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry which it contains, or the fine morality it so

* Bishop King's Letter to Walton before the Collection of the Lives, in 1670.

† It is certain that Hooker's Life was written about 1664; and Walton says, in his Epistle before the Lives, that "there was an interval of twenty years between the writing of Hooker's Life and Wotton's," which fixes the date of the latter to 1644.

sweetly inculcates, has hardly its fellow in any of the modern languages.

The truth is, that there are few subjects so barren as not to afford matter of delight, and even of instruction, if ingeniously treated: Montaigne has written an essay on *Coaches*, and another on *Thumbs*; and our own nation has produced many men, who, from a peculiar felicity in their turn of thinking, and manner of writing, have adorned, and even dignified, themes the most dry and unpromising. Many would think that time ill employed which was spent in composing a treatise on the art of shooting in the long bow: and how few lovers of horticulture would expect entertainment from a discourse of Salads! and yet the *Toxophilus* of Roger Ascham, and the *Acetaria* of Mr Evelyn, have been admired and commended by the best judges of literature.

But that the reader may determine for himself, how much our author has contributed to the improvement of piscatory science, and how far his work may be said to be an original, it will be necessary for him to take a view of the state of angling at the time when he wrote; and that he may be the better able to do this, he will consider, that, till the time of the Reformation, although the clergy, as well regular as secular, on account of their leisure, and because the canon law forbade them the use of the sanguinary recreations of hunting, hawking, and fowling, were the great proficients in angling, yet none of its precepts were committed to writing; and that, from the time of the introduction of printing into this kingdom, to that of the first publication of Walton's book, in 1653, an interval of more than one hundred and fifty years, only five books on this subject had been given to the world; of the four latest, some mention is made in the margin;* but the first of that number,

* *A Booke of fishing with hooke and line, and of all other instruments thereunto belonging. Another of sundrie engines and traps to take polecats, buzzards, rats, mice, and all other kinds of vermine and beasts whatsoever, most profitable for all warriners, and such as delight in this kind of sport and pastime, made by L. M.* 4to. London, 1590, 1596, 1600.

It appears by a variety of evidence, that the person meant by these initials was one Leonard Mascall, an author who wrote on planting and grafting, and also on cattle. Vide infra, chap. ix.

Approved Experiments touching Fish and Fruit, to be regarded by the Lovers of Angling, by Mr John Taverner, in quarto, 1600.

The Secrets of Angling, a poem, in three books, by J. D. [Davors,] Esq. octavo, 1613. Mention is made of this book, in a note on a passage in the ensuing dialogues: and there is reason to think that it is the foundation of a treatise, entitled *The whole Art of Angling*, published in quarto,

as well on account of its quaintness as antiquity, and because it is not a little characteristic of the age when it was written, deserves to be particularly distinguished. This tract, entitled *The Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle*, makes part of a book, like many others of that early time, without a title ; but which, by the colophon, appears to have been printed at Westminster, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496, in a small folio, containing a treatise *On Hawking;* another, *On Hunting*, in verse,—the latter taken, as it seems, from a tract, on that subject, written by old Sir Tristram, an ancient forester, cited in the *Forest Laws* of Manwood, chap. iv. in sundry places ; a book wherein is determined the *Lygnage of Cote Armures*; the above mentioned treatise *Of fishing* ; and the method of *Blasynge of Armes*.

The book printed by Wynkyn de Worde is, in truth, a republication of one known to the curious by the name of the *Book of St Alban's*, it appearing by the colophon to have been printed there, in 1486, and, as it seems, with Caxton's letter.* Wynkyn de Worde's impression has the addition of the treatise *Of Fishing ;* of which only it concerns us to speak.

The several tracts contained in the above mentioned two impressions of the same book, were compiled by Dame Julyans (or Juliana) Berners, Bernes, or Barnes, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St Alban's ; a lady of a noble family, and celebrated for her learning and accomplishments, by Leland, Bale, Pits, Bishop Tanner, and others. And the reason for her publishing it, in the manner it appears in, she gives us in the following words : —" And for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it, yf it were enprynted allone by itself and put in a lytyll plaunflet ; therefore I have compylyd it in a greter uolume, of dyuerse bokys concernynge to gentyll and noble men, to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche sholde haue but lytyll mesure in the sayd

1656, by the well known Gervase Markham, as part of his *Country Contentments, or Husbandman's Recreations*, since he confesses, that the substance of his book was originally in rhyme. Of Markham's book, a specimen is given in chap. i.

Barker's Art of Angling, printed in 12mo. in 1651, and again in 4to. in 1653. A third edition was published in 1659, under the title of *Barker's Delight, or the Art of Angling*. For an account of this book and its author, vide infra. — J. S. H.

* Vide *Biographica Britannica*, art. Caxton, note L. wherein the author, Mr Oldys, has given a copious account of the book, and a character of the lady who compiled it.

dysporte of fysshynge, sholde not by this meane utterly dystroye it."

And as to the treatise itself, it must be deemed a great typographical curiosity, as well for the wooden sculpture which in the original immediately follows the title, as for the orthography and the character in which it is printed. And, with respect to the subject matter thereof, it begins,—With a comparison of fishing with the diversions of hunting, hawking, and fowling,—which, the authoress shews, are attended with great inconveniences and disappointments; whereas in fishing, if his sport fail him, "the angler," says she, "atte the leest, hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete sauoure of the mede floures, that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodyous armony of fowles; he seeth the yonge swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other fowles, wyth theyr brodes; whyche me semyth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of foulis, that hunters, fawkeners, and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fysshe; surely, thenne, is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte."

At the beginning of the directions, "How the angler is to make his harnays, or tackle," he is thus instructed to provide a rod: "And how ye shall make your rodde craftly, here I shall teche you. Ye shall kytte betweene Myghelmas and Candylmas, a fayr staffe, of a fadom and an halfe longe, and arme-grete, of hasyll, wyllowe, or aspe; and bethe hym in an hote ouyn, and sette him euyn; thenne, lete hym cole and drye a moneth. Take thenne and frette* hym faste with a coekeshote corde; and bynde hym to a fourme, or an euyn square grete tree. Take, thenne, a plummer's wire, that is euen and streyte, and sharpe at the one ende; and hete the sharpe ende in a charcole fyre till it be whyte, and brenne the staffe therwyth thorugh, euer streyte in the pythe at bothe endes, till they mete: and after that brenne him in the nether end wyth a byrde broche† and with other broches, eche gretter than other, and euer the grettest the laste; so that ye make your hole, aye, tapre were. Thenne lete hym lye styll, and kele two dayes; unfrette‡ hym thenne, and lete hym drye in an hous roof, in the smoke, till he be thrugh drye. In the same season, take a fayr yerde of green hasyll, and bethe

i. e. Tie it about: the substantive plural, frets of a lute, is formed of this verb.

† A bird spit.

‡ Untie it.

him euen and streyghte, and lete it drye with the staffe; and whan they ben drye, make the yerde mete unto the hole in the staffe, unto halfe the length of the staffe; and to perfourme that other half of the croppe,—take a fayr shote of blacke thornn, crabbe tree, medeler, or of jenypre, kytte in the same season, and well bethyd and streyghte, and frette theym togyder fetely, soo that the croppe maye justly entre all into the sayd hole; thenne shaue your staffe, and make him tapre were; then vyrell the staffe at bothe endes with long hopis of yren, or laton, in the clennest wise, wyth a pyke at the nether ende, fastynd with a rennynge vyce, to take in and out your croppe; thenne set your croppe an handfull within the ouer ende of your staffe, in suche wise that it be as bigge there as in ony other place about: thenne arme your croppe at the ouer ende, downe to the frette, wyth a lyne of vj heeres, and dubbe the lyne, and frette it faste in the toppe wyth a bowe to fasten on your lyne; and thus shall ye make you a rodde so prevy, that you may walke therwyth; and there shall noo man wyte where abowte ye goo."

Speaking of the Barbel, she says: "The Barbyll is a swete fysshe; but it is a quasy mete, and a peryllous for mannys body. For, comynly, he yeuyth an introduxion to the febres: and yf he be eten rawe, he may be cause of mannys dethe, whyche hath oft be seen." And of the Carp, "that it is a deyntous fysshe, but there ben but fewe in Englonde. And therefore I wryte the lasse of hym. He is an euyll fysshe to take. For he is so stronge enarmyd in the mouthe, that there maye noo weke harnays hold hym.

"And as touchynge his baytes, I have but lytyll knowledge of it. And me wereloth to wryte more than I knowe and have prouyd. But well I wote, that the redde worme and the menow ben good baytes for hym at all tymes, as I have herde saye of persones credyble, and also founde wryten in bokes of credence."

For taking the Pike, this lady directs her readers in the following terms, viz.:—

"Take a codlynge hoke; and take a Roche, or a fresshe Heeryng; and a wyre with an hole in the ende, and put it in at the mouth, and out at the taylle, downe by the ridge of the fresshe Heeryng; and thenne put the lyne of your hoke in after, and drawe the hoke into the cheke of the fresshe Herrying; then put a plumbe of lede upon your lyne a yerde longe from your hoke, and aflote in myd waye betwene; and caste it in a pytte where the Pyke usyth: and this is the

beste and moost surest crafte of takynge the Pyke. Another manere takynge of hym there is; take a frosshe,* and put it on your hoke, at the necke, betwene the skynne and the body, on the backe half, and put on a flote a yerde therefro, and caste it where the Pyke hauntyth, and ye shall haue him. Another manere: Take the same bayte, and put it in asafetida, and caste it in the water wyth a corde and a corke, and ye shall not fayl of hym. And yf ye lyst to haue a good sporte, thenne tye the corde to a gose fote; and ye shall se gode halynge, whether the gose or the Pyke shall haue the better."

The directions for making flies, contained in this book, are, as one would expect, very inartificial: we shall therefore only add, that the authoress advises the angler to be provided with twelve different sorts; between which and Walton's twelve,† the difference is so very small, as well in the order as the manner of describing them, that there cannot remain the least doubt but he had seen, and attentively perused this ancient treatise.

The book concludes with some general cautions, among which are these that follow; which at least serve to shew how long angling has been looked on as an auxiliary to contemplation.

"Also ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte, for no couetysenes, to the encreasynge and sparynge of your money oonly; but pryncypally for your solace, and to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soule: for whanne ye purpoos to goo on your dysportes in fysshynge, ye woll not desyre gretly many persons wyth you, whyche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye may serue God, deuowtly, in sayenge affectuously youre custumable prayer; and, thus doynge, ye shall eschewe and voyde many vices."

But to return to the last mentioned work of our author, *The Complete Angler:* it came into the world attended with Encomiastic Verses by several writers of that day;‡ and had in the title-page, though Walton thought proper to omit it in the future editions, this apposite motto:

"Simon Peter said, I go a fishing; and they said, We also will go with thee." *John*, xxi. 3.

And here occasion is given to remark, that the circumstance of time, and the distracted state of the kingdom at the period

* Or frog. *Minshew's Dictionary.* † See chap. v.

‡ This is a mistake: the *Commendatory Verses* appeared for the first time in the second edition.

when the book was written, reaching, indeed, to the publication of the third edition thereof, are evidences of the author's inward temper and disposition; for who, but a man whose mind was the habitation of piety, prudence, humility, peace, and cheerfulness, could delineate such a character as that of the principal interlocutor in this dialogue; and make him reason, contemplate, instruct, converse, jest, sing, and recite verses, with that sober pleasantry, that unlicentious hilarity, that Piscator does; and this, too, at a time when the whole kingdom was in arms; and confusion and desolation were carried to an extreme sufficient to have excited such a resentment against the authors of them, as might have soured the best temper, and rendered it, in no small degree, unfit for social intercourse?

If it should be objected, that what is here said may be equally true of an indolent man, or of a mind insensible to all outward accidents, and devoted to its own ease and gratification,—to this it may be answered, that the person here spoken of was not such a man: on the contrary, in sundry views of his character, he appears to have been endowed both with activity and industry; an industrious tradesman; industrious in collecting biographical memoirs and historical facts, and in rescuing from oblivion the memory and writings of many of his learned friends: and surely, against the suspicion of insensibility HE must stand acquitted, who appears to have had the strongest attachments that could consist with Christian charity, both to opinions and men; to episcopacy, to the doctrines, discipline, and the liturgy of the established church; and to those divines and others that favoured the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of this country,—the subversion whereof it was his misfortune both to see and feel. Seeing, therefore, that amidst the public calamities, and in a state of exile from that city where the earliest and dearest of his connections had been formed, he was thus capable of enjoying himself in the manner he appears to have done; patiently submitting to those evils which he could not prevent, —we must pronounce him to have been an illustrious exemplar of the private and social virtues, and, upon the whole, a wise and good man.

To these remarks, respecting the moral qualities of Walton, I add, that his mental endowments were so considerable as to merit notice. It is true, that his stock of learning, properly so called, was not great; yet were his attainments in literature far beyond what could be expected from a man bred to trade,

and not to a learned profession; for let it be remembered, that, besides being well versed in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and the writings of the most eminent divines of his time, he appears to have been well acquainted with history, ecclesiastical, civil, and natural; to have acquired a very correct judgment in poetry; and by phrases of his own combination and invention, to have formed a style so natural, intelligible, and elegant, as to have had more admirers than successful imitators.

And although in the prosecution of his design to teach the contemplative man the art of angling, there is a plainness and simplicity of discourse, that indicates little more than bare instruction, yet is there intermingled with it wit and gentle reprehension; and we may in some instances discover, that though he professes himself no friend to scoffing, he knew very well how to deal with scoffers, and to defend his art, as we see he does, against such as attempted to degrade it; and particularly against those two persons in the dialogue, Auceps and Venator, who affected to fear a long and watery discourse in defence of his art,—the former of whom he puts to silence, and the other he converts and takes for his pupil.

What reception in general the book met with may be naturally inferred from the dates of the subsequent editions thereof; the second came abroad in 1655, the third in 1664, the fourth in 1668, and the fifth and last in 1676. It is pleasing to trace the several variations which the author from time to time made in these subsequent editions, as well by adding new facts and discoveries, as by enlarging on the more entertaining parts of the dialogue; and so far did he indulge himself in this method of improvement, that, besides that in the second edition he has introduced a new interlocutor, to wit, Auceps, a falconer, and by that addition gives a new form to the dialogue; he from thence takes occasion to urge a variety of reasons in favour of his art, and to assert its preference as well to hawking as hunting. The third and fourth editions of his book have several entire new chapters; and the fifth, the last of the editions published in his lifetime, contains no less than eight chapters more than the first, and twenty pages more than the fourth.

Not having the advantage of a learned education, it may seem unaccountable that Walton so frequently cites authors that have written only in Latin, as Gesner, Cardan, Aldrovandus, Rondeletius, and even Albertus Magnus; but here it may be observed, that the voluminous history of animals, of

which the first of these was author, is in effect translated into English by Mr Edward Topsel, a learned divine, chaplain, as it seems, in the church of St Botolph, Aldersgate, to Dr Neile, dean of Westminster. The translation was published in 1658, and, containing in it numberless particulars concerning frogs, serpents, caterpillars, and other animals, though not of fish, extracted from the other writers above named, and others with their names to the respective facts, it furnished Walton with a great variety of intelligence, of which, in the later editions of his book, he has carefully availed himself: it was therefore through the medium of this translation alone that he was enabled to cite the other authors mentioned above; vouching the authority of the original writers, in like manner as he elsewhere does Sir Francis Bacon, whenever occasion occurs to mention his *Natural History*, or any other of his works. Pliny was translated to his hand by Dr Philemon Holland, as were also Janus Dubravius *De Piscinis et Piscium Natura*, and Lebault's *Maison Rustique*, so often referred to by him in the course of his work.

Nor did the reputation of the *Complete Angler* subsist only in the opinions of those for whose use it was more peculiarly calculated; but even the learned, either from the known character of the author, or those internal evidences of judgment and veracity contained in it, considered it as a work of merit; and for various purposes referred to its authority. Doctor Thomas Fuller, in his *Worthies*, whenever he has occasion to speak of fish, uses his very words. Dr Plot, in his *History of Staffordshire*, has, on the authority of our author, related two of the instances of the voracity of the pike, mentioned part i. chap viii.; and confirmed them by two other signal ones, that had then lately fallen out in that county.

These are testimonies in favour of Walton's authority in matters respecting fish and fishing; and it will hardly be thought a diminution of that of Fuller, to say, that he was acquainted with, and a friend of, the person whom he thus implicitly commends,—a fact which the following relation of a conference between them sufficiently proves:

Fuller, as we all know, wrote a *Church History*, which, soon after its publication, Walton having read, applied to the author for some information touching Hooker, whose life he was then about to write. Upon this occasion Fuller knowing how intimate Walton was with several of the bishops and ancient clergy, asked his opinion of it, and what reception it met with among his friends? Walton answered, that "he

thought it would be acceptable to all tempers, because there were shades in it for the warm, and sunshine for those of a cold constitution: that with youthful readers, the facetious parts would be proper to make the serious more palatable, while some reverend old readers might fancy themselves, in his *History of the Church*, as in a flower garden, or one full of evergreens."—"And why not," said Fuller, "the Church History so decked, as well as the Church itself at a most holy season, or the Tabernacle of old at the feast of boughs?"—"That was but for a season," said Walton; "in your feast of boughs, they may conceive, we are so overshadowed throughout, that the parson is more seen than his congregation,—and this, sometimes, invisible to its own acquaintance, who may wander in the search till they are lost in the labyrinth."—"Oh!" said Fuller, "the very children of our Israel may find their way out of this wilderness."—"True," replied Walton, "as, indeed, they have here such a Moses to conduct them."*

To pursue the subject of the biographical writings: About two years after the Restoration, Walton wrote the *Life of Mr Richard Hooker*, author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. He was enjoined to undertake this work by his friend Dr Gilbert Sheldon,† afterward archbishop of Canterbury, who, by the way, was an angler. Bishop King, in a letter to the author,‡ says of this life, "I have often seen Mr Hooker with my father, who was after bishop of London; from whom, and others at that time, I have heard most of the material passages which you relate in the history of his life." Sir William Dugdale, speaking of the three posthumous books of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, refers the reader "to that seasonable historical discourse, lately compiled and published, with great judgment and integrity, by that much deserving person, Mr Isaac Walton."§

The *Life of Mr George Herbert*, as it stands the fourth and last in the volume, wherein that, and the three former are collected, seems to have been written the next after Hooker's

* From a manuscript collection of diverting sayings, stories, characters, &c. in verse and prose, made about the year 1686, by Charles Cotton, Esq. some time in the library of the Earl of Halifax. Vide *Biographia Britannica*, 2061, note p. in margin.

The editors of the above work have styled this colloquy a witty confabulation, but it seems remarkable for nothing but its singularity, which consists in the starting of a metaphor and hunting it down.

† Walton's *Epistle to the Reader of the Lives*, in 8vo. 1670.

‡ Before the Lives.

§ *Short View of the late Troubles in England*, folio, 1681, p. 89.

it was first published in duodecimo, 1670. Walton professes himself to have been a stranger as to the person of Herbert ;* and though he assures us his life of him was a freewill offering,† it abounds with curious information, and is no way inferior to any of the former.

Two of these *Lives*, viz. those of *Hooker*, and *Herbert*, we are told, were written under the roof of Walton's good friend and patron, Dr George Morley, bishop of Winchester ;‡ which particular seems to agree with Wood's account, that, " after his quitting London, he lived mostly in the families of the eminent clergy at that time." Zouch says, that apartments for Walton and his daughters were reserved both in the house of the Bishop of Winchester, and in that of the bishop of Salisbury. And who that considers the inoffensiveness of his manners, and the pains he took in celebrating the lives and actions of good men, can doubt his being much beloved by them ?

In the year 1670, these *Lives* were collected and published in octavo, with a *Dedication* to the above bishop of Winchester, and a *Preface*, containing the motives for writing them : this preface is followed by a *Copy of Verses*, by his intimate friend and adopted son, Charles Cotton, of Beresford, in Staffordshire, esq. the author of the Second Part of the *Complete Angler*, of whom farther mention will hereafter be made ; and by the Letter from Bishop King, so often referred to in the course of his life.

The *Complete Angler* having, in the space of twenty-three years, gone through four editions, Walton, in the year 1676, and in the eighty-third of his age, was preparing a fifth, with additions, for the press ; when Mr Cotton wrote a second part of that work. It seems Mr Cotton submitted the manuscript to Walton's perusal, who returned it with his approbation,§ and a few marginal strictures ; and in that year they came abroad together. Mr Cotton's book had the title of the *Complete Angler, being Instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear stream*, Part II. ; and it has ever since been received as a Second Part of Walton's book. In the title-page is a cipher composed of the initial letters of both their names ; which cipher, Mr Cotton tells us, he had caused to be cut in stone, and set up over a fishing house,

* *Introduction to Herbert's Life.*
† *Epistle to the Reader of the Collection of Lives.*
‡ *Dedication of the Lives.*
§ See Walton's Letter to Cotton, before the Second Part.

that he had erected near his dwelling, on the bank of the little river Dove, which divides the counties of Stafford and Derby.

Mr Cotton's book is a judicious supplement to Walton's; for it must not be concealed, that Walton, though he was so expert an angler, knew but little of fly-fishing; and indeed he is so ingenuous as to confess, that the greater part of what he has said on that subject was communicated to him by Mr Thomas Barker, and not the result of his own experience. This Mr Barker was a good-humoured, gossiping old man, and seems to have been a cook; for he says, "he had been admitted into most of the ambassadors' kitchens, that had come to England for forty years, and dressed fish for them; for which," he says, "he was duly paid by the Lord Protector."* He spent a great deal of time, and, it seems, money too, in fishing; and in the latter part of his life, dwelt in an almshouse, near the Gatehouse, Westminster. In 1651, two years before the first publication of Walton's work, he published a work in duodecimo, called the *Art of Angling*, to which he affixed his name:† he published, in 1653, a second edition, in quarto, under the same title, but without his name: and in 1659, he published the third edition of it, under the enlarged title of *Barker's Delight, or the Art of Angling*: and for that singular vein of humour that runs through it, a most diverting book it is. The *Dedication* of this performance to Edward Lord Montague, general of the navy, is given in the margin:‡ and

* Barker's Delight, p. 20.

† Walton, in the first edition, page 108, says, "I will tell you freely, I find Mr Thomas Barker, a gentleman that has spent much time and money in angling, deal so judicious and freely in a little book of his of angling, and especially of making and angling with a fly for a trout, that I will give you his very directions without much variation, which shall follow." In his fifth edition, he again mentions the use which he had made of Barker's book, but in different words: "I shall give some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr Thomas Barker, a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing; but I shall do it with a little variation."

‡ "Noble Lord! I do present this my book as I have named it, *Barker's Delight*, to your honour. I pray God send you safe home to your good lady and sweet babes. Amen, Amen. If you shall find any thing delightful in the reading of it, I shall heartily rejoice; for I know you are one who takes delight in that pleasure, and have good judgment and experience, as many noble persons and gentlemen of true piety and honour do and have. The favour that I have found from you, and a great many more, that did and do love that pleasure, shall never be buried in oblivion by me. I am now grown old, and am willing to enlarge my little book.

the reader will meet with some farther specimens of the author's style and manner of writing, in the notes on the present edition.

And of Cotton it must be said, that living in a country where fly-fishing was and is almost the only practice, he had not only the means of acquiring, but actually possessed more skill in the art, as also in the method of making flies, than most men of his time.

His book is, in fact, a continuation of Walton's, not only as it teaches at large that branch of the art of angling which Walton had but slightly treated on, but as it takes up *Venator*, Walton's piscatory disciple, just where his master had left him; and this connection between the two parts will be clearly seen, when it is remarked, that the traveller whom Cotton invites to his house, and so hospitably entertains, and also instructs in the art of fly-fishing,—I say this traveller, and *Venator*, the pupil of Walton, come out to be one and the same person.

Not farther to anticipate what will be found in the Second Part, it shall here suffice to say, that there is great spirit in the dialogue; and that the same conversable, communicative

I have written no more but my own experience and practice; and have set forth the true ground of angling, which I have been gathering these threescore years, having spent many pounds in the gaining of it, as is well known in the place where I was born and educated, which is Bracemeale, in the liberty of Salop; being a freeman and burgess of the same city. If any noble or gentle angler, of what degree soever he be, have a mind to discourse of any of these ways and experiments, I live in Henry the Seventh's Gifts, the next door to the Gatehouse in Westminster, — my name is Barker, — where I shall be ready, as long as please God, to satisfy them and maintain my art during life, which is not like to be long; that the younger fry may have my experiments at a smaller charge than I had them: for it would be too heavy for every one that loveth that exercise, to be at the charge as I was at first in my youth, the loss of my time, with great expenses. Therefore, I took it in consideration, and thought fit to let it be understood, and to take pains to set forth the true grounds and ways, that I have found by experience both for fitting of the rods and tackles, both for ground baits and flies; with the directions for the making thereof; with observations for times and seasons for the ground baits and flies, both for day and night, with the dressing; wherein I take as much delight as in the taking of them; and, to shew how I can perform it, to furnish my lord's table only with trouts, as it is furnished with flesh, for sixteen or twenty dishes. And I have a desire to preserve their health, (with the help of God,) to go dry in their boots and shoes in angling; * for age taketh the pleasure from me."

* See his recipe for this purpose, in the notes on Ch. XVII.

temper appears in it, that so eminently distinguishes the piece it accompanies.

The description of Flies, with the materials for, and different methods of, making them, though they may admit of some improvement—and accordingly the reader will meet with several valuable ones in the notes on the chapter of artificial flies—are indisputably the most exact and copious of all that have ever yet been published.

At the end of the Second Part, though in this edition it has been thought proper to transpose them, are [were] some verses of Cotton's writing, which he calls *The Retirement, or Stanzes Irreguliers*. Of them, and also of the book, take this character from Langbaine: "This book is not unworthy of the perusal of the gravest men that are lovers of this innocent recreation; and those who are not anglers, but have a taste for poetry, may find Mr Cotton's character better described by himself, in a copy of verses printed at the end of that book, called *The Retirement*, than any I might present the reader from Colonel Lovelace, Sir Aston Cockaine, Robert Herrick, Esq. or Mr Alexander Brome; all which have writ verses in our author's praise; but, in my poor judgment, far short of these *Stanzes Irreguliers*." * In short, these books contain a great number of excellent rules and valuable discoveries; and it may, with truth, be said, that few have ever perused them, but have, unless it was their own fault, found themselves not only better anglers, but better men.

A book which had been published by Col. Robert Venables, some years before,† called the *Experienced Angler*, or *Angling Improved*, which has its merit, was also now reprinted; and the booksellers prefixed to it a title of the *Universal Angler:* under which they sometimes sold the three bound together; but the book being written in a manner very different from that of the *Complete Angler*, it was not thought proper to let it accompany the present edition; however, some use has been made of it in the notes. It has a preface signed I. W. undoubtedly of Walton's writing.

And here it may not be amiss to remark, that between the two parts of the *Complete Angler* there is an obvious difference; the latter [Part,] though it abounds in descriptions of a wild and romantic country, and exemplifies the intercourse of hospitable urbanity, is of a didactic form, and contains in it more of instruction in the art it professes to teach, than of

* *Lives of the English Dramatic Poets*, art. Charles Cotton, Esq.

† In 1662.

moral reflection: whereas the former, besides the pastoral simplicity that distinguishes it, is replete with sentiments that edify, and precepts that recommend, in the most persuasive manner, the practice of religion, and the exercise of patience, humility, contentedness, and other moral virtues. In this view of it, the book might be said to be the only one of the kind, but that I find somewhat like an imitation of it extant in a tract entitled *Angling improved to Spiritual Uses*, part of an octavo volume written by that eminent person the Honourable Robert Boyle, an angler, as himself confesses, and published in 1665, with this title: "Occasional Reflections upon several Subjects; whereto is premised a Discourse about such Kind of Thoughts."

Great names are entitled to great respect. The character of Mr Boyle, as a devout Christian and deep philosopher, is deservedly in high estimation; and a comparison between his Reflections and those of Walton might seem an invidious labour. But see the irresistible impulse of wit! the book here referred to was written in the very younger years of the author; and Swift, who had but little learning himself, and was better skilled in party politics than in mathematics or physics, respected no man for his proficiency in either, and accordingly has not spared to turn the whole of it into ridicule.*

Walton was now in his eighty-third year,—an age which, to use his own words, "might have procured him a writ of ease,† and secured him from all farther trouble in that kind;" when he undertook to write the *Life of Doctor Robert Sanderson*, Bishop of Lincoln:‡ which was published, together with several of the bishop's pieces, and a sermon of Hooker's, in octavo, 1677.

Such were the persons whose virtues Walton was so laudably employed in celebrating; and surely he has done but justice in saying that "These were honourable men in their generations."—*Ecclus.* xliv. 7.§ And yet, so far was he from arrogating to himself any merit in this his labour, that in the instance of Dr Donne's *Life*, he compares himself to Pompey's

* See his Meditation on a Broomstick.

† A discharge from the office of a judge, or the state and degree of a sergeant-at-law. *Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales*, 139. That good man and learned judge, Sir George Croke, had obtained it some time before the writing of *Sanderson's Life*.—*Life of Sir George Croke*, in the Preface to his *Reports*, vol. iii.

‡ See the letter from Bishop Barlow to Walton, at the end of *Sanderson's Life*.

§ Motto to the *Collection of Lives*.

bondman, who being found on the sea-shore, gathering up the scattered fragments of an old broken boat, in order to burn the body of his dead master, was asked, "Who art thou that preparest the funerals of Pompey the Great?" hoping, as he says, that if a like question should be put to him, it would be thought to have in it more of wonder than disdain.

The above passage in Scripture, assumed by Walton as a motto to the *Collection of Lives*, may, with equal propriety, be applied to most of his friends and intimates; who were men of such distinguished characters for learning and piety, and so many in number,* that it is matter of wonder by what means a man in his station could obtain admittance among so illustrious a society; unless we will suppose, as doubtless was the case, that his integrity and amiable disposition attracted the notice, and conciliated the affections of all with whom he had any concern.

It is observable, that not only these, but the rest of Walton's friends, were eminent royalists; and that he himself was in great repute for his attachment to the royal cause, will appear by the relation taken from Ashmole's *History of the Order of the Garter*, p. 228; where the author, speaking of the ensigns of the order, says, "Nor will it be unfitly here remembered, by what good fortune the present sovereign's Lesser George, set with fair diamonds, was preserved after the defeat given to the Scotch forces at Worcester, ann. 4 Car. II. Among the rest of his attendants then dispersed, Colonel Blague was one; who taking shelter at Blore-pipe-house in Staffordshire, where one Mr George Barlow then dwelt, delivered his wife this George to secure. Within a week after, Mr Barlow himself carried it to Robert Milward, Esq.; he being then a prisoner to the Parliament, in the garrison of Stafford; and by his means was it happily preserved and restored; for, not long after, he delivered it to Mr Isaac Walton (a man well known, and as well beloved of all good men; and will be better known to posterity, by his ingenious pen, in the *Lives of Dr Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr Richard Hooker, and Mr George Herbert,*) to be given to Colonel Blague, then a prisoner in the Tower; who, considering it had already passed so many dangers, was persuaded it could yet secure one hazardous attempt of his

* In the number of his intimate friends, we find Archbishop Usher, Archbishop Sheldon, Bishop Morton, Bishop King, Bishop Barlow, Dr Fuller, Dr Price, Dr Woodford, Dr Featly, Dr Holdsworth, Dr Hammond, Sir Edward Sandys, Sir Edward Bysh, Mr Cranmer, Mr Chillingworth, Michael Drayton, and that celebrated scholar and critic, Mr John Hales of Eton.

own ; and thereupon, leaving the Tower without leave-taking, hasted the presentation of it to the present sovereign's hand."*

The religious opinions of good men are of little importance to others, any farther than they necessarily conduce to virtuous practice ; since we see, that as well the different persuasions of Papist and Protestant, as the several no less differing parties into which the Reformed Religion is unhappily subdivided, have produced men equally remarkable for their endowments, sincere in their professions, and exemplary in their lives : † but were it necessary, after what has been above remarked of him, to be particular on this head, with respect to our author we should say, that he was a very dutiful son of the Church of England ; nay, farther, that he was a friend to a hierarchy, or, as we should now call such a one, a high churchman ; for which propensity of his, if it needs an apology, it may be said, that he had lived to see hypocrisy and fanaticism triumph in the subversion of both our ecclesiastical and civil constitution ; the important question of toleration had not been discussed ; the extent of regal prerogative, and the bounds of civil and religious liberty, had never been ascertained ; and he, like many other good men, might look on the interests of the church, and those of religion, as inseparable.

Besides the works of Walton above-mentioned, there are extant of his writing, *Verses on the Death of Dr Donne*, beginning, 'Our Donne is dead ;' *Verses to his reverend friend the Author of the Synagogue*, printed together with Herbert's *Temple* ;‡ Verses before Alexander Brome's *Poems*, octavo, 1646 ; and before Shirley's *Poems*, octavo, 1646,—and before Cartwright's *Plays and Poems*, 1651. He wrote also the following Lines under an engraving of Dr Donne, before his Poems, published in 1635.

> This was—for youth, strength, mirth, and wit—that time
> Most count their golden age ; § but was not thine:
> Thine was thy later years, so much refined
> From youth's dross, mirth, and wit, as thy pure mind

* See also Dr Plott's *Staffordshire*, 311.

† If the intelligent reader doubts the truth of this position, let him reflect on, and compare with each other, the characters of Hooker, Father Paul, and Mr Richard Baxter.

‡ Vide infra, the signature to the second copy of *Commendatory Verses*, and chap. v. note.

§ Alluding to his age, viz. eighteen, when the picture was painted from which the print was taken.

Thought (like the angels) nothing but the praise
Of thy Creator, in those last, best days.
Witness this book (thy emblem) which begins
With love; but ends with sighs and tears for sins.

Dr Henry King, bishop of Chichester, in a letter to Walton, dated in November, 1664, and in which is contained the judgment (herein before inserted) of Hales of Eaton, on the *Life of Dr Donne*, says, that Walton had, in the *Life of Hooker*, given a more short and significant account of the character of this time, and also of Archbishop Whitgift, than he had received from any other pen, and that he had also done much for Sir Henry Savile, his contemporary and familiar friend; which fact does very well connect with what the late Mr Des Maizeaux some years since related to a gentleman now deceased,* from whom myself had it, viz. that there were then several letters of Walton extant, in the Ashmolean Museum, relating to a *Life of Sir Henry Savile*, which Walton had entertained thoughts of writing.

I also find that he undertook to collect materials for a *Life of Hales*. It seems that Mr Anthony Farringdon, minister of St Mary Magdalen, Milk Street, London, had begun to write the Life of this memorable person; but dying before he had completed it, his papers were sent to Walton, with a request from Mr Fulman,† who had proposed to himself to continue and finish it, that Walton would furnish him with such information as was to his purpose. Mr Fulman did not live to complete his design; but a *Life of Mr Hales*, from other materials, was compiled by the late Mr Des Maizeaux, and published by him in 1719, as a specimen of a new Biographical Dictionary.

A Letter of Walton, to Marriot, his bookseller, upon this occasion, was sent me by the late Rev. Dr Birch, soon after the publication of my first edition of the *Complete Angler*, containing the above facts; to which the doctor added, that

* William Oldys, Esq. Norroy king-at-arms, author of the *Life of Mr Cotton*, prefixed to the Second Part, in the former editions of this work.

† Mr William Fulman, amanuensis to Dr Henry Hammond. See him in *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. 823. Some specious arguments have been urged to prove that this person was the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, and I once thought they had finally settled that long agitated question, — "To whom is the world obliged for that excellent work?" but I find a full and ample refutation of them, in a book entitled *Memoirs of several Ladies of Great Britain*, by George Ballard, quarto, 1752, p. 318, and that the weight of evidence is greatly in favour of a lady deservedly celebrated by him, viz. Dorothy, the wife of Sir John Packington, Bart. and daughter of Thomas Lord Coventry, lord-keeper of the Great Seal, temp. *Car.* I.

after the year 1719, Mr Fulman's papers came to the hands of Mr Des Maizeaux, who intended in some way or other to avail himself of them; but he never published a second edition of his *Life of Hales;* nor, for aught that I can hear, have they ever yet found their way into the world.

In 1683, when he was ninety years old, Walton published "Thealma and Clearchus; a pastoral history, in smooth and easy verse, written long since by John Chalkhill, Esq. an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser." To this poem he wrote a preface, containing a very amiable character of the author.

He lived but a very little time after the publication of this poem; for, as Wood says, he ended his days on the fifteenth day of December, 1683, in the great frost, at Winchester, in the house of Dr William Hawkins, a prebendary of the church there, where he lies buried.*

In the cathedral of Winchester, viz. in a chapel in the south aisle, called Prior Silksteed's Chapel, on a large black flat marble stone, is this inscription to his memory; the poetry whereof has very little to recommend it:

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
MR ISAAC WALTON,
WHO DYED THE FIFTEENTH OF DECEMBER,
1683.

Alas! he 's gone before,
Gone to return no more.
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well spent life did last
Full ninety years and past:
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done.
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

Votis modestis sic flerunt liberi.

The issue of Walton's marriage were,—a son, named Isaac, and a daughter, named, after her mother, Anne. This son was placed in Christ Church College, Oxford;† and, having taken his degree of bachelor of arts, travelled, together with his uncle, Mr (afterward bishop) Ken, in the year 1674, being the year of the jubilee, into France and Italy; and, as Cotton says, visited Rome and Venice. Of this son, mention is made

* *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. col. 805.

† Vide part ii. chap. vi. *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. 989; *Biogr. Brit.* art. Ken.

in the remarkable will of Dr Donne the younger, (printed on a half-sheet,) in 1662; whereby he bequeathed to the elder Walton all his father's writings, as also his commonplace book, which, he says, may be of use to him if he makes him a scholar. Upon the return of the younger Walton, he prosecuted his studies; and having finished the same, entered into holy orders; and became chaplain to Dr Seth Ward, bishop of Sarum; by whose favour he attained to the dignity of a canon-residentiary of that cathedral. Upon the decease of Bishop Ward, and the promotion of Dr Gilbert Burnet to the vacant see, Mr Walton was taken into the friendship and confidence of that prelate; and being a man of great temper and discretion, and for his candour and sincerity much respected by all the clergy of the diocess, he became very useful to him in conducting the affairs of the chapter.

Old Isaac Walton having by his will bequeathed a farm and land near Stafford, of about the yearly value of twenty pounds, to this his son and his heirs for ever, upon condition, that if his said son should not marry before he should be of the age of forty-one, or, being married, should die before the said age, and leave no son that should live to the age of twenty-one, then the same should go to the corporation of Stafford, for certain charitable purposes; this son, upon his attainment of that age, without having married, sent to the mayor of Stafford, acquainting him, that the estate was improved to almost double its former value, and that upon his decease the corporation would become entitled thereto.

This worthy person died, at the age of sixty-nine, on the 29th day of December, 1719; and lies interred in the cathedral church of Salisbury.

Anne, the daughter of old Isaac Walton, and sister of the above person, was married to Dr William Hawkins, a divine and a prebendary of Winchester, mentioned above; for whom Walton, in his will, expresses great affection, declaring that he loved him as his own son: he died the 17th day of July, 1691, aged fifty-eight, leaving issue, by his said wife, a daughter named Anne, and a son named William. The daughter was never married, but lived with her uncle, the canon, as his housekeeper, and had the management of his domestic concerns: she remained settled at Salisbury, after his decease, until the 27th of November, 1728, when she died, and lies buried in the cathedral.

William, the son of Dr Hawkins, and brother of the last mentioned Anne, was bred to the study of the law; and, from the Middle Temple, called to the bar: but attained to no

degree of eminence in his profession. He wrote and published in octavo, anno 1713, *A short Account of the Life of Bishop Ken*, with a small specimen, in order to a publication of his Works at large; and, accordingly, in the year 1721, they were published in four volumes, octavo. From this *Account*, some of the above particulars respecting the family connections of Walton are taken.

I am informed that this gentleman for several years laboured under the affliction of incurable blindness, and that he died on the 29th day of November, 1748.

A few months before his death, our Author made his will, which appears, by the peculiarity of many expressions contained in it, as well as by the hand, to be of his own writing. As there is something characteristic in this last solemn act of his life, it has been thought proper to insert an authentic copy thereof in this account of him; postponing it only to the following reflections on his life and character.

Upon a retrospect of the foregoing particulars, and a view of some others mentioned in a subsequent letter,* and in his will, it will appear that Walton possessed that essential ingredient in human felicity, "mens sana in corpore sano:" for, in his eighty-third year, he professes a resolution to begin a pilgrimage of more than a hundred miles, into a country the most difficult and hazardous that can be conceived for an aged man to travel in, to visit his friend Cotton,† and, doubtless,

* See his *Letter* to Charles Cotton, Esq. prefixed to the Second Part.

† To this journey he seems to have been invited by Mr Cotton, in the following beautiful stanzas, printed with other of his Poems, in 1689, 8vo. and addressed to his dear and most worthy friend, Mr Isaac Walton: —

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before.

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved,
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That, in a better clime than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

to enjoy his favourite diversion of angling in the delightful streams of the Dove,—and on the ninetieth anniversary of his birth-day, he, by his will, declares himself to be of perfect memory.*

As to his worldly circumstances, notwithstanding the adverse accident of his being obliged, by the troubles of the times, to quit London, and his occupation, they appear to have been commensurate, as well to the wishes as the wants of any but a covetous and intemperate man; and, in his relations and connections, such a concurrence of circumstances is visible, as it would be almost presumption to pray for. For, not to mention the patronage of those many prelates and dignitaries of the church, men of piety and learning, with whom he lived in a close intimacy and friendship; or the many ingenious and worthy persons with whom he corresponded and conversed; or the esteem and respect, testified by printed letters and eulogiums, which his writings had procured him—to be matched with a woman of an exalted understanding and a mild and humble temper, to have children of good inclinations and sweet and amiable dispositions, and to see them well settled,—is not the lot of every man that, preferring a social to a solitary life, chooses to become the head of a family.

But blessings like these are comparatively light, when

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We 'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly:

A day with not too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, master, half our work is done.

There, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We 'll prove it just, with treacherous bait
To make the preying *trout* our prey.

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like *leviathans*, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then—should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

* These, it must be owned, are words of course in a will; but had the fact been otherwise, he would have been unable to make such a judicious disposition of his worldly estate as he had done, or with his own hand to write so long an instrument as his will.

weighed against those of a mind stored, like his, with a great variety of useful knowledge, and a temper that could harbour no malevolent thought or insidious design, nor stoop to the arts of fraud or flattery,* but dispose him to love and virtuous friendship, to the enjoyments of innocent delights and recreations, to the contemplation of the works of Nature and the ways of Providence, and to the still sublimer pleasures of rational piety.

If, possessing all these benefits and advantages, external and internal, (together with a mental constitution so happily attempered, as to have been to him a "perpetual fountain of cheerfulness,"†) we can entertain a doubt that Walton was one of the happiest of men, we estimate them at a rate too low; and shew ourselves ignorant of the nature of that felicity to which it is possible, even in this life, for virtuous and good men, with the blessing of God, to arrive.

COPY OF WALTON'S WILL.

August the ninth, one thousand six hundred eighty-three.

In the Name of God, Amen: I, Izaak Walton the elder, of Winchester, being this present day in the ninetyeth year of my age, and in perfect memory, for which praised be God; but considering how suddenly I may be deprived of both, do therefore make this my last Will and Testament as followeth: And first, I do declare my belief to be, that there is only one God, who hath made the whole world, and me, and all mankind; to whom I shall give an account of all my actions, which are not to be justified, but I hope pardoned, for the merits of my Saviour Jesus: And because the profession of Christianity does, at this time, seem to be subdivided into Papist and Protestante, I take it at least to be convenient, to declare my belief to be, in all points of faith, as the Church of England now professeth: and this I do the rather, because of a very long and very true friendship with some of the Roman Church. And for my worldly estate, (which I have neither got by falsehood or flattery, or the extreme cruelty of the law of this nation,‡) I do hereby give and bequeath it as followeth: First,

* Vide infra, in his *Will*.

† See his *Preface*, wherein he declares that though he can be serious at seasonable times, he is a lover of innocent, harmless mirth, and that his book is a "picture of his own disposition."

‡ Alluding, perhaps, to that fundamental maxim of our law, "Summum jus est summa injuria."

I give my son-in-law, Dr Hawkins, and to his wife; to them I give all my title and right of or in a part of a house and shop, in Paternoster Row, in London, which I hold by lease from the Lord Bishop of London for about fifty years to come. And I do also give to them all my right and title of or to a house in Chancery Lane, London, wherein Mrs Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about sixteen years to come: I give these two leases to them, they saving my executor from all damage concerning the same. And I give to my son Izaak all my right and title to a lease of Norington farme, which I hold from the Lord Bishop of Winton: And I do also give him all my right and title to a farme or land near to Stafford, which I bought of Mr Walter Noell; I say, I give it to him and his heirs for ever; but upon the condition following, namely, if my son shall not marry before he shall be of age of forty and one years, or, being married, shall dye before the said age, and leave no son to inherit the said farme or land, or if his son or sons shall not live to attain the age of twenty and one years, to dispose otherways of it,—then I give the said farme or land to the towne or corporation of Stafford, in which I was borne, for the good and benefit of some of the said towne, as I shall direct, and as followeth, (but first note, that it is at this present time rented for twenty-one pound ten shillings a year, and is like to hold the said rent, if care be taken to keep the barn and housing in repair;) and I would have, and do give ten pounds of the said rent, to bind out yearly, two boys, the sons of honest and poor parents, to be apprentices to some tradesman or some handy-craft men, to the intent the same boys may the better afterward get their own living. And I do also give five pound yearly, out of the said rent, to be given to some maid-servant, that hath attained the age of twenty and one years, not less, and dwelt long in one service, or to some honest poor man's daughter, that hath attained to that age, to be paid her at or on the day of her marriage: and this being done, my will is, that what rent shall remain of the said farme or land, shall be disposed of as followeth: first, I do give twenty shillings yearly, to be spent by the major of Stafford, and those that shall collect the said rent and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct; and that what money or rent shall remain undisposed of, shall be employed to buy coals for some poor people, that shall most need them, in the said towne; the said coals to be delivered the first weeke in January, or in every first week in February; I say then, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with poor people; and God reward those that

shall do this without partiality, and with honesty, and a good conscience. And if the said major and others of the said town of Stafford shall prove so negligent, or dishonest, as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and exprest in this my will, which God forbid,—then I give the said rents and profits of the said farme, or land, to the towne, and chief magistrates or governors, of Ecleshall, to be disposed of by them in such manner as I have ordered the disposal of it by the towne of Stafford, the said farme or land being near the towne of Ecleshall. And I give to my son-in-law, Dr Hawkins, whom I love as my own son; and to my daughter, his wife; and my son Izaak; to each of them a ring, with these words or motto; "Love my memory, I. W. obiit ;" to the Lord Bishop of Winton a ring, with this motto: "A mite for a million, I. W. obiit ;" and to the friends hereafter named, I give to each of them a ring with this motto: "A friend's farewell, I. W. obiit :" And my will is, the said rings be delivered within forty days after my death; and that the price or value of all the said rings shall be thirteen shillings and fourpence a-piece. I give to Dr Hawkins, Doctor Donne's Sermons, which I have heard preacht, and read with much content. To my son Izaak, I give Dr Sibbs his "Soul's Conflict;" and to my daughter his "Bruised Reed,"* desiring them to read them so as to be well acquainted with them. And I also give unto her all my books at Winchester and Droxford, and whatever in those two places are, or I can call mine, except a trunk of linen, which I give to my son Izaak: but if he do not live to marry, or make use of it, then I give the same to my grandaughter, Anne Hawkins. And I give my daughter Doctor Hall's Works, which be now at Farnham. To my son Izaak I give all my books, not yet given, at Farnham Castell; and a deske of prints and pictures; also a cabinett near my bed's head, in which are some little things that he will value, though of no great worth. And my will and desire is, that he shall be kind to his aunt Beachame, and his aunt Rose Ken; by allowing the first about fifty shillings a-year, in or for bacon and cheese, not more, and paying four pounds a year towards the boarding of her son's dyet to Mr John Whitehead: for his aunt Ken, I desire him to be kind to her according to her necessitie and his own abilitie; and I commend one of her children, to breed up as I have said I

* This book was an instrument in the conversion of Mr Richard Baxter. See Dr Calamy's *Life* of him, page 7.

intend to do, if he shall be able to do it, as I know he will; for they be good folke. I give to Mr John Darbyshire the Sermons of Mr Anthony Farringdon, or of Dr Sanderson, which my executor thinks fit. To my servant, Thomas Edgill, I give five pound in money, and all my cloths, linen and woollen, except one suit of cloths, which I give to Mr Holinshed, and forty shillings, if the said Thomas be my servant at my death; if not, my cloths only. And I give my old friend, Mr Richard Marriot,* ten pounds in money, to be paid him within three months after my death; and I desire my son to shew kindness to him if he shall neede, and my son can spare it. And I do hereby will and declare my son Izaak to be my sole executor of this my last will and testament; and Dr Hawkins, to see that he performs it; which I doubt not but he will. I desire my burial may be near the place of my death, and free from any ostentation or charge, but privately. This I make to be my last will, (to which I shall only add the codicil for rings,) this sixteenth day of August, one thousand six hundred eighty-three, IZAAK WALTON. Witness to this will.

The rings I give are as on the other side. To my brother, John Ken; to my sister, his wife; to my brother, Doctor Ken; to my sister Pye; to Mr Francis Morley; to Mr George Vernon; to his wife; to his three daughters; to Mistris Nelson; to Mr Richard Walton; to Mr Palmer; to Mr Taylor; to Mr Thomas Garrard; to the Lord Bishop of Sarum; to Mr Rede, his servant; to my cousin, Dorothy Kenrick; to my cousin Lewin; to Mr Walter Higgs; to Mr Charles Cotton; to Mr Richard Marryot—twenty-two. To my brother Beacham; to my sister, his wife; to the Lady Anne How; to Mrs King, Dr Phillips's wife; to Mr Valentine Harecourt; to Mrs Eliza Johnson; to Mrs Mary Rogers; to Mrs Eliza Milward; to Mrs Dorothy Wollop; to Mr Will. Milward, of Christchurch, Oxford; to Mr John Darbyshire; to Mr Undevill; to Mrs Rock; to Mr Peter White; to Mr John Lloyde; to my cousin, Creinsell's widow; Mrs Dalbin must not be forgotten—sixteen. IZAAK WALTON. *Note*, that several lines are blotted out of this will, for they were twice repeated,—and that this will is now signed and sealed this twenty and fourth day of October, one thousand six hundred eighty-three, in the presence of us: Witness, ABRAHAM MARKLAND, JOS. TAYLOR, THOMAS CRAWLEY.

* Bookseller, and his Publisher.

THE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

JOHN OFFLEY, ESQ.

OF MADELY MANOR, IN THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD.

MY MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

SIR, — I have made so ill use of your former favours, as by them to be encouraged to entreat, that they may be enlarged to the patronage and protection of this book: and I have put on a modest confidence that I shall not be denied, because it is a discourse of fish and fishing, which you know so well, and both love and practise so much.

You are assured, though there be ignorant men of another belief, that angling is an art, and you know that art better than others; and that this truth is demonstrated by the fruits of that pleasant labour which you enjoy, when you purpose to give rest to your mind, and divest yourself of your more serious business, and (which is often) dedicate a day or two to this recreation.

At which time, if common anglers should attend you, and be eye-witnesses of the success, not of your fortune, but your skill, it would doubtless beget in them an emulation to be like you, and that emulation might beget an industrious diligence to be so; but I know it is not attainable by common capacities. And there be now many men of great wisdom, learning, and experience, which love and practise this art, that know I speak the truth.

Sir, this pleasant curiosity of fish and fishing, of which you are so great a master, has been thought worthy the pens and practices of divers in other nations, that have been reputed men of great learning and wisdom. And amongst those of this nation, I remember Sir Henry Wotton (a dear lover of this art) has told me, that his intentions were to write a discourse

of the art, and in praise of angling; and doubtless he had done so if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which hath often made me sorry; for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned angler had seen some better treatise of this art, a treatise that might have proved worthy his perusal, which, though some have undertaken, I could never yet see in English.

But mine may be thought as weak and as unworthy of common view; and I do here freely confess, that I should rather excuse myself than censure others, my own discourse being liable to so many exceptions; against which you, sir, might make one, that it can contribute nothing to your knowledge. And, lest a longer epistle may diminish your pleasure, I shall make this no longer than to add this following truth, that I am, really, sir, your most affectionate friend, and most humble servant,

IZAAK WALTON.

TO

ALL READERS OF THIS DISCOURSE,

BUT ESPECIALLY

TO THE HONEST ANGLER.

I THINK fit to tell thee these following truths, that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this discourse to please myself: and having been too easily drawn to do all to please others, as I propose not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I begun it, and do therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendations, yet I may obtain pardon.

And though this discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busy men. And this is all the confidence that I can put on, concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure; and if the last prove too severe, as I have a liberty, so I am resolved to use it, and neglect all sour censures.

And I wish the reader also to take notice, that in writing of it, I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a

severe, sour complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given, but taken.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because though it is known I can be serious at all seasonable times, yet the whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe; * but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away, and returns not.

And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book, should like the excellent picture of the Trout, and some of the other fish; which I may take a liberty to commend, because they concern not myself.

Next let me tell the reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this discourse, that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know, that a captious reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to consider, that experience teaches us to know that several countries alter the time, and I think, almost the manner, of fishes' breeding, but doubtless of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, namely, Severn, Wye, and Usk, where Camden, *Brit.* f. 633, observes, that in the river Wye salmon are in season from September to April; and we are certain, that in Thames and Trent, and in most other rivers, they be in season the six hotter months.

Now for the art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none, to be an angler by a book; he that undertakes it, shall undertake a harder task than Mr Hales, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who, in a printed book called "A Private School of Defence," undertook to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour. Not but that many useful things might be learned by that book; but he was laughed at because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice: and so must angling. And note also, that in this discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the reader with many things that are not usually known to every angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For angling may be said to be so like the mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt; at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.

* These persons are supposed to have been related to Walton, from the circumstance of a copy, handed down, of his *Lives of Donne, Sir H. Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert*, wherein is written by the author on the frontispiece, *For my Cousin Roe.*

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men: and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this discourse boasts of no more; for I hate to promise much, and deceive the reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high content in the search and conference of what is here offered to the reader's view and censure: I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so I might here take my leave; but will stay a little and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a trout, the angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year, — I say, he that follows that rule shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise as he that makes hay by the fair days in an almanack, and no surer; for those very flies that used to appear about and on the water in one month of the year, may, the following year, come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter: and yet, in the following Discourse, I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many anglers; and they may serve to give him some observations concerning them. And he may note, that there are in Wales, and other countries, peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; and, doubtless, unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to lose his labour, or much of it; but for the generality, three or four flies, neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a trout in most rivers all the summer; and for winter fly-fishing, is as useful as an almanack out of date. And of these, because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler, I thought fit to give thee this notice.

When I have told the reader, that in this fifth* impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation, and the communication with friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing.

I. W.

* The fifth, as it is the last of the editions published in the author's lifetime, has been carefully followed in the present publication. — See the Author's Life.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO MY DEAR BROTHER, IZAAK WALTON,

UPON HIS COMPLETE ANGLER.

Erasmus, in his learned Colloquies,
Has mix'd some toys, tnat, by varieties,
He might entice all readers: for in him
Each child may wade, or tallest giant swim.
And such is this discourse: there 's none so low,
Or highly learn'd, to whom hence may not flow
Pleasure and information; both which are
Taught us with so much art, that I might swear
Safely, the choicest critic cannot tell
Whether your matchless judgment most excel
In angling or its praise; where commendation
First charms, then makes an art a recreation.
'Twas so to me; who saw the cheerful spring
Pictured in every meadow; heard birds sing
Sonnets in every grove; saw fishes play
In the cool crystal streams, like lambs in May:
And they may play, till anglers read this book;
But after, 'tis a wise fish 'scapes a hook.

Jo. Floud, *Master of Arts.*

TO THE READER OF THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

First, mark the title well: my friend that gave it
Has made it good; this book deserves to have it;
For he that views it with judicious looks,
Shall find it full of art, baits, lines, and hooks.
The world the river is; both you and I,
And all mankind, are either fish or fry.
If we pretend to reason, first or last,
His baits will tempt us, and his hooks hold fast.
Pleasure or profit, either prose or rhyme,
If not at first, will doubtless take in time.
Here sits, in secret, bless'd Theology,
Waited upon by grave Philosophy—
Both natural and moral; History,
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of Poetry,
The matter and expression striving which
Shall most excel in worth, yet not seem rich.
There is no danger in his baits; that hook
Will prove the safest that is surest took.

For are we caught alone, but, which is best,
We shall be wholesome, and be toothsome dress'd;
Dress'd to be fed, not to be fed upon:
And danger of a surfeit here is none.
The solid food of serious contemplation
Is sauced here, with such harmless recreation,
That an ingenuous and religious mind
Cannot inquire for more than it may find
Ready at once prepared, either t' excite
Or satisfy a curious appetite.
More praise is due: for 'tis both positive
And truth, which once was interrogative,
And utter'd by the poet, then, in jest, —
Et piscatorem piscis amare potest.

CH. HARVIE,* *Master of Arts.*

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MR IZAAK WALTON,

IN PRAISE OF ANGLING, WHICH WE BOTH LOVE.

DOWN by this smooth stream's wandering side,
Adorn'd and perfumed with the pride
Of Flora's wardrobe, where the shrill
Aërial choir express their skill,
First, in alternate melody,
And then in chorus all agree.
Whilst the charm'd fish, as ecstasied
With sounds, to his own throat denied,
Scorns his dull element, and springs
I' th' air, as if his fins were wings.
'Tis here that pleasures sweet and high
Prostrate to our embraces lie:
Such as to body, soul, or fame,
Create no sickness, sin, or shame:
Roses, not fenced with pricks, grow here;
No sting to th' honey bag is near:
But, what 's perhaps their prejudice,
They difficulty want and price.
An obvious rod, a twist of hair,
With hook hid in an insect, are
Engines of sport would fit the wish
O' th' epicure, and fill his dish.
In this clear stream let fall a grub,
And straight take up a dace or chub.
I' th' mud, your worm provokes a *snig*,
Which being fast, if it prove big,
The Gotham folly will be found
Discreet, ere ta'en she must be drown'd.
The tench, physician of the brook,
In yon dead hole expects your hook:

* Supposed to be Christopher Harvie, for whom see *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. et vide infra, chap. v.

Which, having first your pastime been,
Serves then for meat or medicine.
Ambush'd behind that root doth stay
A pike; to catch, and be a prey.
The treacherous quill in this slow stream
Betrays the hunger of a bream.
And at that nimble ford, no doubt,
Your false fly cheats a speckled trout.
When you these creatures wisely choose
To practise on, which to your use
Owe their creation, and when
Fish from your arts do rescue men,
To plot, delude, and circumvent,
Ensnare, and spoil, is innocent.
Here by these crystal streams you may
Preserve a conscience clear as they;
And when by sullen thoughts you find
Your harassed, not busied, mind
In sable melancholy clad,
Distemper'd, serious, turning sad;
Hence fetch your cure, cast in your bait,
All anxious thoughts and cares will straight
Fly with such speed, they 'll seem to be
Possess'd with the *hydrophobie*:
The water's calmness in your breast,
And smoothness on your brow, shall rest.
Away with sports of charge and noise,
And give me cheap and silent joys;
Such as Actæon's game pursue,
Their fate oft makes the tale seem true.
The sick or sullen hawk, to-day,
Flies not; to-morrow, quite away.
Patience and purse to cards and dice
Too oft are made a sacrifice:
The daughter's dower, th' inheritance
O' th' son, depend on one mad chance.
The harms and mischiefs which th' abuse
Of wine doth every day produce,
Make good the doctrine of the Turks,
That in each grape a devil lurks.
And by yon fading sapless tree,
'Bout which the ivy twined you see,
His fate 's foretold, who fondly places
His bliss in woman's soft embraces:
All pleasures, but the angler's, bring
I' the tail repentance, like a sting.
Then on these banks let me sit down,
Free from the toilsome sword and gown;
And pity those that do affect
To conquer nations and protect.
My reed affords such true content,
Delights so sweet and innocent,
As seldom fall unto the lot
Of sceptres, though they 're justly got.

1649. THO. WEAVER, *Master of Arts.*

TO THE READERS

OF MY MOST INGENUOUS FRIEND'S BOOK, "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

He that both knew and writ the Lives of men,
Such as were once, but must not be again;
Witness his matchless Donne and Wotton, by
Whose aid he could their speculations try:
He that conversed with angels, such as were
Ouldsworth * and Featly,† each a shining star
Shewing the way to Bethlem; each a saint,
Compared to whom our zealots, now, but paint:
He that our pious and learn'd Morley ‡ knew,
And from him suck'd wit and devotion too:
He that from these such excellencies fetch'd,
That He could tell how high and far they reach'd;
What learning this, what graces th' other had;
And in what several dress each soul was clad:
Reader, this He, this fisherman, comes forth,
And in these fisher's weeds would shroud his worth.
Now his mute harp is on a willow hung,
With which, when finely touch'd and fitly strung,
He could friends' passions for these times allay,
Or chain his fellow anglers from their prey.
But now the music of his pen is still,
And he sits by a brook watching a quill,
Where with a fix'd eye and a ready hand,
He studies first to hook, and then to land
Some Trout, or Perch, or Pike; and having done,
Sits on a bank, and tells how this was won,
And that escaped his hook, which with a wile
Did eat the bait, and fisherman beguile.
Thus whilst some vex'd they from their lands are thrown,
He joys to think the waters are his own;
And like the Dutch, he gladly can agree
To live at peace now, and have fishing free.

April 3, 1650. Edv. Powell, *Master of Arts.*

TO MY DEAR BROTHER, MR IZAAK WALTON,

ON HIS COMPLETE ANGLER.

This book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art, and wit,
That I protest, ingenuously 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book, and you.

Rob. Floud, *C.*

LAUDATORUM CARMINA.

CLARISSIMO AMICISSIMOQUE FRATRI, DOMINO ISAACO WALTON,

ARTIS PISCATORIÆ PERITISSIMO.

Unicus est medicus reliquorum piscis, et istis,
Fas quibus est medicum tangere, certa salus.

* Dr Richard Holdsworth. See an account of him in the *Fasti Oxon.* 207; and in Ward's *Lives of the Gresham Professors.*

† Dr Daniel Featly, for whom see *Athen. Oxon.* 603.

‡ Dr George Morley, bishop of Winchester.

Hic typus est salvatoris mirandus Jesu,
* Litera mysterium quælibet hujus habet.
Hunc cupio, hunc capias (bone frater arundinis,)
† Solveret hic pro me debita, teque Deo. [ἰχθύν:
Piscis is est, et piscator, mihi credito, qualem
Vel piscatorem piscis amare velit.

Henry Bailey, *Artium Magister.*

AD VIRUM OPTIMUM ET PISCATOREM PERITISSIMUM,

ISAACUM WALTONUM.

Magister artis docte piscatoriæ,
Waltone, salve! magne dux arundinis,
Seu tu reducta valle solus ambulas,
Præterfluentes interim observans aquas.
Seu fortè puri stans in amnis margine,
Sive in tenaci gramine et ripâ sedens,
Fallis peritâ squameum pecus manu;
O te beatum! qui procul negotiis,
Forique et urbis pulvere et strepitu carens,
Extraque turbam, ad lenè manantes aquas
Vagos honestâ fraude pisces decipis.
Dum cætera ergo penè gens mortalium
Aut retia invicem sibi et technas struunt,
Donis, ut hamo, aut Divites captant senes;
Gregi natantûm tu interim nectis dolos,
Voracem inescas advenam hamo lucium,
Avidamvè percam parvulo alburno capis,
Aut verme ruffo, musculâ aut truttam levi,
Cautumvè cyprinum, et ferè indocilem capi
Calamoque linoque, ars et hunc superat tua;
Medicamvè tincam, gobium aut escâ trahis,
Gratum palato gobium, parvum licèt;
Prædamvè, non æque salubrem barbulum,
Etsi ampliorem, et mystace insignem gravi.
Hæ sunt tibi artes, dum annus et tempus sinunt,
Et nulla transit absque lineâ dies.
Nec sola praxis, sed theoria et tibi
Nota artis hujus; unde tu simul bonus
Piscator, idem et scriptor; et calami potens
Utriusque necdum et ictus, et tamen sapis.
Ut hamiotam nempe tironem instruas!

* ΙΧΘΥΣ PISCIS.
Ι Ἰησοῦς Jesus.
Χ Χριστὸς Christus.
Θ Θεοῦ, Dei.
Υ Υἱὸς, Filius.
Σ Σωτὴρ Salvator.

† Matt. xvii. 27. the last words of the chapter.

Stylo eleganti scribis en Halieutica
Oppianus alter, artis et methodum tuæ, et
Præcepta promis ritè piscatoria,
Varias et escas piscium, indolem, et genus.
Nec tradere artem sat putas piscariam
(Virtutis est hæc et tamen quædam schola
Patientiamque et temperantiam docet;)
Documenta quin majora das, et regulas
Sublimioris artis, et perennia
Monimenta morum, vitæ et exempla optima;
Dum tu profundum scribis Hookerum, et pium
Donnum ac disertum; sanctum et Herbertum, sacrum
Vatem; hos videmus nam penicillo tuo
Graphicè, et peritâ, Isaace, depictos manu.
Post fata factos hosce per te Virbios! *
O quæ voluptas est legere in scriptis tuis!
Sic tu libris nos, lineis pisces capis,
Musisque litterisque dum incumbis, licet
Intentus hamo, interque piscandum studes.

ALIUD

AD ISAACUM WALTONUM,

VIRUM ET PISCATOREM OPTIMUM.

Isaace, Macte hâc arte piscatoriâ;
Hac arte Petrus principi censum dedit;
Hac arte princeps nec Petro multo prior,
Tranquillus ille, teste Tranquillo,† pater
Patriæ, solebat recreare se lubens
Augustus, hamo instructus ac arundine.
Tu nunc, Amice, proximum clari es decus
Post Cæsarem hami, gentis ac Halieuticæ:
Euge, O professor, artis haud ingloriæ,
Doctor cathedræ, perlegens piscariam!
Næ tu magister, et ego discipulus tuus,
Nam candidatum et me ferunt arundinis,
Socium hac in arte nobilem nacti sumus.
Quid amplius, Waltone, nam dici potest?
Ipse hamiota Dominus en orbis fuit!

Jaco. Dup. ‡ D. D.

* "Virbius, quasi bis vir," is an epithet applied to Hippolytus, because he was by Diana restored to life after his death. Vide Ovidii Met. lib. xv. v. 536, et seq. Hoffmanni "Lexicon Universale," art. Virbius. In this place it is meant to express, that by Walton's skill in biography, those persons whose lives he has written are so accurately represented, as that, even after their deaths, they are again, as it were, brought to life.

† *i. e.* Suetonius Tranquillus.

‡ The contracting of surnames is a faulty practice; the above might stand for "Duppa," but signifies "Duport." This person was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor of Greek in that University. His father, John, had a hand in the translation of King James's Bible. — Fuller's *Ch. Hist.* book x. p. 46. Dr James Duport wrote also the Latin verses preceding these; and both copies are extant in a volume of Latin poems by him, entitled "Musæ Subsecivæ," printed at Cambridge, in 8vo. 1676.

THE

COMPLETE ANGLER.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

CONFERENCE BETWIXT AN ANGLER, A HUNTER, AND A FALCONER; EACH COMMENDING HIS RECREATION.

PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS.

Piscator. You are well overtaken, gentlemen! A good morning to you both! I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine fresh May morning.

Venator. Sir, I for my part shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched House in Hodsden, and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me; but for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey: he came so lately into my company that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

Auceps. Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company as far as Theobald's,* and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews† a hawk for me, which I now long to see.

Venator. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning; and I hope we shall each be the happier in the

* Theobald's, in the county of Hertford, a house built by Lord Burleigh, and much improved by his son, Robert, Earl of Salisbury, who exchanged it with King James the First for Hatfield.—CAMDEN's *Brit. Hertfordshire.*

† *Mew* signifies to moult, and hence we understand, that the friend of Auceps kept his hawk while it moulted. — J. R.

other's company. And, gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it, knowing that, as the Italians say, good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter.

Auceps. It may do so, sir, with the help of good discourse, which, methinks, we may promise from you, that both look and speak so cheerfully: and for my part, I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

Venator. And, sir, I promise the like.

Piscator. I am right glad to hear your answers; and in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast? for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk that a friend mews for him.

Venator. Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure; for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two in hunting the otter, which a friend that I go to meet tells me is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever: howsoever, I mean to try it; for to-morrow morning we shall meet a pack of otter dogs of noble Mr Saddler's,* upon Amwell Hill, who will be there so early that they intend to prevent the sun rising.

Piscator. Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villainous vermin; for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much; indeed so much that, in my judgment, all men that keep otter dogs ought to have pensions from the king, to encourage them to destroy the very breed of those base otters, they do so much mischief.

Venator. But what say you to the foxes of the nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed? for doubtless they do as much mischief as otters do.

Piscator. Oh, sir, if they do it, it is not so much to me and my fraternity, as those base vermin the otters do.

Auceps. Why, sir, I pray of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor otters?

Piscator. I am, sir, a brother of the angle, and therefore an enemy to the otter: for you are to note, that we anglers

* Sir Henry Chauncy, in speaking of this gentleman, says, that, "he delighted much in hawking and hunting, and the pleasures of a country life; was famous for his noble table, his great hospitality to his neighbours, and his abundant charity to the poor; and, after he had lived to a great age, died on the 12th day of February, 1660, without issue; whereupon this manor descended to Walter Lord Aston, the son and heir of Gertrude, his sister." *Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire*, p. 219.

all love one another, and therefore do I hate the otter both for my own and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

Venator. And I am a lover of hounds: I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen make sport and scoff at anglers.

Auceps. And I profess myself a falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull, recreation.

Piscator. You know, gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers:

> Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ,—
> Friend, that 's your folly which you think your wit;
> This, you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
> Meaning another when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what Solomon says of scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me and to all that love virtue and angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity anglers; let me tell you, sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, which we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion—money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it—men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor rich men, we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, sir! we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and, as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne* says, like himself, freely, "When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better? and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her, when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him

* In *Apology for Raimond de Sebonde.*

too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what anglers can say in the justification of their Art and Recreation; which I may again tell you, is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy.

Venator. Sir, you have almost amazed me; for, though I am no scoffer, yet I have — I pray let me speak it without offence — always looked upon anglers as more patient and more simple men than, I fear, I shall find you to be.

Piscator. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience: and for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace — men that were so simply wise as not to sell their consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die, — if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers — when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age, — I say, sir, if you take us anglers to be such simple men as I have spoke of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood: But if by simplicity you meant to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent art of angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse, or time, or prejudice, have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not so unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and, therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of hawks, the other of hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation and art of angling, and, by this means, we shall make the way to seem the shorter; and if you like my motion, I would have Mr Falconer to begin.

Auceps. Your motion is consented to with all my heart; and to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me.

And first, for the element that I use to trade in, which is the air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the earth and water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine — I and my hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation: it stops not the high soaring of my noble generous falcon; in it she

ascends to such a height as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations: in the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods; therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant in ordinary: and that very falcon that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it; but her mettle makes her careless of danger, for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and, in her glorious career, looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her to descend, by a word from my mouth, (which she both knows and obeys,) to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more: this element of air, which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever — not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils, stands in need of my element. The waters cannot preserve the fish without air, witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost; the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature and dies. Thus necessary is air to the existence both of fish and beasts, nay, even to man himself; that air, or breath of life, with which God at first inspired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay, more, the very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so many, and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations: they both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices:* I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done: and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night. These I will pass by,

* To these particulars may be added, that the kings of Persia were wont to hawk after butterflies with sparrows and stares, or starlings, trained for the purpose. — Burton on *Melancholy*, 1651, p. 268. from the relations of Sir Anthony Shirley. And we are also told, that M. de Luisnes, (afterwards prime minister of France,) in the nonage of Louis XIII, gained much upon him by making hawks catch little birds, and by making some of those little birds again catch butterflies. — *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, p. 134.

but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first the lark, when she means to rejoice; to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch, but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and throssel,* with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the laverock,† the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music has thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many aviaries in Italy, or at the great charge of Varro his aviary, the ruins of which are yet to be seen in Rome, and is still so famous there, that it is reckoned for one of those notables which men of foreign nations either record or lay up in their memories when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleasure, of which very much more might be said. My next shall be of birds of political use. I think 'tis not to be doubted that swallows have been taught to carry letters between two armies. But 'tis certain, that when the Turks besieged Malta or Rhodes — I now remember not which it was — pigeons are then related to carry and recarry letters: and Mr G. Sandys, in his *Travels*, relates it to be done betwixt Aleppo and Babylon. But if that be disbelieved, it is not to be doubted that the dove was sent out of the ark by Noah, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea; and the dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the sacrifices of the law, a pair of turtle-doves, or young pigeons, were as well accepted as costly bulls and rams. "And when God would feed the prophet Elijah," 1 Kings xvii. after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by ravens, who brought him meat morning and

* The song thrush, (*turdus musicus.*) — J. R.
† The skylark. Walton's name, *laverock*, is still common in Scotland. —J. R.

evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the shape of a dove. And, to conclude this part of my discourse, pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they and I take so much pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aërial element, namely, the laborious bee, of whose prudence, policy, and regular government of their own commonwealth, I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax are both for meat and medicines to mankind; but I will leave them to their sweet labour, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning.

And now to return to my hawks, from whom I have made too long a digression: you are to note, that they are usually distinguished into two kinds, namely, the long-winged and the short-winged hawk; of the first kind, there be chiefly in use amongst us in this nation, the Gerfalcon and Jerkin, the Falcon and Tassel-gentel, the Laner and Laneret, the Bockerel and Bockeret, the Saker and Sacaret, the Merlin and Jack Merlin, the Hobby and Jack.

There is the Stelletto of Spain, the Blood-red Rook from Turkey, the Waskite from Virginia.

And there is of short-winged hawks, the Eagle and Iron, the Goshawk and Tarcel, the Sparhawk and Musket, the French Pye, of two sorts.

These are reckoned hawks of note and worth; but we have also of an inferior rank, the Stanyel, the Ringtail, the Raven, the Buzzard, the Forked Kite, the Bald Buzzard, the Hen-driver, and others that I forbear to name.

Gentlemen, if I should enlarge my discourse to the observation of the Eires, the Brancher, the Ramish Hawk, the Haggard, and the two sorts of Lentners, and then treat of their several ayries, their mewings, rare order of casting, and the renovation of their feathers — their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare stories of practice, — I say, if I should enter into these and many other observations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleasure to me: but lest I should break the rules of civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and entreat you, Mr Venator, to say what you are able in the commendation of hunting, to which you are so much affected; and if time will serve, I will beg your favour for a farther enlargement of some of those several heads of which I have spoken. But no more at present.

Venator. Well, sir, and I will now take my turn, and will

first begin with a commendation of the earth, as you have done most excellently of the air; the earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The earth is a solid settled element; an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast; to men who have their several recreations upon it, as horse races, hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks: the earth feeds man and all those several beasts that both feed him and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately stag, the generous buck, the wild boar, the cunning otter, the crafty fox, and the fearful hare! And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth! as namely, the Fichat, the Fulimart, the Ferret, the Polecat,* the Mouldwarp,† and the like creatures that live upon the face and within the bowels of the earth. How doth the earth bring forth herbs, flowers, and fruits, both for physic and the pleasure of mankind; and above all, to me at least, the fruitful vine, of which when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could Cleopatra have feasted Mark Antony with eight wild boars roasted whole at one supper, and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty Elephant, which the earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little Pismire, who, in the summer, provides and lays up her winter provision, and teaches man to do the like!‡ The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us! If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth, that puts limits to the proud and raging sea, and by that means preserves both man and beast that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth, walk, and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a-hunting; of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr Piscator to the commendation of Angling.

Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons. It hath been highly prized in all ages: it was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the wild boar, the stag, the buck, the fox, or the

* The fitchet, or fitchew; the fulimart, or fumart; the ferret, and the polecat, appear to be all the same species, (*mustela putorius.*) — J. R.

† The mole, still called mouduwart in Scotland. — J. R.

‡ This is a popular mistake. Ants remain torpid, or nearly so, during winter, and do not then eat, as I have repeatedly proved, by opening their nests, in which I never could detect any winter provision of food. — J. R.

hare? How doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity!

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve! How perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves or forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over and in the water, and into the earth! What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments! How will a right greyhound fix his eye on the best buck in a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of rascal game, and still know and then kill him! For my hounds, I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge myself in the commendation of hunting, and of the noble hound especially, as also of the docibleness of dogs in general; and I might make many observations of land creatures, that, for composition, order, figure, and constitution, approach nearest to the completeness and understanding of man; especially of those creatures, which Moses in the Law permitted to the Jews, which have cloven hoofs, and chew the cud; which I shall forbear to name, because I will not be so uncivil to Mr Piscator, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of Angling, which he calls an art; but doubtless it is an easy one; and Mr Auceps, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it, but I hope it will not be a long one.

Auceps. And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

Piscator. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, —calm and quiet. We seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him or pray to him: if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But, pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a watery discourse, so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art, by the diminution or ruin of another's.* And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the water, the element that I trade in: The

* This affords, I think, an irrefragable answer to Lord Byron's libel on our excellent author, where he says,

> . . . . And angling too, that solitary vice,
> . . . . Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says:
> The quaint old cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
> Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it. — J. R.

water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation;* this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation: many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only; they endeavour to demonstrate it thus:

Take a willow, or any like speedy growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the tree begins to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting, to weigh an hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element: and they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm also, the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs, and flowers, and fruit, are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run under ground, † whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water is not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness; for it is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent, and other fish days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned,

* Pindar says, "Water is the best of all things."—J. R.

† These are merely vague reports of inaccurate, or impossible experiments, at variance with all that is known in vegetable physiology or in chemistry.—J. R.

pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish;* of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses, Levit. xi. 9. Deut. xiv. 9. appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as namely the whale, three times as big as the mighty elephant, that is so fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans, in the height of their glory, have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their sturgeons, lampreys, and mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius or Varro, may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

But, gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and I hope happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, Dr Wharton, a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper in these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffic, without which we could not now subsist! How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a father as Saint Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard Saint Paul preach, makes his third wish, to have seen Rome in her glory; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians;

* Nothing could be more opposed than this to the medical opinions which are at present held. Shell fish, indeed, is esteemed less stimulating than other animal food, for those affected with inflammatory disorders. —J. R.

of Tully, the best of orators;* and to see the bay trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil! These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian to see there the humble house in which Saint Paul was content to dwell, and to view the many rich statues that are there made in honour of his memory! nay, to see the very place in which Saint Peter and he lie buried together! These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian, to see that place on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and take our nature upon him, and to converse with men: to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself, I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being. †

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see Theobald's House. I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

Auceps. Sir, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said; nevertheless, I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. And so, gentlemen, God keep you both.

Piscator. Well, now, Mr Venator, you shall neither want time, nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning Hunting.

Venator. Not I, sir: I remember you said that Angling itself was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say farther concerning those particulars.

Piscator. Sir, I did say so; and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of

* Walton's opinions on Livy and Cicero, are far different from those now commonly entertained, — of the one being a tedious fabulist, and the other a mere builder of flowing sentences, without pith or point. — J. R.

† Walton forgets that, independent of water, we might make an overland journey to Rome or Jerusalem. — J. R.

it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

Venator. Pray, sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatched House; during which walk, I dare promise you my patience and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken, first, that it is an art, and an art worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a-fishing, and that I may become your scholar, and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

Piscator. Oh, sir, doubt not but that angling is an art: is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout! that is more sharp sighted* than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin is bold;† and yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry,—men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice: but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit,‡ but he must bring a large

* Fish may be sharp sighted enough within the sphere of their vision; but from the great projecting convexity of the eyeball in all of them, they must be very near sighted.—J. R

† This is a mistake: it was Auceps, and not Venator, that named the hawks; and Auceps had before taken his leave of these his companions.

‡ Markham, in his *Country Contentments*, has a whole chapter on the subject of the angler's apparel, and inward qualities; some of which are, "That he be a general scholar, and seen in all the liberal sciences; as a grammarian, to know how to write, or discourse, of his art in true and fitting terms. He should," says he, "have sweetness of speech, to entice others to delight in an exercise so much laudable. He should have strength of argument, to defend and maintain his profession against envy and slander." Thou seest, reader, how easily the author has despatched grammar, rhetoric, and logic, three of the liberal sciences; and his reasons are not a whit less convincing with respect to the other four.

A man would think, now, that with proper baits, good tackle in his pannier, and so much science in his head, our angler would stand a pretty good chance to catch fish! but, alas! those are little to the purpose, without the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and charity; and unless two at least of the cardinal virtues can be persuaded to go a-fishing, the angler may as well stay at home; for hear what Mr Markham says as to fortitude: "Then must he be strong and valiant; neither to be amazed with storms, nor affrighted with thunder; and if he is not temperate, but has a gnawing stomach that will not endure much fasting, but must observe hours, it troubleth the mind and body, and loseth that delight which maketh the pastime only pleasing."

There is no doubt but Walton had this chapter of Markham in his eye; and as there is a humorous solemnity in thus attempting to dignify an art, which surely borrows as little of its perfections from learning as any that is practised, it was thought it might divert the reader to quote it.

measure of hope and patience,* and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

Venator. Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed, and in the order that you propose.

Piscator. Then first, for the antiquity of Angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this: some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of angling; and some others say, (for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it,) that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: † others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts, which by God's appointment or allowance, and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavoured to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but, for my part, I shall content myself in telling you, that angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for, in the prophet Amos, mention is made of fish hooks; and in the book of Job, (which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to be writ by Moses,) mention is made also of fish hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

* Dr Franklin was in the habit of illustrating the patience of an angler by mentioning, that as he set out from Philadelphia at six o'clock on a summer's morning, to go about fifteen miles, he passed a brook where a gentleman was angling; he inquired what sport, and was told none; "But," added the gentleman, "I have only been here *two hours.*" The Doctor continued his journey; and, on his return in the evening, found the angler at the same spot, and repeated his inquiry; "Very good sport," was the reply. The query was naturally resumed, by asking how many fish he had caught? "None at all," answered the gentleman; "but, about the middle of the day, I had a *most glorious nibble.*"

"The river Lea angler," says Daniel, "being daily seen at one particular spot, a brother angler conceived it must be the resort of abundance of fish, and *there*, one morning at daybreak, began his operations. The usual attendant of the place arrived some hours after, and threw in his line. A long silence ensued, when the first comer remarked, that he was out of luck in not having caught any fish in this favourite hole, 'which,' says he, 'I am convinced it is with you, from the constant attention I have seen you pay to it.'—'Sir,' replies the gentleman, 'I confess long custom has rendered me extremely partial to the spot; but, as for the fish, I assure you that *here* have I angled for *forty years*, and never had *a bite yet.*'"—J. R.

† This fabulous stuff is repeated as trustworthy in most of the works on angling, including nearly all the Encyclopædias.—J. R.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches; or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors, (and yet I grant, that where a noble and ancient descent and such merits meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person;) so, if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it, of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that, I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action?

Concerning which, some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first; by saying, that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say, that God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha, Luke x. 41, 42.

And, on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as, namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, — either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons. And they say, also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of humane society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it; and this seems to be maintained by the learned Pet. du Moulin, who, in his discourse of the fulfilling of prophecies, observes, "that when God intended

to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts, or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation."

And this seems also to be intimated by the Children of Israel, (Psal. cxxxvii.) who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks, bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard says, that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, —first of rivers, and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And, first, concerning rivers; there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As, namely, of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted.* Some waters, being drunk, cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod, or wand, to stone; and our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere, in Ireland.† There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour.‡ And one of no less credit than Aristotle, tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music; for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases; but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness.§ And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby, in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day;‖ and he tells us of a river in Surrey, (it is called

* From evolving sulphuretted hydrogen gas. —J. R.

† He means Loch Neagh, which certainly petrifies wood, but not in a few hours. —J. R.

‡ This is certainly fabulous. —J. R.

§ A report, no doubt taken from some bubbling spring. —J. R.

‖ There is a similar well, as I have witnessed, in the Peak of Derbyshire. —J. R.

Mole,) that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And, lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their Sabbath.*

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea, the fish called the *Balæna*, or whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and, of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that, in the river Ganges, there be eels of thirty feet long. He says there, that these monsters appear in that sea only when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of waters falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says, that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish-bones. He there tells us, that there are sometimes a thousand of these great eels found wrapt or interwoven together.† He tells us there, that it appears that dolphins love music, and will come when called for, by some men or boys that know, and used to feed them; and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow: and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin,‡ and other fish, as may be found also in the learned Dr Casaubon's *Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity*, printed by him about the year 1670.

I know, we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant, and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq.§ who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth, near London, as

* Unquestionably fabulous.—J. R.

† This is all fabulous, or much exaggerated.—J. R.

‡ Mr Laing, in his Voyage to Spitzbergen, says, "the seals crowded round the ship to hear his violin;" and Valerius Flaccus says, "Gaudebant carina phocæ."—J. R.

§ The Tradescants were the first collectors of natural curiosities in this kingdom; Ashmole and Sir Hans Sloane were the next. The generous spirit of these persons seems to have been transfused into, and at present (1784) to reside in, a private gentleman of unbounded curiosity and liberality, Sir Ashton Lever, whose collections, for beauty, variety, and copiousness, exceed all description, and surpass every thing of the kind in the known world.

After Sir Ashton Lever's death, this collection was disposed of by lottery, and came into the hands of Mr Parkinson, who (in 1806) sold the whole, in separate lots, by public auction.

may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the Hog-fish, the Dog-fish, the Dolphin, the Coney-fish, the Parrot-fish, the Shark, the Poison-fish, Sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the Salamander, several sorts of Barnacles, of Solan Geese, the Bird of Paradise; such sorts of Snakes, and such birds' nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder; and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of the less incredible; for you may note, that the waters are Nature's storehouse, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, sir, least this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet, Mr George Herbert, his divine *Contemplation on God's Providence:*

Lord! who hath praise enough — nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendant, and divine;
Who dost so strangely and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit! I here present,
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

And as concerning fish, in that psalm, Psalm civ. wherein, for height of poetry and wonders, the prophet David seems even to exceed himself, — how doth he there express himself in choice metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative reader, concerning the sea, the rivers, and the fish therein contained! And the great naturalist Pliny says, "That Nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the sea than on the land." And this may appear, by the numerous and various creatures inhabiting both in and about that element; as to the readers of Gesner, Rondeletius, Pliny, Ausonius, Aristotle, and others, may be demonstrated. But I will sweeten this discourse also out of a contemplation in divine Du Bartas, (in the Fifth Day,) who says:

God quicken'd in the sea, and in the rivers,
So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all creatures,
Even all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.
For seas, as well as skies, have sun, moon, stars;
As well as air — swallows, rooks, and stares;

As well as earth — vines, roses, nettles, melons,
Mushrooms, pinks, gilliflowers, and many millions
Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these,
As very fishes, living in the seas;
As also rams, calves, horses, hares, and hogs,
Wolves, urchins, lions, elephants, and dogs;
Yea, men and maids; and, which I most admire,
The mitred bishop, and the cowled friar; *
Of which, examples, but a few years since,
Were shewn the Norway and Polonian prince.

These seem to be wonders; but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them. Nor are the number, nor the various shapes, of fishes more strange, or more fit for contemplation, than their different natures, inclinations, and actions; concerning which I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The Cuttle-fish will cast a long gut out of her throat, which, like as an angler doth his line, she sendeth forth and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the cuttle-fish, being then hid in the gravel, lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it; at which time she, by little and little, draws the smaller fish so near to her that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and, for this reason, some have called this fish the Sea-angler.†

And there is a fish called a Hermit, that, at a certain age, gets into a dead fish's shell, and, like a hermit, dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather; and so turns her shell, that she

* This story of the bishop fish is told by Rondeletius, and vouched by Bellonius. Without taking much pains in the translation, it is as follows: "In the year 1531, a fish was taken in Polonia, that represented a bishop. He was brought to the king; but seeming to desire to return to his own element, the king commanded him to be carried back to the sea, into which he immediately threw himself." Rondeletius had before related the story of a monk fish, which is what Du Bartas means by the "cowled friar." The reader may see the portraits of these wonderful personages in Rondeletius; or, in the Posthumous Works of the reverend and learned Mr John Gregory, in quarto, London, 1683, p. 121, 122, where they are exhibited.

Stow, in his *Annals*, p. 137, from the *Chronicle of Radulphus Coggeshale*, gives the following relation of a sea-monster, taken on the coast of Suffolk, *temp. Henry II.*

"Neare unto Orford in Suffolk, certaine fishers of the sea tooke in their nets a fish, having the shape of a man in all points: which fish was kept by Bartlemew de Glaunville, custos of the castle of Orford, in the same castle, by the space of six moneths and more, for a wonder. He spake not a word. All manner of meates he did eat, but most greedily raw fish, after he had crushed out the moisture. Oftentimes he was brought to the church, where he shewed no tokens of adoration. At length," says this author, "when he was not well looked to, he stole away to the sea, and never after appeared." The wisdom of these fishermen in taking the monster to church, calls to remembrance many instances of similar sagacity recorded of the wise men of Gotham. Finding him so indevout, we may suppose them to have been ready to exclaim with Caliban in the *Tempest*,

By this good light, a very shallow monster!

† The cuttle-fish has not one long gut, as here represented, but eight long arms, not cast out of, but surrounding its mouth or throat, with which it catches its prey.—J. R.

makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish called by Ælian, in his ninth book "Of Living Creatures," chap. xvi. the Adonis, or darling of the sea; so called, because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element; and truly, I think most anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And there are also lustful and chaste fishes, of which I shall give you examples.

And, first, what Du Bartas says of a fish called the Sargus, which, because none can express it better than he does, I shall give you in his own words; supposing it shall not have the less credit for being verse; for he hath gathered this and other observations out of authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of nature:

> The adulterous Sargus doth not only change
> Wives every day, in the deep streams, but, strange!
> As if the honey of sea-love delight
> Could not suffice his ranging appetite,
> Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,
> Horning their husbands that had horns before.

And the same author writes concerning the Cantharus, that which you shall also hear in his own words:

> But, contrary, the constant Cantharus
> Is ever constant to his faithful spouse;
> In nuptial duties spending his chaste life
> Never loves any but his own dear wife.

Sir, but a little longer and I have done.

Venator. Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to be music, and charms me to an attention.

Piscator. Why, then, sir, I will take a liberty to tell, or rather to remember you, what is said of Turtle-doves: first, that they silently plight their troth and marry; and that then the survivor scorns, as the Thracian women are said to do, to outlive his or her mate, and this is taken for a truth;* and if the survivor shall ever couple with another, then not only the living, but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honour of a true Turtle-dove.†

* The falsity of this common opinion has been proved by numerous experiments: the whole race of doves and pigeons being the very reverse of constant or continent mates.—J. R.

† Of swans, it is also said, that if either of a pair die, or be otherwise separated from its mate, the other does not long survive; and that it is chiefly for this reason that the stealing of swans is, by our law, made penal; so as that "he who stealeth a swan in an open and common river, lawfully marked; the same swan shall be hung in a house by the beak; and he who stole it shall, in recompense thereof, give to the owner so much wheat as may cover all the swan, by putting and turning the wheat upon the head of the swan, until the head of the swan be covered with wheat."—Coke's *Reports*, part vii. The case of Swans.

And to parallel this land rarity, and teach mankind moral faithfulness, and to condemn those that talk of religion, and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl—men that violate the law affirmed by St Paul, (Rom. ii. 14, 15.) to be writ in their hearts, and which, he says, shall at the last day condemn and leave them without excuse,—I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings, (in the Fifth Day,) for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness will be music to all chaste ears; and therefore I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings of the Mullet:

> But for chaste love the Mullet hath no peer;
> For, if the fisher hath surprised her pheer,*
> As mad with wo, to shore she followeth,
> Prest† to consort him, both in life and death.

On the contrary, what shall I say of the House Cock, which treads any hen, and then, contrary to the Swan, the Partridge, and Pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed, or to cherish his own brood, but is senseless, though they perish.‡ And 'tis considerable, that the Hen, (which, because she also takes any cock, expects it not,) who is sure the chickens be her own, hath, by a moral impression, her care and affection to her own brood more than doubled, even to such a height, that our Saviour, in expressing his love to Jerusalem, (Matt. xxiii. 37.) quotes her for an example of tender affection; as his Father had done Job for a pattern of patience.

And to parallel this Cock, there be divers fishes that cast their spawn on flags or stones, and then leave it uncovered and exposed to become a prey and be devoured by vermin or other fishes. But other fishes, as namely the Barbel, take such care for the preservation of their seed, that (unlike to the Cock or the Cuckoo) they mutually labour, both the spawner and the melter, to cover their spawn with sand, or watch it, or hide it in some secret place, unfrequented by vermin or by any fish but themselves.§

Sir, these examples may, to you and others, seem strange; but they are testified, some by Aristotle, some by Pliny, some by Gesner, ‖ and by many others of credit, and are believed and

* Or fellow; so bed-pheer, bed-fellow.

† Prest, from the French, *pret*, Lat. *paratus*, ready, prepared. So Psalm civ. old version,—

> He maketh his spirites as heralds to go,
> And lightnings to serve, we see also prest.

Vide *Glossary to Robert of Gloucester and to Peter Langtoft*, edit. Hearne.

‡ Capons, however, and even cocks, may be taught to feed chickens even better than their own mothers, as was proved by the experiments of the celebrated Reaumur, as I have detailed at length in my *Domestic Habits of Birds*.—J. R.

§ Neither fishes nor insects take any care of their young beyond depositing their eggs in a place where they are likely, when hatched, to procure food.—J. R.

‖ Of these three Aristotle was the only original observer, and may be trusted where he did not depend on hearsay. Pliny and Gesner were mere compilers.—J. R.

known by divers, both of wisdom and experience, to been truth; and indeed are, as I said at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a most serious and a most pious man. And, doubtless, this made the prophet David say, "They that occupy themselves in deep waters see the wonderful works of God:" indeed, such wonders and pleasures, too, as the land affords not. And that they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent, and pious, and peaceable men, seems to be testified by the practice of so many devout and contemplative men as the patriarchs and prophets of old, and of the apostles of our Saviour in our latter times, of which twelve we are sure he chose four that were simple fishermen, whom he inspired, and sent to publish his blessed will to the Gentiles, and inspired them also with a power to speak all languages, and by their powerful eloquence to beget faith in the unbelieving Jews, and themselves to suffer for that Saviour whom their forefathers and they had crucified, and, in their sufferings, to preach freedom from the encumbrances of the law, and a new way to everlasting life. This was the employment of these happy fishermen; concerning which choice some have made these observations:

First, that he never reproved these for their employment or calling, as he did the scribes and the money-changers. And, secondly, he found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness—men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are: these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him, yet these men he chose to call from their irreproveable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be his disciples, and to follow him, and do wonders; I say four of twelve.

And it is observable, that it was our Saviour's will that these, our four fishermen, should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve apostles, (Matt. x.): as namely, first, Saint Peter, Saint Andrew, Saint James, and Saint John; and then the rest in their order.

And it is yet more observable, that when our blessed Saviour went up into the Mount, when he left the rest of his disciples, and chose only three to bear him company at his Transfiguration, that those three were all fishermen. And it is to be believed, that all the other apostles, after they betook themselves to follow Christ, betook themselves to be fishermen too; for it is certain that the greater number of them were found together, fishing, by Jesus, after his resurrection, as it is recorded in the 21st chapter of Saint John's Gospel.

And since I have your promise to hear me with patience, I will take the liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenious and learned man, who observes,

that God hath been pleased to allow those whom he himself hath appointed to write his holy will in Holy Writ, yet to express his will in such metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to. And he brings Solomon for an example, who, before his conversion, was remarkably carnally amorous; and after, by God's appointment, wrote that spiritual dialogue, or holy amorous love-song, the Canticles, betwixt God and his church, in which he says, "his beloved had eyes like the fish pools of Heshbon."

And if this hold in reason, as I see none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded, that Moses (who, I told you before, writ the book of Job) and the prophet Amos, who was a shepherd, were both anglers; for you shall, in all the Old Testament, find fish-hooks, I think, but twice mentioned, namely, by meek Moses, the friend of God, and by the humble prophet Amos.*

Concerning which last, namely the prophet Amos, I shall make but this observation, that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the prophet Isaiah, (though they be both equally true,) may easily believe Amos to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured plain fisherman; which I do the rather believe, by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epistles of Saint Peter, Saint James, and Saint John, whom we know were all fishers, with the glorious language and high metaphors of Saint Paul, who we may believe was not.

And for the lawfulness of fishing,—it may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding St Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Cæsar.[a]

And let me tell you, that angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other nations. He that reads the Voyages of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,† shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a-fishing.

And he that reads Plutarch shall find, that angling was not

* Walton was a good Scripturist, and therefore can hardly be supposed to have been ignorant of the passage in Isaiah, chap. xix. 8. "The fishers shall mourn, and all they that cast angle upon the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish." Which words, as they do but imply the use of fish-hooks, he might think not directly to his purpose; but in the translation of the above prophet by the learned Bishop Lowth, who himself assures me that the word hook is truly rendered, the passage stands thus:

> And the fishers shall mourn and lament;
> All those that cast the hook in the river,
> And those that spread nets on the face of the waters shall languish.

The following passage Walton seems likewise to have forgotten when he wrote the above, unless the reason before assigned induced him to reject it: "They take up all of them with the angle, they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag, therefore they rejoice and are glad." Habakkuk, chap. i. ver. 15.

† A traveller whose veracity is much questioned.

contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and that they, in the midst of their wonderful glory, used angling as a principal recreation.* And let me tell you, that in the Scripture, angling is always taken in the best sense; and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more: he that views the ancient Ecclesiastical Canons, shall find hunting to be forbidden to churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation—a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.

I might here enlarge myself, by telling you what commendations our learned Perkins bestows on angling; and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it our learned Dr Whitaker † was, as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of angling.

The first is Dr Nowel, sometime Dean of the cathedral church of St Paul's, in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced —a man that, in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth, (not that of Henry VIII.) was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then parliament and convocation both chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, (though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor by hard questions,) like an honest

* I must here so far differ from my author, as to say, that if angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, that illustrious prostitute endeavoured to make it so. The fact related by Plutarch is the following:—

"It would be very tedious and trifling to recount all his follies: but his fishing must not be forgot. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra; and being so unfortunate as catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was very much vexed, and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes that had been fresh taken upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick; she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity; told it to all her friends, and invited them to come and see him fish the next day. Accordingly, a very large company went out in the fishing vessels. and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be beforehand with Antony's, and, diving into the water, to fix upon his hook a salted fish, one of those which were brought from the Euxine Sea."

† The fact respecting Whitaker is thus attested by Dr Fuller, in his *Holy State*, book iii. chap. 13. "Fishing with an angle is to some rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an hour as mute as the fish they mean to take; yet herewithal Dr Whitaker was much delighted."

To these examples of divines, lovers of angling, I here add (1784) that of Dr Leigh, the present Master of Baliol College, Oxford, who, though turned of ninety, makes it the recreation of his vacant hours.

angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old Service-Book, — I say, this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of angling, as any age can produce: and his custom was to spend, besides his fixed hours of prayer, (those hours which, by command of the church, were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians,) — I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in angling; and also (for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him) to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught; saying often, "that charity gave life to religion:" and, at his return to his house, would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble, both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an angler, as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept, in Brazen-Nose College, to which he was a liberal benefactor. In which picture he is drawn, leaning on a desk, with his Bible before him: and on one hand of him his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round; and, on his other hand, are his angle-rods of several sorts,* and by them this is written, "that he died 13th February 1601, being aged ninety-five years, forty-four of which he had been dean of St Paul's church, and that his age had neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless." It is said that angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings. And I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, (a man with whom I have often fished and conversed,) a man, whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company

* Fuller, in his *Worthies*, (Lancashire, p. 115,) has thought it worth recording of this pious and learned divine, and that in language so very quaint, as to be but just intelligible, that he was accustomed to fish in the Thames; and having one day left his bottle of ale in the grass, on the bank of the river, he found it some days after, no bottle, but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof. And hence, with what degree of sagacity let the reader determine, he seems to derive the original of bottled ale in England. Could he have shewn that the bottle was of leather, it is odds but he had attributed to him the invention of that noble vehicle, and made

——— his soul in heaven to dwell,
For first devising the leatharn bottel;

as, in a fit of maudlin devotion, sings the author of a humorous and well-known old ballad.

to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind. This man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser, of the art of angling; of which he would say, "it was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent; for angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness;" and "that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

Sir, this was the saying of that learned man,* and I do easily believe, that peace and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know, that when he was beyond seventy years of age, he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly, in a summer's evening, on a bank a-fishing. It is a description of the spring; which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you:

> This day dame Nature seem'd in love,
> The lusty sap began to move,
> Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
> And birds had drawn their valentines.
> The jealous trout, that low did lie,
> Rose at a well dissembled fly;

* I may add to our author's list of distinguished anglers, Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, the late Dr Babbington of London, and the late Sir Humphry Davy, who has imitated Walton's work very closely, in plan and sentiment, in his *Salmonia*. "If," says Sir Humphry, "you require a poetical authority against that of Lord Byron, I mention the philosophical and powerful poet of the lakes, and the author of

> An Orphic tale indeed,
> A tale divine, of high and passionate thoughts,
> To their own music chanted. — COLERIDGE.

who is a lover both of fly-fishing and fly-fishermen. Gay's poem you know, and his passionate fondness for the amusement, which was his principal occupation in the summer at Amesbury; and the late excellent John Tobin, author of the *Honey Moon*, was an ardent angler. Nay, I can find authorities of all kinds, statesmen, heroes, and philosophers; I can go back to Trajan, who was fond of angling. Nelson was a good fly-fisher, and as a proof of his passion for it, continued the pursuit even with his left hand. Dr Paley was ardently attached to this amusement, so much so, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him, when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good humour, 'My lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over,' as if this were a business of his life." *Salmonia*, p. 7, 3d edit.

Sir Humphry taught Dr Wollaston fly-fishing. — J. R.

There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill;
Already were the eaves possess'd
With the swift pilgrim's * daubed nest;
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice;
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
Joan takes her neat rubb'd pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet:
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-liveried year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you hear the wish of another angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse; namely, Jo. Davors, Esq.

Let me live harmlessly; and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace;
And on the world and my Creator think:
Whilst some men strive ill gotten goods t' embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culver-keys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky;
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The watery clouds that, in the air up-roll'd,
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly;
And fair Aurora, lifting up her head,
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground;
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
The veins enclosed with rivers running round;
These rivers making way through nature's chains
With headlong course into the sea profound;
The raging sea, beneath the valleys low,
Where lakes and rills and rivulets do flow.

* The swallow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds, with many a song,
Do welcome with their choir the Summer's queen;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
Are intermix'd, with verdant grass between;
The silver scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal, watery stream.

All these, and many more of His creation
That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see;
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his heart from other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to May-day than my harsh discourse. And I am glad your patience hath held out so long, as to hear them and me; for both of them have brought us within the sight of the Thatched House. And I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

Venator. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched House; and I now find your words true, "that good company makes the way seem short;" for, trust me, sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house, till you shewed it to me. But now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink and a little rest.

Piscator. Most gladly, sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the otter hunters that are to meet you to-morrow.

Venator. That we will, sir, and to all the lovers of angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for, by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts, both of the art of angling, and of all that profess it: and if you will but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends in hunting the Otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you; and we two will, for that time, do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

Piscator. 'Tis a match, sir; I will not fail you, God willing, to be at Amwell Hill to-morrow morning before sun-rising.

AMWELL HILL.

CHAPTER II.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE OTTER AND CHUB.

Venator. My friend Piscator, you have kept time with my thoughts; for the sun is just rising, and I myself just now come to this place, and the dogs have just now put down an otter. Look! down at the bottom of the hill there, in that meadow, chequered with water lilies and lady-smocks, — there you may see what work they make: look! look! you may see all busy, men and dogs, dogs and men, all busy.

Piscator. Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have so fair an entrance into this day's sport, and glad to see so many dogs and more men all in pursuit of the otter. Let's compliment no longer, but join unto them. Come, honest Venator, let's be gone, let us make haste; I long to be doing: no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me.

Venator. Gentleman huntsman, where found you this Otter?

Huntsman. Marry, sir, we found her a mile from this place, a-fishing. She has this morning eaten the greatest part of this trout; she has only left thus much of it, as you see, and was fishing for more; when we came, we found her just at it: but we were here very early; we were here an hour before sun-rise, and have given her no rest since we came; sure, she will hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin, if we kill her.

Venator. Why, sir, what's the skin worth?

Huntsman. 'Tis worth ten shillings to make gloves; the gloves of an Otter are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

Piscator. I pray, honest huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question: do you hunt a beast or a fish?

Huntsman. Sir, It is not in my power to resolve you; I leave it to be resolved by the college of Carthusians, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But, I have heard, the question hath been debated among many great clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is fish: and if her body be fish too, then I may say that a fish will walk upon land; for an Otter does so sometimes, five, or six, or ten miles in a night, to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish. And I can tell you that pigeons will fly forty miles for a breakfast; but, sir, I am sure the Otter devours much fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats. And I can tell you, that this dog-fisher — for so the Latins call him — can smell a fish

in the water a hundred yards from him: Gesner says much farther, and that his stones are good against the falling sickness; and that there is an herb, benione, which, being hung in a linen cloth, near a fish pond, or any haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he smells both by water and land. And I can tell you, there is brave hunting this water-dog in Cornwall, where there have been so many, that our learned Camden says there is a river called Ottersey, which was so named by reason of the abundance of otters that bred and fed in it. And thus much for my knowledge of the Otter; which you may now see above water at vent, and the dogs close with him: I now see he will not last long. Follow, therefore, my masters, follow; for Sweetlips was like to have him at this last vent.

Venator. Oh me! all the horse are got over the river; what shall we do now? shall we follow them over the water?

Huntsman. No, sir, no; be not so eager: stay a little, and follow me; for both they and the dogs will be suddenly on this side again, I warrant you, and the Otter too, it may be. Now, have at him with Kilbuck, for he vents again.

Venator. Marry, so he does; for look! he vents in that corner. Now, now, Ringwood has him: now, he is gone again, and has bit the poor dog. Now Sweetlips has her; hold her, Sweetlips! now all the dogs have her, some above, and some under water; but now, now she is tired, and past losing. Come, bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look! it is a bitch-otter, and she has lately whelped. Let's go to the place where she was put down, and not far from it you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all too.

Huntsman. Come, gentlemen! come all! let's go to the place where we put down the Otter. Look you! hereabout it was that she kennelled; look you! here it was indeed! for here's her young ones, no less than five: come, let's kill them all.

Piscator. No: I pray sir, save me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious gentleman in Leicestershire, Mr Nicholas Seagrave, has done; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fish, and do many other things of much pleasure.

Huntsman. Take one with all my heart; but let us kill the rest. And now, let's go to an honest alehouse, where we may have a cup of good barley wine, and sing *Old Rose*, and all of us rejoice together.

Venator. Come, my friend Piscator, let me invite you along with us. I'll bear your charges this night, and you shall bear mine to-morrow; for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fishing.

Piscator. Sir, your request is granted; and I shall be right

glad both to exchange such a courtesy, and also to enjoy your company.

Venator. Well, now let's go to your sport of angling.

Piscator. Let 's be going, with all my heart. God keep you all, gentlemen, and send you meet, this day, with another bitch-otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

Venator. Now, Piscator, where will you begin to fish?

Piscator. We are not yet come to a likely place: I must walk a mile farther yet before I begin.

Venator. Well, then, I pray, as we walk, tell me freely, how do you like your lodging, and mine host, and the company? Is not mine host a witty man?

Piscator. Sir, I will tell you presently what I think of your host: but, first, I will tell you, I am glad these otters were killed; and I am sorry that there are no more otter-killers, for I know that the want of otter-killers, and the not keeping the fence-months for the preservation of fish, will, in time, prove the destruction of all rivers. And those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of keeping days of abstinence, will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

Venator. Why, sir, what be those that you call the fence-months?

Piscator. Sir, they be principally three, namely, March, April, and May; for these be the usual months that salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers.* And their fry would, about a certain time, return back to the salt water, if they were not hindered by weirs and unlawful gins, which the greedy fishermen set, and so destroy them by thousands, as they would, being so taught by nature, change the fresh for salt water. He that shall view the wise statutes made in the 13th of Edward the First, and the like in Richard the Third, may see several provisions made against the destruction of fish: and though I profess no knowledge of the law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is every body's business is nobody's business." If it were otherwise, there could not be so many nets and fish, that are under the statute size, sold daily amongst us; and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed. †

* This is a mistake; for salmon come out of the sea to spawn in October and November.—J. R.

† About the year 1770, upon the trial of an indictment before me at Hicks's-hall, a basket was produced in evidence, containing flounders that had been taken with unlawful nets in the river Thames, so small that scarce

But, above all, the taking fish in spawning time may be said to be against nature: it is like the taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young—a sin so against nature that Almighty God hath, in the Levitical law, made a law against it.

But the poor fish have enemies enough beside such unnatural fishermen; as, namely, the otters that I spake of, the Cormorant, the Bittern, the Osprey, the Sea-gull, the Heron, the King-fisher, the Gorara,* the Puet,† the Swan, Goose, Duck, and the Craber,* which some call the Water-rat: against all which any honest man may make a just quarrel, but I will not; I will leave them to be quarrelled with and killed by others; for I am not of a cruel nature—I love to kill nothing but fish.

And, now, to your question concerning your host, to speak truly, he is not to me a good companion: for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests, or lascivious jests, for which I count no man witty: for the devil will help a man, that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and, indeed, such a companion should have his charges borne; and to such company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout Hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company. And, let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear, as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless. I am sorry the other is a gentleman—for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's—I think more will be required at the last great day. Well, you know what example is able to do; and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility, —

> —— many a one
> Owes to his country his religion;
> And in another would as strongly grow,
> Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more; for though I love civility yet I hate severe censures. I'll to my own art, and I doubt not

any one of them would cover a half-crown piece. The indictment was for an affray and an assault on a person authorized to seize unstatutable nets; and the sentence of the offender, a year's imprisonment in Newgate.

* I do not exactly know what animals are meant by "Gorara" and "Craber."—J. R.

† Probably the Peewit Gull (*Larus ridibundus*, LEISLER.)—J. R.

but at yonder tree I shall catch a Chub: and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well, rest ourselves there, and dress it for our dinner.

Venator. Oh, sir! a Chub is the worst fish that swims: I hoped for a Trout to my dinner.

Piscator. Trust me, sir, there is not a likely place for a Trout hereabout: and we staid so long to take our leave of your huntsmen this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a Trout till evening. And though a Chub be, by you and many others, reckoned the worst of fish, yet you shall see I'll make it a good fish by dressing it.

Venator. Why, how will you dress him?

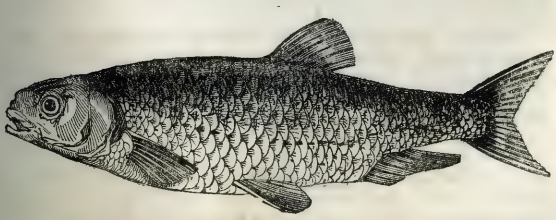
Piscator. I'll tell you by and by, when I have caught him. Look you here, sir, do you see? (but you must stand very close,) there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole, twenty Chubs. I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all: and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one: and you shall see it done.

Venator. Ay, marry, sir! now you talk like an artist, and I'll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do: but I yet doubt it.

Piscator. You shall not doubt it long, for you shall see me do it presently. Look! the biggest of these Chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, by a Pike, or some other accident, and that looks like a white spot; that very Chub I mean to put into your hands presently. Sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while, and, I'll warrant you, I'll bring him to you.

Venator. I'll sit down and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

Piscator. Look you, sir, there is a trial of my skill! there he is,



CHUB. — *Lenciscus Cephalus.*

that very Chub that I shewed you, with the white spot on his tail. And I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat,

as I was to catch him: I 'll now lead you to an honest alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall. There my hostess (which I may tell you is both cleanly, and handsome, and civil) hath dressed many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.

Venator. Come, sir, with all my heart! for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to rest myself too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin to be weary: yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me.

Piscator. Well, sir, and you shall quickly be at rest, for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.

Come, hostess, how do you do? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink, and then dress this Chub as you dressed my last, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago? But you must do me one courtesy,—it must be done instantly.

Hostess. I will do it, Mr Piscator, and with all the speed I can.

Piscator. Now, sir, has not my hostess made haste? and does not the fish look lovely?

Venator. Both, upon my word, sir! and, therefore, let 's say grace and fall to eating of it.

Piscator. Well, sir, how do you like it?

Venator. Trust me, 'tis as good meat as I ever tasted. Now let me thank you for it, drink to you, and beg a courtesy of you, but it must not be denied me.

Piscator. What is it, I pray, sir? You are so modest, that, methinks, I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

Venator. Why, sir, it is, that from henceforth you would allow me to call you master, and that really I may be your scholar: for you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught and so excellently cooked this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholar.

Piscator. Give me your hand! from this time forward I will be your master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common angler yet knows.

CHAPTER III.

HOW TO FISH FOR AND TO DRESS THE CHAVENDER OR CHUB.

Piscator. THE Chub, though he eat well thus dressed, yet, as he is usually dressed, he does not. He is objected against, not

only for being full of small forked bones, dispersed through all his body, but that he eats waterish, and that the flesh of him is not firm, but short and tasteless. The French esteem him so mean, as to call him *un villain:* nevertheless he may be so dressed as to make him very good meat, — as, namely, if he be a large Chub, then dress him thus :

First, scale him, and then wash him clean, and then take out his guts ; and to that end make the hole as little and near to his gills as you may conveniently, and especially make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it ; for if that be not very clean, it will make him to taste very sour. Having so done, put some sweet herbs into his belly ; and then tie him with two or three splinters to a spit, and roast him, basted often with vinegar, or rather verjuice and butter, with good store of salt mixed with it. Being thus dressed, you will find him a much better dish of meat than you, or most folk, even than anglers themselves, do imagine ; for this dries up the fluid watery humour with which all Chubs do abound.

But take this rule with you, that a Chub newly taken and newly dressed is so much better than a Chub of a day's keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly as to cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water. But the Chub being thus used, and dressed presently, and not washed after he is gutted, (for note, that lying long in water, and washing the blood out of any fish after they be gutted, abates much of their sweetness,) you will find the Chub (being dressed in the blood, and quickly) to be such meat as will recompense your labour, and disabuse your opinion.

Or you may dress the Chavender, or Chub, thus : —

When you have scaled him, and cut off his tail and fins, and washed him very clean, then chine, or slit, him through the middle, as a salt-fish is usually cut ; then give him three or four cuts, or scotches, on the back with your knife, and broil him on charcoal, or wood coal, that are free from smoke : and, all the time he is a-broiling, baste him with the best sweet butter, and good store of salt mixed with it. And, to this, add a little thyme cut exceedingly small, or bruised into the butter. The Cheven thus dressed, hath the watery taste taken away, for which so many except against him. Thus was the Cheven dressed that you now liked so well, and commended so much. But note again, that if this Chub that you eat of had been kept till to-morrow, he had not been worth a rush. And remember, that his throat be washed very clean — I say very clean — and his body not washed after he is gutted, as indeed no fish should be.

Well, scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover

the lost credit of the poor despised Chub. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him: and I am glad to enter you into the art of fishing by catching a Chub; for there is no fish better to enter a young angler, he is so easily caught, — but then it must be this particular way.

Go to the same hole in which I caught my Chub, where, in most hot days, you will find a dozen or twenty Chevens floating near the top of the water. Get two or three grasshoppers as you go over the meadow; and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as is possible. Then put a grasshopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree. But it is likely the Chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water, at the first shadow of your rod, (for a Chub is the fearfullest of fishes,) and will do so if but a bird flies over him and makes the least shadow on the water.* But they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again. I say, when they lie upon the top of the water look out the best Chub, (which you, setting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see,) and move your rod as softly as a snail moves,† to that Chub you intend to catch; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait. And you will be as sure to catch him; for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook does scarce ever lose its hold; and therefore give him play enough, before you offer to take him out of the water. — Go your way presently; take my rod, and do as I bid you; and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

Venator. Truly, my loving master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go, and observe your directions.

Look you, master, what I have done! that which joys my heart, — caught just such another Chub as yours was.

Piscator. Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see, that with advice and practice, you will make an angler in a short time. Have but a love to it, and I'll warrant you.

Venator. But, master, what if I could not have found a Grasshopper?

Piscator. Then I may tell you, that a black snail, with his belly slit, to shew his white, or a piece of soft cheese, will usually do as well. Nay, sometimes a worm, or any kind of

* This fearfulness of fishes of shadows seems to me to disprove Walton's opinion of their quick-sightedness, inasmuch as they see nothing distinctly. — J. R.

† "No throwing," says Titus, in BLACKWOOD'S *Magazine*. "Put your bait in as gently as a thief at a public dinner puts his hand into the high sheriff's pocket." — J. R.

fly, as the Ant-fly, the Flesh-fly, or Wall-fly; or the Dor or Beetle, which you may find under cow-dung; or a Bob, which you will find in the same place, and in time will be a Beetle; it is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a Gentle; or a Cod-worm; or a Case-worm: any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner.

And after this manner you may catch a Trout, in a hot evening: when, as you walk by a brook, and shall see or hear him leap at flies, then, if you get a Grasshopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long; standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is: and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water. You may, if you stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed fish. And after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live fly, but especially with a Grasshopper.

Venator. But before you go farther, I pray, good master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed fish?

Piscator. By a leather-mouthed fish, I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the Chub, or Cheven; and so the Barbel, the Gudgeon, and Carp, and divers others have. And the hook being stuck into the leather, or skin, of the mouth of such fish, does very seldom or never lose its hold; but, on the contrary, a Pike, a Perch, or Trout, and so some other fish, which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouths, (which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it:) I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure hold but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorged it.

Venator. I thank you, good master, for this observation. But now what shall be done with my Chub, or Cheven, that I have caught?

Piscator. Marry, sir, it shall be given away to some poor body; for I'll warrant you I'll give you a Trout for your supper: and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first fruits to the poor, who will both thank God and you for it, which I see by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach you more concerning Chub-fishing: You are to note, that in March and April he is usually taken with worms; in May, June, and July, he will bite at any fly, or at cherries, or at Beetles with their legs and wings cut off, or at any kind of snail, or at the Black Bee that breeds in clay walls.* And he never refuses

* The *Anthophora retusa* of naturalists. It is the female only that is black, the male being brown, with a feathering of hairs on his feet. Of these Linnæus made two species.—J. R.

a Grasshopper on the top of a swift stream,* nor, at the bottom, the young Humble-bee† that breeds in long grass, and is ordinarily found by the mower of it. In August, and in the cooler months, a yellow paste, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar, with a little butter and saffron, so much of it as, being beaten small, will turn it to a lemon colour. And some make a paste, for the winter months, (at which time the Chub is accounted best, for then it is observed, that the forked bones are lost, or turned into a kind of gristle, especially if he be baked,) of cheese and turpentine. He will bite also at a Minnow, or Penk, as a Trout will: of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that, in hot weather, he is to be fished for towards the mid-water, or near the top; and in colder weather nearer the bottom. And if you fish for him on the top, with a Beetle, or any fly, then be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight.‡ And having told you that his spawn is excellent meat, and that the head of a large Cheven, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him, I will say no more of this fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.

But, lest you may judge me too nice in urging to have the Chub dressed so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in Seneca, his *Natural Questions*, lib. iii. cap. 17, that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says, that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles in their dining-rooms, and they did glory much, in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon. And he says, they took great pleasure to see their Mullets change to several colours, when they were dying. But enough of this; for I doubt I have staid too long from giving you some observations of the Trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.

* In the Thames, above Richmond, the best way of using the Grasshopper for Chub, is to fish with it as with an artificial fly; the first joints of the legs must be pinched off; and in this way, when the weed is rotten, which is seldom till September, the largest Dace are taken.

† The *Bombus muscorum* of naturalists. — J. R.

‡ The hooks, No. 3. or 4, may be used, whipped upon a strong gut, with a quill float on it. He bites so eagerly, that on taking the bait, "you may," says Hawkins, "hear his jaws chop like those of a dog." — J. R.

CHAPTER IV.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURE AND BREEDING OF THE TROUT, AND HOW TO FISH FOR HIM; AND THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

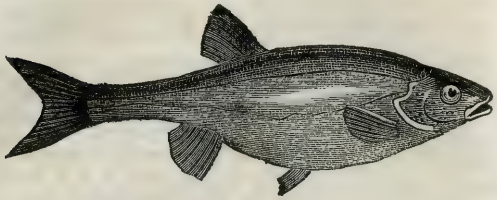
Piscator. THE Trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the Buck that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the Stag and Buck. Gesner says, his name is of a German offspring; and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the Mullet may with all sea-fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

And, before I go farther in my discourse, let me tell you, that you are to observe, that as there be some barren Does that are good in summer, so there be some barren Trouts that are good in winter: but there are not many that are so; for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the Buck. Now, you are to take notice, that in several countries, as in Germany and in other parts, compared to ours, fish do differ much in their bigness, and shape, and other ways; and so do Trouts. It is well known, that in the Lake Leman (the Lake of Geneva) there are Trouts taken three cubits long, as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit: and Mercator says, the Trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city. And you are farther to know, that there be certain waters that breed Trouts, remarkable both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent,* that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the size of a Gudgeon. There are also, in divers rivers, especially that relate to, or be near to the sea, (as Winchester, or the Thames about Windsor,) a little Trout called a Samlet, or Skegger Trout† (in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing,) that will bite as fast and as freely as Minnows: these be by some taken

* The Cray, if I mistake not, which is about eight miles from where I am now writing, and is famous for small trout. —J. R.

† This appears to be what is termed the Par in the north, and which, I think, is a peculiar species. —J. R.

to be young Salmons; but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a herring.



There is also in Kent, near to Canterbury, a Trout called there a Fordidge Trout, a Trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish; many of them near the bigness of Salmon, but known by their different colour, and in their best season they cut very white: and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God: and he hath told me, he thought that Trout bit not for hunger, but wantonness: and it is rather to be believed, because both he, then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived, and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.*

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good authors, that Grasshoppers† and some fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how: and this may be believed, if we consider that when the Raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no farther care, but leaves her young ones to the care of

* The same is true of the Salmon, which has never any thing besides a yellow fluid in his stomach when caught. The same is also true of the Herring. — J. R.

† "It has been said by naturalists," says Sir John Hawkins, "particularly by Sir Theodore Mayerne, that the grasshopper has no mouth, but a pipe in his breast, through which it sucks the dew, which is its nutriment." Nothing could be more absurd than this, which may be disproved by any body that chooses to examine the large and obvious jaws in the grasshopper. So far from living on dew, grasshoppers are so voracious that they make no ceremony, as I have often witnessed, and proved by experiment, of eating their own species. I can scarcely comprehend how Walton was not set right by some of his dignified Episcopal friends respecting the gross perversion of the text, respecting the young ravens. Even supposing worms to be bred in the nests, the poor things could not help themselves thereto. — J. R.

the God of nature, who is said, in the Psalms, "to feed the young Ravens that call upon him." And they be kept alive and fed by a dew, or worms that breed in their nests, or some other ways that we mortals know not. And this may be believed of the Fordidge Trout, which, as it is said of the Stork that he knows his season, so he knows his times (I think almost his day) of coming into that river out of the sea, where he lives (and, it is like, feeds) nine months of the year, and fasts three in the river of Fordidge. And you are to note, that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much, that their river affords a Trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of several fish, as namely, a Shelsey Cockle, a Chichester Lobster, an Arundel Mullet, an Amerly Trout.

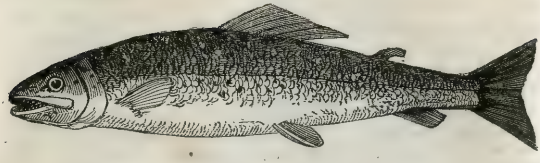
And, now, for some confirmation of the Fordidge Trout: you are to know that this Trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known, that Swallows, and Bats, and Wagtails, which are called half-year birds, and not seen to fly in England for six months in the year, but (about Michaelmas) leave us for a hotter climate, yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found, many thousands at a time, in hollow trees,* or clay caves, where they have been observed to live, and sleep out the whole winter, without meat. And so Albertus observes, that there is one kind of frog, that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter: and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.†

And so much for these Fordidge Trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the sea, (not unlike the Swallow or Frog,) or by the virtue of the fresh water only; or, as the bird of Paradise and the Chameleon are said to live, by the sun and the air.‡

* View Sir Francis Bacon, Exper. 899.
No proof worthy of the least credit has ever been given of this popular notion, which is indeed physically impossible. — J. R.

† There can be no doubt that the mouth of the Frog is closed during its winter torpidity. — J. R.

‡ That the Chameleon lives by the air alone is a vulgar error, it being well known that its food is Flies and other insects. See Sir Thomas Brown's *Inquiry into Vulgar and Common Errors*, book iii. chap. 21.



BULL TROUT. — *Salmo Fario.* — *Variety.*

There is also in Northumberland a Trout called a Bull-trout,* of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts. And there are, in many rivers that relate to the sea, Salmon-trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of their wool. And, certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep; so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger Trouts.

SALMON-TROUT. — *Salma Trutta.*

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is, that the Trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the Perch, and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his *History of Life and Death.*

And next you are to take notice, that he is not like the Crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death: but 'tis not so with the Trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness,

* This Trout is also found in the south of Scotland. The river Tarras in Dumfries-shire is proverbially famed for it. — S.

or thrives only in his head till his death.* And you are to know, that he will, about (especially before) the time of his spawning, get, almost miraculously, through weirs and flood-gates, against the streams; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the Trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season; for it may be observed of the Trout, that he is like the Buck or the Ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pasture that Horses do, which will be fat in one month. And so you may observe, that most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season, than the Trout doth.

And next you are to note, that till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the Trout is sick, and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome; for you shall, in winter, find him to have a big head, and then to be lank, and thin, and lean; at which time many of them have sticking on them Sugs, or Trout-lice; which is a kind of a worm, in shape live a clove, or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him, and sucks his moisture: those, I think, the Trout breeds himself; and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead still water into the sharp streams and the gravel, and there rubs off these worms or lice; and then, as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any Fly or Minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the Cod-worm, or Cadis; and these make the Trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of the month [May] than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know that it is observed, that usually the best Trouts are either red or yellow; though some (as the Fordidge Trout) be white and yet good; but that is not usual: and it is a note observable, that the female Trout hath usually a less head and a deeper body than the male Trout, and is usually the better meat. And note, that a hog-back and a little head to either Trout, Salmon, or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note, that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some Trouts be, in rivers, sooner in season: and as some hollies or

* This opinion has arisen from mistaking a large Trout, after spawning, when his head looks large, because his body is lean, for an old Trout declining through age. — J. R.

oaks are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some Trouts in rivers longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of Trouts: but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trouts: just as Pigeons do in most places; though it is certain there are tame and wild Pigeons: and of the tame, there be Helmits and Runts, and Carriers and Croppers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society* have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of Spiders, and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of Spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of Trouts especially, which differ in their bigness, and shape, and spots, and colour. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens. And, doubtless, there is a kind of small Trout which will never thrive to be big, that breeds very many more than others do that be of a larger size: which you may rather believe, if you consider that the little Wren and Titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when, usually, the noble Hawk, or the musical Throssel, or Blackbird, exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a Trout. And at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

Venator. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub; for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir neither at your minnow nor your worm.

Piscator. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a Trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing net. So, sir, now he is mine own: what say you now, is not this worth all my labour and your patience?

Venator. On my word, master, this is a gallant Trout; what shall we do with him?

Piscator. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

* He must mean Dr Lister. — J. R.

Venator. A match, good master, let's go to that house; for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

Piscator. Nay, stay a little, good scholar; I caught my last Trout with a Worm; now I will put on a Minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, sir: o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,

> I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possess'd joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me,—'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow,* now at

* Christopher Marlow, a poet of no small eminence. He was sometime a student at Cambridge, and, after that, an actor on and writer for the stage. There are extant of his writings, five tragedies and a poem that bears his name, entitled *Hero and Leander*, which, he not living to complete it, was finished by Chapman. The song here mentioned is printed, with his name to it, in a Collection entitled, *England's Helicon*, 4to. 1600, as is also the Answer, here said to be written by Sir Walter Raleigh, but there subscribed "Ignoto." Of Marlow it is said, that he was the author

least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the Chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing; and am going to Bleak Hall* to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter; for I use to sell none.

Milk-woman. Marry! God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully. And if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice, in a new made haycock, for it. And my maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

Piscator. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

Milk-woman. What song was it, I pray? Was it *Come Shepherds, deck your herds?* or, *As at noon Dulcinia rested?* or, *Phillida flouts me?* or, *Chevy Chase?* or, *Johnny Armstrong?* or, *Troy Town?*†

Piscator. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk-woman. Oh, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both; and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and I'll sing the second when you have done.

of divers atheistical and blasphemous discourses; and that in a quarrel with a serving man, his rival in a connection with a lewd woman, he received a stab with a dagger, and shortly after died of the stroke. Wood *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. 338, and Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments.*

* The author seems here to have forgot himself; for, page 72, he says he is to lodge at Trout Hall.

† See the songs, *As at Noon, Chevy Chase, Johnny Armstrong,* and *Troy Town,* printed after the most authentic copies, in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. Phillida flouts me,* is to be found in Whittingham's edition of *Elegant Extracts in Verse,* vol. v. p. 239.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers, lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.*

Venator. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our own Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled

* Dr Warburton, in his notes on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ascribes this song to Shakespeare: it is true, Sir Hugh Evans, in the third act of that play, sings four lines of it; and it occurs in a *Collection of Poems*, said to be Shakespeare's, printed by Thomas Cotes for John Benson, 12mo. 1640, with some variations. On the contrary, it is to be found, with the name of "Christopher Marlow" to it, in *England's Helicon*; and Walton has just said it was made by Kit Marlow. The reader will judge of these evidences as he pleases.

with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and, without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I 'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, "that she may die in the spring; and, being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet." *

THE MILKMAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than 's fit for men?
These are but vain: that 's only good
Which God hath bless'd, and sent for food.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Mother. Well, I have done my song. But stay, honest anglers; for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. — Maudlin, sing that song that you sung last night, when

* Sir Thomas Overbury's character of a *fayre and happy milkmaid*, printed with his poem, entitled *The Wife*, in 12mo. 1655.

young Coridon the Shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

Maudlin. I will, mother.

I married a wife of late,
The more 's my unhappy fate;
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate!

But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness;
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so
With those that go,
Through frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking pail.

Piscator. Well sung, good woman! I thank you. I 'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin alone: do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look! yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

Hostess. Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear that you are in these parts; and long to see you, and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

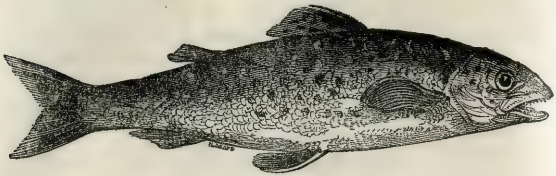
CHAPTER V.

MORE DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR, AND HOW TO MAKE FOR THE TROUT AN ARTIFICIAL MINNOW AND FLIES, WITH SOME MERRIMENT.

Piscator. WELL met, brother Peter; I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night, and that hath made me to bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend is one that would fain be a brother of the angle: he hath been an angler but this day; and I have taught him how to catch a Chub by daping with a grasshopper; and the Chub he caught was a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But pray, brother Peter, who is your companion?

Peter. Brother Piscator, my friend is an honest countryman, and his name is Coridon; and he is a downright witty companion, that met me here purposely to be pleasant and eat a Trout; and I have not yet wetted my line since we met together: but I hope to fit him with a Trout for his breakfast; for I'll be early up.

Piscator. Nay, brother, you shall not stay so long; for, look you, here is a TROUT *



will fill six reasonable bellies. — Come, hostess, dress it presently; and get us what other meat the house will afford; and give us some of your best barley wine, the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds.

Peter. O' my word, this Trout is perfect in season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune to-morrow. I will furnish him with a rod if you will furnish him with the rest of the tackling; we will set him up and make him a fisher.

And I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be scholar to such a master; a master that knows as much, both of the nature and breeding of fish, as any man; and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the Minnow to the Salmon, as any that I ever met withal.

Piscator. Trust me, brother Peter, I find my scholar to be so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, scholar, this is my resolution; and so here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us, and the honest art of Angling.

Venator. Trust me, good master, you shall not sow your seed in barren ground; for I hope to return you an increase answerable to your hopes: but, however, you shall find me obedient, and thankful, and serviceable, to my best ability.

Piscator. 'Tis enough, honest scholar; come, let 's to supper. Come, my friend Coridon, this Trout looks lovely; it was twenty-two inches when it was taken; and the belly of it looked some part of it as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lily; and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good sauce.

* This is the Wandle variety of Trout with marbled spots like a Tortoise.

Coridon. Indeed, honest friend, it looks well, and tastes well: I thank you for it, and so doth my friend Peter, or else he is to blame.

Peter. Yes, and so I do; we all thank you: and when we have supped, I will get my friend Coridon to sing you a song for requital.

Coridon. I will sing a song, if any body will sing another: else, to be plain with you, I will sing none. I am none of those that sing for meat, but for company: I say, "'Tis merry in hall, when men sing all."*

Piscator. I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made, at my request, by Mr William Basse; one that had made the choice songs of the *Hunter in his Career*, and of *Tom of Bedlam*,† and many others of note; and this, that I will sing, is in praise of angling.

Coridon. And then mine shall be the praise of a countryman's life. What will the rest sing of?

Peter. I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of angling to-morrow night; for we will not part till then, but fish to-morrow, and sup together; and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.

Venator. 'Tis a match; and I will provide you a song or a catch against then, too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil, and as merry as beggars.

Piscator. 'Tis a match, my masters. Let's e'en say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to whet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts.

Come on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.

Peter. It is a match. Look, the shortest cut falls to Coridon.

Coridon. Well then, I will begin, for I hate contention.

CORIDON'S SONG.

Oh, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trololliе lollie loe,
Heigh trololliе lollie lee.
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

* Parody on the adage:

"It's merry in hall,
When beards wag all." — *i. e.* when all are eating.

† This song, beginning "Forth from my sad and darksome cell," with the music to it, set by Hen. Lawes, is printed in a book, entitled *Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues, to sing to the Theorbo, Lute, and Bass Viol*, folio, 1675; and in Playford's *Antidote against Melancholy*, 8vo. 1669; also in Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 357.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away, &c.

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses, and his cart:
Then care away, &c.

Our clothing is good sheep skins,
Gray russet for our wives;
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives.
Then care away, &c.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
Yet on the holiday,
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
No emperor so merrily
Doth pass his time away.
Then care away, &c.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then care away, &c.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring:
Then care away, &c.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies:
Then come away, turn
Countryman with me.

Jo. CHALKHILL.*

* John Chalkhill, Esq. of whom mention is made in the author's Life. Mr Singer, in reprinting the elegant poem of *Thealma and Clearchus*, threw

Piscator. Well sung, Coridon! this song was sung with mettle; and it was choicely fitted to the occasion: I shall love you for it as long as I know you. I would you were a brother of the angle; for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companies, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "'Tis the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast;" and such a companion you prove: I thank you for it.

But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my song, and wish it may be so well liked:

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court:
  But these delights I neither wish
  Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love
  Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare:
  My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess;
  My hand alone my work can do,
  So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,

out a conjecture, that, as Walton had been silent upon the life of his friend Chalkhill, he might be altogether a fictitious personage, and be only a pseudonyme for Walton himself. This hint by subsequent writers has been considered proof positive. Unfortunately John Chalkhill's tomb of black marble is still to be seen on the walls of Winchester Cathedral, by which it appears he died in May, 1679, at the age of eighty. Walton's preface to *Thealma* speaks of him as dead in May, 1678; but, as the book was not published till 1683, when Walton was ninety years old, it is probably an error of memory.

Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate:
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous Trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing sometimes I find
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight:
Who is more welcome to my dish
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make:
For so our Lord was pleased, when
He fishers made fishers of men;
Where (which is in no other game)
A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here
Bless'd fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that he on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

Coridon. Well sung, brother! you have paid your debt in good coin. We anglers are all beholden to the good man that made this song: come, hostess, give us more ale, and let's drink to him.

And now let's every one go to bed, that we may rise early: but first let's pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning; for my purpose is to prevent the sun rising.

Peter. A match. Come, Coridon, you are to be my bed-fellow. I know, brother, you and your scholar will lie together. But where shall we meet to-morrow night? for my friend Coridon and I will go up the water towards Ware.

Piscator. And my scholar and I will go down towards Waltham.

Coridon. Then let's meet here, for here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender; and I am sure we cannot expect better meat or better usage in any place.

Peter. 'Tis a match. Good-night to every body.
Piscator. And so say I.
Venator. And so say I.

Piscator. Good morrow, good hostess. I see my brother Peter is still in bed. Come, give my scholar and me a morning drink, and a bit of meat to breakfast; and be sure to get a good dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as hawks. Come, scholar, let 's be going.

Venator. Well now, good master, as we walk towards the river, give me direction, according to your promise, how I shall fish for a Trout.

Piscator. My honest scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it.

The Trout is usually caught with a Worm, or a Minnow, (which some call a Penk,) or with a Fly, namely, either a natural or an artificial fly: concerning which three, I will give you some observations and directions.

And, first, for Worms. Of these there be very many sorts: some breed only in the earth, as the Earth-worm; others of or amongst plants, as the Dug-worm; and others breed either out of excrements, or in the bodies of living creatures, as in the horns of sheep or deer; or some in dead flesh, as the Maggot, or Gentle, and others.

Now these be most of them particularly good for particular fishes. But for the Trout, the Dew-worm, which some also call the Lob-worm,* and the Brandling, are the chief; and especially the first for a great Trout, and the latter for a less. There be also of Lob-worms, some called Squirrel-tails, (a worm that has a red head, a streak down the back, and broad tail,) which are noted to be the best, because they are the toughest and most lively, and live longest in the water; for you are to know that a dead worm is but a dead bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring worm. And for a Brandling, he is usually found in an old dung-hill, or some very rotten place near to it, but most usually in cow-dung, or hog's-dung, rather than horse-dung, which is somewhat too hot and dry for that worm. But the best of them are to be found in the bark of the tanners, which they cast up in heaps after they have used it about their leather.

There are also divers other kinds of worms, which, for colour

* The Dew-worm, or Earth-worm, is the *Lumbricus gigas* of Duges; but the Lob-worm is taken in some angling books for the Grub of the Cockchafer, (*Melalontha vulgaris.*) — J. R.

and shape, alter even as the ground out of which they are got; as the Marsh-worm, the Tag-tail, the Flag-worm, the Dock-worm, the Oak-worm, the Gilt-tail, the Twachel or Lob-worm,* which of all others is the most excellent bait for a Salmon, and too many to name, even as many sorts as some think there be of several herbs or shrubs, or of several kinds of birds in the air: of which I shall say no more, but tell you, that what worms soever you fish with, are the better of being well scoured, that is, long kept before they be used: and in case you have not been so provident, then the way to cleanse and scour them quickly is to put them all night in water, if they be Lob-worms, and then put them into your bag with fennel. But you must not put your Brandlings above an hour in water, and then put them into fennel, for sudden use; but if you have time, and purpose to keep them long, then they be best preserved in an earthen pot, with good store of moss, which is to be fresh every three or four days in summer, and every week or eight days in winter; or, at least, the moss taken from them, and clean washed, and wrung betwixt your hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again. And when your worms, especially the Brandling, begins to be sick and lose of his bigness, then you may recover him, by putting a little milk or cream (about a spoonful in a day) into them, by drops on the moss; and if there be added to the cream an egg beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preserve them long.† And note, that when the knot, which is near to the middle

* To avoid confusion, it may be necessary to remark, that the same kind of worm is, in different places, known by different names: thus the Marsh and the Meadow-worm are the same; and the Lob-worm, or Twachel, is also called the Dew-worm and the Garden-worm; and the Dock-worm is, in some places, called the Flag-worm.

The Tag-tail is found in March and April, in marled lands or meadows, after a shower of rain, or in a morning, when the weather is calm and not cold.

To find the Oak-worm, beat on an oak tree that grows over a highway or bare place, and they will fall for you to gather.

To find the Dock-worm, go to an old pond or pit, and pull up some of the flags; shake the roots in the water, and, amongst the fibres that grow from the roots you will find little husks, or cases, of a reddish or yellowish colour; open these carefully with a pin, and take from thence a little worm, pale and yellow, or white, like a Gentle, but longer and slenderer, with rows of feet down his belly, and a red head: this is the Dock, or Flag-worm, an excellent bait for Grayling, Tench, Bream, Carp, Roach, and Dace.

† The following is also an excellent way: namely, Take a piece of hop-sack, or other very coarse cloth, and wash it clean, and let it dry, then wet it in the liquor wherein beef has been boiled, (but be careful that the beef is fresh, for salt will kill the worms,) and wring it, but not quite dry; put the worms into this cloth, and lay them in an earthen pot, and let them stand from morning till night; then take the worms from the cloth and wash it, and wet it again in some of the liquor: do thus once a-day, and you may keep worms in perfect health, and fit for use, for near a month.

Observe that the Lob-worm, Marsh-worm, and Red-worm, will bear more scouring than any others, and are better for long keeping.

of the Brandling, begins to swell, then he is sick; and if he be not well looked to, is near dying. And for moss, you are to note, that there be divers kinds of it, which I could name to you, but I will only tell you that that which is likest a buck's horn is the best, except it be soft white moss, which grows on some heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that in a very dry time, when you are put to an extremity for worms, walnut tree leaves squeezed into water, or salt in water, to make it bitter or salt, and then that water poured on the ground where you shall see worms are used to rise in the night, will make them to appear above ground presently.* And you may take notice, some say that camphor put into your bag with your moss and worms gives them a strong and so tempting a smell, that the fish fare the worse and you the better for it.

And now, I shall shew you how to bait your hook with a worm, so as shall prevent you from much trouble, and the loss of many a hook too, when you fish for a Trout with a running line;† that is to say, when you fish for him by hand at the ground. I will direct vou in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake.

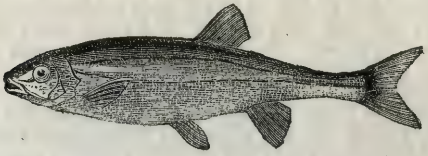
Suppose it be a big Lob-worm: put your hook into him somewhat above the middle, and out again a little below the middle; having so done, draw your worm above the arming of your hook, but note, that at the entering of your hook, it must not be at

* This practice was one of the common sports of school-boys at the time Erasmus wrote his Colloquies. In that entitled *Venatio, or Hunting*, a company of them go abroad into the fields, and one named Laurence proposes fishing; but having no worms, Bartholus objects the want of them, till Laurence tells him how he may get some. The dialogue is very natural and descriptive, and being but short, is here given. "*Laurence.* I should like to go a-fishing; I have a neat hook. *Bartholus.* But where will you get baits? *Laurence.* There are earth-worms everywhere to be had. *Bartholus.* So there are, if they would but creep out of the ground to you. *Laurence.* I will make a great many thousands jump out presently. *Bartholus.* How? by witchcraft? *Laurence.* You shall see the art. Fill this bucket with water: break these green shells of walnuts to pieces, and put them into it; wet the ground with the water. Now, mind a little. Do you see them coming out? *Bartholus.* I see a miracle; I believe the armed men started out of the earth after this manner, from the serpent's teeth that were sown."

The above exclamation is an allusion to the fable in the second book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses;* where Cadmus, by scattering the serpent's teeth on the ground, caused armed men to spring out of it.

† The running line, so called because it runs along the ground, is made of strong silk, which you may buy at the fishing-tackle shops: but I prefer hair, as being less apt to tangle, and is thus fitted up: About ten inches from the end, fasten a small cleft shot, then make a hole through a pistol or musket bullet, according to the swiftness of the stream you fish in; and put the line through it, and draw the bullet down to the shot: to the end of your line fasten an Indian grass, or silkworm-gut, with a large hook. Or you may, instead of a bullet, fix four large shot, at the distance of eight inches from the hook. The running line is used for Trout, Grayling, and Salmon-smelts; and is proper only for streams and rapid waters. See part ii. chap. xi.

the head-end of the worm, but at the tail-end of him, that the point of your hook may come out toward the head-end; and, having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of your hook again into the very head of the worm till it come near to the place where the point of the hook first came out, and then draw back that part of the worm that was above the shank, or arming of your hook, and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on before you turn back the hook's head of the first worm. You cannot lose above two or three worms before you attain to what I direct you; and having attained it, you will find it very useful, and thank me for it; for you will run on the ground without tangling.



MINNOW — *Cyprinus Phoxinus.* — *LINNÆUS.*

Now for the Minnow, or Penk: he is not easily found and caught till March, or in April, for then he appears first in the river, nature having taught him to shelter and hide himself in the winter in ditches that be near to the river, and there both to hide and keep himself warm in the mud, or in the weeds, which rot not so soon as in a running river, in which place if he were in winter, the distempered floods that are usually in that season would suffer him to take no rest, but carry him headlong to mills and weirs, to his confusion. And of these Minnows, first you are to know, that the biggest size is not the best; and next, that the middle size and the whitest are the best; and then you are to know, that your Minnow must be so put on your hook that it must turn round when it is drawn against the stream; and that it may turn nimbly, you must put on a big sized hook, as I shall now direct you, which is thus: Put your hook in at his mouth, and out at his gill; then, having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond or through his gill, put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his tail; and then tie the hook and his tail about, very neatly, with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the

water: that done, pull back that part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the Minnow the second time; I say, pull that part of your line back, so that it shall fasten the head, so that the body of the Minnow shall be almost straight on your hook; this done, try how it will turn, by drawing it cross the water or against a stream; and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again till it turn quick, for if not, you are in danger to catch nothing; for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick.* And you are yet to know that in case you want a Minnow, then a small Loach, or a Stickle-bag, or any other small fish that will turn quick, will serve as well. And you are yet to know that you may salt them, and by that means keep them ready and fit for use three or four days, or longer; and that, of salt, bay-salt is the best.

And here let me tell you, what many old anglers know right well, that at some times, and in some waters, a Minnow is not to be got; and therefore, let me tell you, I have, which I will shew to you, an artificial Minnow, that will catch a Trout as well as an artificial fly: and it was made by a handsome woman that had a fine hand, and a live Minnow lying by her: the mould or body of the Minnow was cloth, and wrought upon, or over it thus, with a needle; the back of it with very sad French green silk, and paler green silk towards the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, just as you see a Minnow: the belly was wrought also with a needle, and it was a part of it white silk, and another part of it with silver thread: the tail and fins were of a quill, which was shaven thin; the eyes were of two little black beads; and the head was so shadowed, and all of it so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled, that it would beguile any sharp-sighted Trout in a swift stream.† And this Minnow I will now shew you, (look, here it is,) and, if you like it, lend it you, to have two or three made by it; for they be easily carried about an angler, and be of excellent use; for, note, that a large Trout will come as fiercely at a Minnow as the highest mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare. I have been told that a hundred and sixty Minnows have been found in a Trout's belly: either the Trout had devoured so many, or the miller that gave it a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.

Now for Flies, which are the third bait wherewith Trouts are

* I have never been able to cause a Minnow to spin well in trolling, unless the tail was bent nearly to a semicircle. — J. R.

† Artificial Minnows, made with mother-of-pearl, are to be purchased at all the tackle shops; but I should always prefer a live one, when it can be had. In using an artificial Minnow, smear it with fish slime. — J. R.

usually taken. You are to know that there are as many sorts of flies as there be of fruits: I will name you but some of them; as the Dun-fly, the Stone-fly, the Red-fly, the Moor-fly, the Tawney-fly, the Shell-fly, the Cloudy or Blackish-fly, the Flag-fly, the Vine-fly: there be of flies, Caterpillars, and Canker-flies, and Bear-flies: and indeed too many either for me to name, or for you to remember. And their breeding is so various and wonderful, that I might easily amaze myself, and tire you in a relation of them.

And, yet, I will exercise your promised patience by saying a little of the Caterpillar, or the Palmer-fly,* or worm; that by them you may guess what a work it were, in a discourse, but to run over those very many flies, worms, and little living creatures, with which the sun and summer adorn and beautify the river banks and meadows, both for the recreation and contemplation of us anglers; pleasures which, I think, myself enjoy more than any other man that is not of my profession.

Pliny holds an opinion, that many have their birth or being from a dew that in the spring falls upon the leaves of trees; and that some kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers; and others, from a dew left upon coleworts or cabbages: all which kinds of dews being thickened and condensed, are by the sun's generative heat, most of them, hatched, and in three days made living creatures: † and these of several shapes and colours; some being hard and tough, some smooth and soft; some are horned in their head, some in their tail, some have none; some have hair, some none; some have sixteen feet, some less, and some have none: but (as our Topsel, in his *History of Serpents*, hath with great diligence observed) those which have none move upon the earth, or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the sea. Some of them he also observes to be bred of the eggs of other Caterpillars, ‡ and that those in their time turn to be butterflies; and again, that their eggs turn the following year to be Caterpillars. And some affirm, that every plant has its particular fly or Caterpillar, which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and may therefore affirm it, a green Caterpillar, or worm, as big as a

* What anglers call a Palmer is any caterpillar, and it is called a fly, though it has no wings; because, in angling, they trail it like a fly over the water. — J. R.

† All that Walton writes about insects shews the extreme ignorance which then prevailed respecting natural history. Redi, by his ingenious experiments, exploded the notion so long prevalent of flies being bred from putrid meat; and though Blumenbach, Cuvier, Lamarck, and most of our eminent modern naturalists, again reverted to the doctrine of equivocal or spontaneous generation, particularly in minute animalcules, even this has been very recently exploded by the observations of M. Ehrenberg of Berlin. — J. R.

‡ No Caterpillars lay eggs, though all are hatched from eggs, laid by Butterflies, Moths, or Sand-flies. — J. R.

small peascod, which had fourteen legs; eight on the belly, four under the neck, and two near the tail. It was found on a hedge of privet; * and was taken thence, and put into a large box, and a little branch or two of privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a dog gnaws a bone: it lived thus, five or six days, and thrived, and changed the colour two or three times, but by some neglect in the keeper of it, it then died, and did not turn to a fly: but if it had lived, it had doubtless turned to one of those flies that some call flies of prey, which those that walk by the rivers may, in summer, see fasten on smaller flies, and, I think, make them their food. And 'tis observable, that as there be these flies of prey, which be very large, so there be others, very little, created, I think, only to feed them, and breed out of I know not what; whose life, they say, nature intended not to exceed an hour; † and yet that life is thus made shorter by other flies, or by accident.

'Tis endless to tell you what the curious searchers into nature's productions have observed of these worms and flies: but yet I shall tell you what Aldrovandus, our Topsel, and others, say of the Palmer-worm, or Caterpillar: that whereas others content themselves to feed on particular herbs or leaves (for most think those very leaves that gave them life and shape give them a particular feeding and nourishment, and that upon them they usually abide;) yet he observes, that this is called a Pilgrim, or Palmer-worm, for his very wandering life and various food; not contenting himself, as others do, with any one certain place for his abode, nor any certain kind of herbs or flowers for his feeding, but will boldly and disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixed to a particular place. ‡

Nay, the very colours of Caterpillars are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful. I shall, for a taste of the rest, describe one of them; which I will, some time the next month, shew you feeding on a willow tree; and you shall find him punctually to answer this very description: His lips and mouth somewhat yellow; his eyes black as jet; his forehead purple; his feet and hinder parts green; his tail two-forked and black; the whole body stained with a kind of red spots, which run along the neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the form of St Andrew's cross, or the letter X, made thus cross-wise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his whole body. And it is to me observable,

* The Caterpillar of the Privet Hawk Moth, (*Sphinx Ligustri*,) which is not, as Walton suspects, a fly of prey, or Dragon-fly. — J. R.

† This is quite fabulous. — J. R.

‡ These absurd notions arose from confounding some hundreds of species under one common name. — J. R.

that at a fixed age this caterpillar gives over to eat, and towards winter comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust, called an aurelia: and so lives a kind of dead life, without eating, all the winter. And as others of several kinds turn to be several kinds of flies and vermin, the spring following, so this caterpillar then turns to be a painted butterfly.

Come, come, my scholar, you see the river stops our morning walk: and I will also here stop my discourse: only as we sit down under this honeysuckle hedge, whilst I look a line to fit the rod that our brother Peter hath lent you, I shall, for a little confirmation of what I have said, repeat the observation of Du Bartas [6 Day;]

God, not contented to each kind to give
And to infuse the virtue generative,
By his wise power made many creatures breed
Of lifeless bodies, without Venus' deed:

So the cold humour breeds the Salamander,
Who, in effect, like to her birth's commander,
With child with hundred winters, with her touch
Quenches the fire, though glowing ne'er so much.

So in the fire, in burning furnace, springs
The fly Perausta with the flaming wings;
Without the fire it dies, in it joys,
Living in that which all things else destroys.

So slow Bootes underneath him sees,
In th' icy islands, goslings hatch'd of trees;
Whose fruitful leaves falling into the water,
Are turn'd, 'tis known, to living fowls soon after.

So rotten planks of broken ships do change
To barnacles. O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree, then a broken hull,
Lately a mushroom; now a flying gull.

Venator. Oh, my good master, this morning walk has been spent to my great pleasure and wonder; but I pray, when shall I have your direction how to make artificial flies, like to those that the Trout loves best; and, also, how to use them?

Piscator. My honest scholar, it is now past five of the clock; we will fish till nine; and then go to breakfast. Go you to yonder sycamore tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered beef, and a radish or too, that I have in my fish bag: we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome hungry breakfast. And I will then give you direction for the making and using of your flies: and in the meantime, there is your rod and line: and my advice is, that you fish as you see me do, and let 's try which can catch the first fish.

Venator. I thank you, master. I will observe and practise your directions as far as I am able.

Piscator. Look you, scholar; you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a Trout. I pray, put that net under him; and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all.* Well done, scholar: I thank you.

Now for another. Trust me, I have another bite. Come, scholar, come, lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish to supper.

Venator. I am glad of that; but I have no fortune: sure, master, yours is a better rod and better tackling.

Piscator. Nay, then, take mine; and I will fish with yours. Look you, scholar, I have another. Come do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all: there's half a line, and a good hook lost.

Venator. Ay, and a good Trout too.

Piscator. Nay, the Trout is not lost; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

Venator. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle: I have no fortune.

Piscator. Look you, scholar, I have yet another. And now, having caught three brace of Trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast. A scholar, a preacher I should say, that was to preach, to procure the approbation of a parish that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commmendation by him that composed it; and though the borrower of it preached it, word for word, as it was at first,

* This is an important maxim in angling; for while the line flows free from the rod, this gives way by bending as the fish tugs; while catching the line is certain to snap it. — J. R.

yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his congregation, which the sermon borrower complained of to the lender of it, and thus was answered: "I lent you, indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddlestick; for you are to know, that every one cannot make music with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth." And so, my scholar, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing, even to a foot, in a right place, makes you lose your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacklings with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddlestick, that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place: and this must be taught you; for you are to remember, I told you angling is an art, either by practice or a long observation, or both. But take this for a rule: When you fish for a Trout with a worm, let your line have so much, and not more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say, more in a great troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and keep it still in motion, and not more.

But now, let's say grace, and fall to breakfast. What say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

Venator. All excellent good; and my stomach excellent good, too. And now I remember, and find that true which devout Lessius says, "that poor men, and those that fast often, have much more pleasure in eating than rich men and gluttons, that always feed before their stomachs are empty of their last meat, and call for more; for by that means they rob themselves of that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men." And I do seriously approve of that saying of yours, "that you had rather be a civil, well governed, well grounded, temperate poor angler, than a drunken lord:" but I hope there is none such. However, I am certain of this, that I have been at many very costly dinners that have not afforded me half the content that this has done; for which I thank God and you.

And now, good master, proceed to your promised direction for making and ordering my artificial fly.

Piscator. My honest scholar, I will do it; for it is a debt due unto you by my promise. And because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than you really are, I will freely give you such directions as were lately given to me by an ingenious brother of the angle, an honest man and a most excellent fly fisher.

You are to note, that there are twelve kinds of artificial made

flies, to angle with upon the top of the water. Note, by the way, that the fittest season of using these is a blustering windy day, when the waters are so troubled that the natural fly cannot be seen, or rest upon them. The first is the Dun-fly, in March: the body is made of dun wool; the wings, of the partridge's feathers. The second is another Dun-fly: the body of black wool; and the wings made of the black drake's feathers, and of the feathers under his tail. The third is the Stone-fly, in April: the body is made of black wool; made yellow under the wings and under the tail, and so made with wings of the drake. The fourth is the Ruddy-fly, in the beginning of May: the body made of red wool, wrapt about with black silk; and the feathers are the wings of the drake: with the feathers of a red capon also, which hang dangling on his sides next to the tail. The fifth is the Yellow or Greenish, in May likewise: the body made of yellow wool; and the wings made of the red cock's hackle or tail. The sixth is the Black-fly, in May also: the body made of black wool, and lapped about like the herl of a peacock's tail: the wings are made of the wings of a brown capon, with his blue feathers in his head. The seventh is the sad Yellow-fly, in June: the body is made of black wool, with a yellow list on either side; and the wings taken off the wings of a buzzard, bound with black braked hemp. The eighth is the Moorish-fly: made with the body of duskish wool; and the wings made of the blackish mail of the drake. The ninth is the Tawny-fly, good until the middle of June: the body made of tawny wool; the wings made contrary, one against the other, made of the whitish mail of the wild drake. The tenth is the Wasp-fly, in July: the body made of black wool, lapt about with yellow silk; the wings made of the feathers of the drake, or of the buzzard. The eleventh is the Shell-fly, good in mid July: the body made of greenish wool, lapt about with the herl of a peacock's tail; and the wings made of the wings of the Buzzard. The twelfth is the Dark Drake-fly, good in August: the body made with black wool, lapt about with black silk; his wings are made with the mail of the black drake, with a black head. Thus have you a jury of flies, likely to betray and condemn all the Trouts in the river.

I shall next give you some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr Thomas Barker,* a gentleman that

* This gentleman, addressing himself to the noble lord to whom his book is dedicated, thus begins:

——"Under favour, I will compliment, and put a case to your honour. I met with a man; and upon our discourse he fell out with me, having a good weapon, but neither stomach nor skill: I say this man may come home by Weeping-cross; I will cause the clerk to toll his knell. It is the very like case to the gentleman angler, that goeth to the river for his pleasure. This angler hath neither judgment, nor experience; he may

hath spent much time in fishing: but I shall do it with a little variation.

First, let your rod be light, and very gentle: I take the best to be of two pieces. * And let not your line exceed (especially

come home lightly laden at his leisure."——"A man that goeth to the river for his pleasure, must understand, when he cometh there, to set forth his tackle. The first thing he must do, is to observe the wind and sun for day, the moon, the stars, and the wanes of the air for night, to set forth his tackles for day or night; and accordingly to go for his pleasure, and some profit."——"Now I am determined to angle with ground-baits, and set my tackles to my rod, and go to my pleasure. I begin at the uppermost part of the stream, carrying my line with an upright hand, feeling my plummet running truly on the ground some ten inches from the hook, plumming my line according to the swiftness of the stream I angle in; for one plummet will not serve for all streams: for the true angling is, that the plummet run truly on the ground."——

——"My lord sent to me at sun-going-down, to provide him a good dish of Trouts against the next morning, by six o'clock. I went to the door to see how the wanes of the air were like to prove. I returned answer, that I doubted not, God willing, but to be provided at the time appointed. I went presently to the river, and it proved very dark: I threw out a line of three silks and three hairs twisted, for the uppermost part; and a line of two hairs and two silks twisted, for the lower part—with a good large hook. I baited my hook with two Lob-worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them in the dark. I fell to angle. It proved very dark, so that I had good sport; angling with the Lob-worms as I do with the flies, on the top of the water:—You will hear the fish rise at the top of the water; then, you must loose a slack line down to the bottom as nigh as you can guess; then hold your line straight, feeling the fish bite; give time, there is no doubt of losing the fish, for there is not one amongst twenty but doth gorge the bait: the least stroke you can strike fastens the hook, and makes the fish sure; letting the fish take a turn or two, you may take him up with your hands. The night began to alter and grow somewhat lighter; I took off the Lob-worms, and set to my rod a white Palmer-fly made of a large hook; I had good sport for the time, until it grew lighter; so I took off the white Palmer, and set to a red Palmer, made of a large hook: I had good sport until it grew very light: then I took off the red Palmer, and set to a black Palmer; I had good sport, and made up the dish of fish. So I put up my tackles, and was with my lord at his time appointed for the service.

"These three flies, with the help of the Lob-worms, serve to angle all the year for the night; observing the times (as I have shewed you,) in this nightwork; the white fly for darkness, the red fly *in medio*, and the black fly for lightness. This is the true experience for angling in the night, which is the surest angling of all, and killeth the greatest Trouts. Your lines may be strong, but must not be longer than your rod.

"Now, having taken a good dish of Trouts, I presented them to my lord. He having provided good company, commanded me to turn cook, and dress them for dinner——

"——There comes an honest gentleman, a familiar friend, to me—he was an angler—begins to compliment with me, and asked me how I did? when I had been angling? and demanded, in discourse, what was the reason I did not relate in my book the dressing of his dish of fish, which he loved? I pray you, sir, what dish of Trouts was that? He said it was a dish of close-boiled Trouts, buttered with eggs. My answer was to him, that every scullion dresseth that dish against his will, because he cannot calvor them. I will tell you, in short: Put your Trouts into the kettle when the kettle is set to the fire, and let them boil gently, as many cooks do; and they shall boil close enough; which is a good dish, buttered with eggs, good for ploughmen, but not for the palate. Sir, I hope I have given you satisfaction."

* For your rod, and also for a fly-line, take the directions contained in the notes on chap. xxi.

for three or four links next to the hook,) I say, not exceed three or four hairs at the most, though you may fish a little stronger above, in the upper part of your line; but if you can attain to angle with one hair, you shall have more rises, and catch more fish. Now you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a line, as most do. And before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back; and the sun, if it shines, to be before you; and to fish down the stream;* and carry the point or top of your road downward, by which means the shadow of yourself, and rod too, will be the least offensive to the fish; for the sight of any shade amazes the fish, and spoils your sport, of which you must take a great care.

In the middle of March, till which time a man should not in honesty catch a Trout, or in April, if the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy, the best fishing is with the Palmer-worm, of which I last spoke to you; but of these there be divers kinds, or at least of divers colours: these and the May-fly are the ground of all fly angling: which are to be thus made:

First, you must arm † your hook with the line, in the inside of it, then take your scissars, and cut so much of a brown mallard's feather as, in your own reason, will make the wings of it, you having withal regard to the bigness or littleness of your hook; then lay the outmost part of your feather next to your hook, then the point of your feather next the shank of your hook; and, having so done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the same silk with which your hook was armed; and having made the silk fast, take the hackle of a cock or capon's neck, or a plover's top, which is usually better: take off the one side of the feather, then take the hackle, silk or crewel, gold or silver thread, make these fast at the bent of the hook, that is to say, below your arming; then you must take the hackle, the silver or gold thread, and work it up to the wings, shifting or still removing your finger as you turn the silk about the hook, and still looking, at every stop or turn, that your gold, or what materials soever you make your fly of, do lie right and neatly, and if you find they do so, then when you have made the head, make all fast: and then work your hackle up to the head, and make that fast: and then, with a needle, or pin, divide the wing into two, and then, with the arming silk, whip it about cross-ways betwixt the wings, and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feathers towards the bent of the hook, and then work three or four

* This must be taken, to walk down the stream; for it is quite impossible to keep a fly above water, if drawn down the stream, as most of the books absurdly direct. — J. R.

† To arm is an angling term, meaning to tie, or whip round. — J. R.

times about the shank of the hook, and then view the proportion, and if all be neat, and to your liking, fasten.

I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a fly well: and yet I know this, with a little practice, will help an ingenious angler in a good degree. But to see a fly made by an artist in that kind is the best teaching to make it. And, then, an ingenious angler may walk by the river, and mark what flies fall on the water that day, and catch one of them, if he see the Trouts leap at a fly of that kind; and then having always hooks ready hung with him, and having a bag also always with him, with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-coloured heifer, hackles of a cock or a capon, several coloured silk and crewel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a drake's head, black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool or hair, thread of gold and of silver silk of several colours, (especially sad-coloured, to make the fly's head;) and there be also other coloured feathers,* both of little birds and

* The author not having particularly enumerated the materials necessary for fly-making, it will not be improper, once for all, to do it here. And, first, you must be provided with bear's hair of divers colours; as gray, dun, light and dark coloured, bright brown and that which shines; also camel's hair, dark, light, and of a colour between both; badger's hair, or fur; spaniel's hair from behind the ear, light and dark brown, blackish and black; hog's down, which may be had about Christmas, of butchers, or rather of those that make brawn; it should be plucked from under the throat, and other soft places of the hog, and must be of the following colours, namely, black, red, whitish, and sandy; and for other colours, you may get them dyed at a dyer's: seal's fur is to be had at the trunk-makers; get this also dyed of the colours of cow's and calf's hair, in all the different shades, from the light to the darkest brown; you will then never need cow's or calf's hair, both which are harsh, and will never work kindly, nor lie handsomely: get also mohairs, black, blue, purple, white, violet; Isabella, which colour is described in a note on Cotton's *Flies for March;* Philomot, from *feuille mort,* a dead leaf; yellow, and orange; camlets, both hair and worsted, blue, yellow, dun, light and dark brown, red, violet, purple, black, horse-flesh, pink, and orange colours. Some recommend the hair of abortive colts and calves; but seal's fur, dyed as above, is much better.

A piece of an old Turkey carpet will furnish excellent dubbing: untwist the yarn, and pick out the wool, carefully separating the different colours, and lay it by.

Some use for dubbing, barge-sail, concerning which the reader is to know, that the sails of west-country and other barges, when old, are usually converted into tilts, under which there is almost a continual smoke arising from the fire and the steam of the beef-kettle, which all such barges carry, and which in time dyes the tilt of a fine brown; this would be excellent dubbing, but that the materials of these sails is sheep's wool, which soaks in the water, and soon becomes very heavy: however, get of this as many different shades as you can, and have seal's fur and hog-wool dyed to match them; which, by reason they are more turgid, stiff, and light, and so float better, are, in most cases, to be preferred to worsted, crewels, and, indeed, to every other kind of wool; and observe, that the hog-wool is best for large, and the seal's fur for small flies.

Get also furs of the following animals, namely, the squirrel, particularly from its tail; fox-cub, from the tail, where it is downy, and of an ash colour; an old fox; an old otter; otter cub; badger; fulimart, or

of speckled fowl,—I say, having those with him in a bag, * and trying to make a fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such a perfection as none can well teach him. And if he hit to make his fly right, and have the luck to hit, also, where there is store of Trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making.

Venator. But, my loving master, if any wind will not serve, then I wish I were in Lapland, to buy a good wind of one of the honest witches, that sell so many winds there, and so cheap.

Piscator. Marry, scholar, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree: for look how it begins to rain, and by the clouds, if I mistake not, we shall presently have a smoking shower; and therefore sit close; this sycamore tree will shelter us: and I will tell you, as they shall come into my mind, more observations of fly-fishing for a Trout.

But first for the wind: you are to take notice, that of the

filmert; a hare, from the neck, where it is of the colour of withered fern; and above all, the yellow fur of the martern, from off the gills or spots under the jaws. All these, and almost every other kind of fur, are easily got at the furrier's.

Hackles are a very important article in fly-making; they are the long slender feathers that hang from the head of a cock down his neck; there may also be fine ones got from near his tail; be careful that they are not too rank, which they are when the fibres are more than half an inch long, and for some purposes these are much too big; be provided with these of the following colours, namely, red, dun, yellowish, white, orange, and perfect black; and whenever you meet, alive or dead, with the cock of the game breed, whose hackle is of a strong brown-red, never fail to buy him: but observe, that the feathers of a cock chicken, be they ever so fine for shape and colour, are good for little, for they are too downy and weak to stand erect after they are once wet, and so are those of the bantam cock.

Feathers are absolutely necessary for the wings and other parts of flies: get therefore feathers from the back and other parts of the wild mallard, or drake; the feathers of a partridge, especially those red ones that are in the tail; feathers from a cock pheasant's breast and tail; the wings of a blackbird, a brown hen, of a starling, a jay, a land-rail, a throstle, a field-fare, and a water-coot; the feathers from the crown of the pewit, plover, or lapwing; green and copper-coloured peacock's, and black ostrich, herle; feathers from a heron's neck and wings. And remember, that, in most instances, where the drake's or wild mallard's feather is hereafter (in the text) directed, that from a starling's wing will do much better, as being of a finer grain, and less spongy.

Be provided with marking silk of all colours; fine, but very strong, flaw-silk; gold and silver flatted wire, or twist; a sharp knife; hooks of all sizes; hog's bristles for loops to your flies; shoemaker's wax; a large needle to raise your dubbing, when flatted with working; and a small, but sharp pair of scissars.

And lastly, if any materials required in the subsequent lists of flies may have been omitted in the foregoing catalogue, be careful to add them to your former stock, as often as you shall find any such omissions.

Remember, with all your dubbing, to mix bear's hair and hog's wool, which are stiff, and not apt to imbibe the water, as the fine furs and most other kind of dubbing do; and remember also, that martern's fur is the best yellow you can use.

* To be purchased at the tackle shops.—J. R.

winds, the south wind is said to be the best. One observes, that

——— when the wind is south,
It blows your bait into a fish's mouth.

Next to that, the west wind is believed to be the best: and having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell which wind is the best in the third degree: and yet (as Solomon observes,) that "he that considers the wind shall never sow:" so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious: for as it is observed by some, that "there is no good horse of a bad colour;" so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will, and do its worst, I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fish, standing on the lee-shore; and you are to take notice, that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom, and in deeper water, in winter than in summer; and also nearer the bottom in a cold day, and then gets nearest the lee-side of the water.

But I promised to tell you more of the fly-fishing for a Trout, which I may have time enough to do, for you see it rains May-butter. First, for a May-fly,—you may make his body with greenish-coloured crewel, or willowish-colour, darkening it in most places with waxed silk, or ribbed with black hair, or some of them ribbed with silver thread; and such wings, for the colour, as you see the fly to have at that season, nay, at that very day on the water. Or you may make the Oak-fly, with an orange, tawny, and black ground; and the brown of a mallard's feather for the wings.* And you are to know, that these two are most excellent flies, that is, the May-fly and the Oak-fly.

And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a fly or worm, and fish down the stream. And when you fish with a fly, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water, † but your fly only; and be still moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water, you yourself being also always moving down the stream.

* Some dub the Oak-fly with black wool, and Isabella-coloured mohair, and bright brownish bear's hair, warped on with yellow silk, but the head of an ash colour; others dub it with an orange, tawny, and black ground; others with blackish wool and gold twist; the wings of the brown of a mallard's feather. Bowlker, in his *Art of Angling*, p. 63, says, "The body may be made of a bittern's feather, and the wings of the feather of a woodcock's wing."

† This is impossible, unless you dub with the artificial as with the natural fly, which is never practised. The method of throwing or casting is more particularly treated of, in the notes on chap. v. part ii.

Mr Barker commends several sorts of the Palmer-flies, not only those ribbed with silver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made of black, or some with red, and a red hackle. You may also make the Hawthorn-fly, which is all black, and not big, but very small, the smaller the better; or the Oak-fly, the body of which is orange-colour and black crewel, with a brown wing; or a fly made with a Peacock's feather is excellent in a bright day:* you must be sure you want not in your magazine-bag the Peacock's feather, and grounds of such wool and crewel as will make the Grasshopper. And note, that usually the smallest flies are the best; and note also, that the light fly does usually make most sport in a dark day, and the darkest and least fly in a bright or clear day: and lastly, note, that you are to repair upon any occasion to your magazine-bag; and upon any occasion, vary and make them lighter or sadder, according to your fancy, or the day.

And now I shall tell you, that the fishing with a natural fly is excellent, and affords much pleasure. They may be found thus: the May-fly, usually in and about that month, near to the river side, especially against rain: the Oak-fly, on the butt or body of an oak or ash, from the beginning of May to the end of August; it is a brownish fly and easy to be so found, and stands usually with his head downward, that is to say, towards the root of the tree:† the small Black-fly, or Hawthorn fly, is to be had on any Hawthorn bush after the leaves be come forth. With these and a short line, (as I shewed to angle for a Chub,)

* A brother of the angle must always be sped
With three black Palmers, and also two red;
And all made with hackles. In a cloudy day,
Or in windy weather, angle you may.

But morning and evening, if the day be bright;
And the chief point of all is to keep out of sight.
"In the month of May, none but the May-fly,
For every month, one," is a pitiful lie.

The black Hawthorn-fly must be very small;
And the sandy hog's-hair is, sure, best of all
(For the mallard-wing May-fly, and peacock's train,
Will look like the Flesh-fly) to kill Trout amain.

The Oak-fly is good, if it have a brown wing,
So is the Grasshopper, that in July doth sing;
With a green body make him, on a middle sized hook,
But when you have catch'd fish, then play the good cook.

Once more, my good brother, I'll speak in thy ear;
Hog's, red cow's, and bear's wool, to float best appear;
And so doth your fur, if rightly it fall;
But always remember, Make two, and make all.

A specimen of Mr Barker's *poetry.*

† The Oak-fly is known also by the names of the Ash-fly and the Wood-cock-fly and in Shropshire it is called the Cannon, or Downhill fly.

you may dape, or dop, and also with a Grasshopper, behind a tree, or in any deep hole, still making it to move on the top of the water as if it were alive, and still keeping yourself out of sight, you shall certainly have sport, if there be Trouts; yea, in a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day, you will have sport.

And now, scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now, look about you and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr Herbert says of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river, and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of Trouts.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave —
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews you have your closes —
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Venator. I thank you, good master, for your good direction for fly-fishing, and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offence to God or man: and I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr Herbert's verses, who, I have heard, loved angling; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

Piscator. Well, my loving scholar, and I am pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse.

And since you like these verses of Mr Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine that professes to imitate him (and has indeed done so most excellently) hath writ of our book of *Common Prayer;* which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling:

What! *Prayer* by the *Book?* and *Common?* Yes! why not?
The spirit of grace
And supplication
Is not left free alone
For time and place,
But manner too: to *read* or *speak* by rote,
Is all alike to him, that prays
In 's heart, what with his mouth he says.

They that in private, by themselves alone,
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their soul's most intimate affections known
To Him that sees in secret, when
They're most conceal'd from other men.

But he that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should do it so
As all that hear may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; not doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they meant to have pray'd.

Devotion will add life unto the letter:
And why should not
That which authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If the prayer be good, the commoner the better;
Prayer in the Church's *words*, as well
As *sense*, of all prayers bears the bell. — CH. HARVIE.

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well governed angler: for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds,

sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so (if I might be judge) "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

I'll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence: "that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays." As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish, which I'll repeat to you.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers;
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song: *
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest:
Here, give my weary spirts rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan † and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook; ‡
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:

* Like Hermit poor.

† A friend conjectures this to be the name of his favourite dog.

‡ Shawford brook, part of the river Sow, running through the very land which Walton bequeathed in his will to the corporation of Stafford to find coals for the poor; the right of fishery in which attaches to this little estate.

The house, described by Walton in his will, is now divided. The brook is a beautiful winding stream, and the situation such as would be likely to create admiration in a mind like Walton's.

There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

When I had ended this composure, I left this place, and saw a brother of the angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance. I sat down by him, and presently we met with an accidental piece of merriment, which I will relate to you; for it rains still.

On the other side of this very hedge sat a gang of gipsies; and near to them sat a gang of beggars. The gipsies were then to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by stealing linen or poultry, or by fortune-telling, or legerdemain; or, indeed, by any other sleights and secrets belonging to their mysterious government. And the sum that was got that week proved to be but twenty and some odd shillings. The odd money was agreed to be distributed amongst the poor of their own corporation: and for the remaining twenty shillings, that was to be divided unto four gentlemen gipsies, according to their several degrees in their commonwealth.

And the first or chiefest gipsy was, by consent, to have a third part of the 20s. which all men know is 6s. 8d.

The second was to have a fourth part of the 20s. which all men know to be 5s.

The third was to have a fifth part of the 20s. which all men know to be 4s.

The fourth and last gipsy was to have a sixth part of the 20s. which all men know to be 3s. 4d.

As, for example,

3 times 6s. 8d. is	20s.
And so is 4 times 5s. . . .	20s.
And so is 5 times 4s. .	20s.
And so is 6 times 3s. 4d. .	20s.

And yet he that divided the money was so very a gipsy, that though he gave to every one these said sums, yet he kept one shilling of it for himself.

As for example,

s.	d.
6	8
5	0
4	0
3	4
19	0

make but

But now you shall know, that when the four gipsies saw that he had got one shilling by dividing the money, though not

one of them knew any reason to demand more, yet, like lords and courtiers, every gipsy envied him that was the gainer, and wrangled with him; and every one said the remaining shilling belonged to him; and so they fell to so high a contest about it, as none that knows the faithfulness of one gipsy to another will easily believe; only we that have lived these last twenty years are certain that money has been able to do much mischief. However, the gipsies were too wise to go to law, and did therefore choose their choice friends, Rook and Shark, and our late English Gusman,* to be their arbitrators and umpires. And so they left this honeysuckle hedge, and went to tell fortunes and cheat, and get more money and lodging in the next village.

When these were gone we heard as high a contention amongst the beggars, whether it was easiest to rip a cloak or unrip a cloak? One beggar affirmed it was all one: but that was denied, by asking her, if doing and undoing were all one? Then another said, 'twas easiest to unrip a cloak; for that was to let it alone: but she was answered, by asking her how she unripped it if she let it alone? and she confessed herself mistaken. These and twenty such like questions were proposed and answered with as much beggarly logic and earnestness as was ever heard to proceed from the mouth of the most pertinacious schismatic; and sometimes all the beggars (whose number was neither more nor less than the poets' nine muses) talked all together about this ripping and unripping; and so loud that not one heard what the other said: but at last, one beggar craved audience, and told them that old Father Clause, whom Ben Jonson, in his *Beggar's Bush*,† created king of their corporation, was that night to lodge at an alehouse called "Catch-her-by-the-way," not far from Waltham Cross, and in the high road towards London; and he therefore desired them to spend no more time about that and such like questions, but refer all to Father Clause at night, for he was an upright judge, and in the meantime draw cuts, what song should be next sung, and who should sing it. They all agreed to the motion; and the lot fell to her that was the youngest and veriest virgin of the company. And she sung Frank Davidson's song, which he made forty years ago; and all the others of the company joined to sing the burthen with her. The ditty was this: but first the burthen:

* Alluding to a work that appeared a few years before, entitled, *The English Gusman*, or *The History of that unparalleled Thief, James Hind*, written by George Fidge. 4to. Lond. 1652. Hind made a considerable figure at the time of the great Rebellion, and fought, both at Worcester and Warrington, on the king's side. He was arrested, by order of the Parliament, in 1651.

† The comedy of *The Royal Merchant, or, Beggar's Bush*, was written by Beaumont and Fletcher, and not by Ben Jonson. It has also been attributed wholly to Fletcher.

Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play!
Here 's scraps enough to serve to-day.

What noise of viols is so sweet,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want when beggars meet?
A beggar's life is for a king.
Eat, drink, and play, sleep when we list,
Go where we will, so stocks be miss'd.
Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play!
Here 's scraps enough to serve to-day.

The world is ours, and ours alone,
For we alone have world at will;
We purchase not, all is our own,
Both fields and streets we beggars fill:
Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play!
Here 's scraps enough to serve to-day.

A hundred herds of black and white
Upon our gowns securely feed;
And yet if any dare us bite,
He dies, therefore, as sure as creed:
Thus beggars lord it as they please,
And only beggars live at ease.
Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play!
Here 's scraps enough to serve to-day.

Venator. I thank you, good master, for this piece of merriment, and this song, which was well humoured by the maker, and well remembered by you.

Piscator. But, I pray, forget not the catch which you promised to make against night; for our countryman, honest Coridon, will expect your catch, and my song, which I must be forced to patch up, for it is so long since I learned it, that I have forgot a part of it. But, come, now it hath done raining, let's stretch our legs a little in a gentle walk to the river, and try what interest our angles will pay us for lending them so long to be used by the Trouts—lent them, indeed, like usurers, for our profit and their destruction.

Venator. Oh me! look you, master, a fish! a fish!—Oh, master, I have lost her.

Piscator. Ay marry, sir, that was a good fish indeed: if I had had the luck to have taken up that rod, then 'tis twenty to one he should not have broke my line by running to the rod's end, as you suffered him. I would have held him within the bent of my rod, (unless he had been fellow to the great Trout that is near an ell long, which was of such a length and depth that he had his picture drawn, and now is to be seen at mine host Rickabie's, at the George, in Ware,) and it may be by giving

that very great Trout the rod—that is, by casting it to him into the water—I might have caught him at the long run; for so I use always to do when I meet with an overgrown fish; and you will learn to do so too hereafter; for I tell you, scholar, fishing is an art, or, at least, it is an art to catch fish.

Venator. But, master, I have heard that the great Trout you speak of is a Salmon.

Piscator. Trust me, scholar, I know not what to say to it. There are many country people that believe hares change sexes every year: and there be very many learned men that think so too, for in their dissecting them they find many reasons to incline them to that belief. And to make the wonder seem yet less, that hares change sexes, note, that Dr Mer. Casaubon affirms, in his book *Of Credible and Incredible Things*, that Gasper Peucerus, a learned physician, tells us of a people that once a-year turn wolves, partly in shape and partly in conditions.* And so, whether this were a Salmon when he came into fresh water, and his not returning into the sea hath altered him to another colour or kind, I am not able to say; but I am certain he hath all the signs of being a Trout, both for his shape, colour, and spots: and yet many think he is not.

Venator. But, master, will this Trout which I had hold of die? for it is like he hath the hook in his belly.

Piscator. I will tell you, scholar, that unless the hook be fast in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live, and a little time, with the help of the water, will rust the hook, and it will in time wear away, as the gravel doth in the horse-hoof, which only leaves a false quarter.

And now, scholar, let's go to my rod. Look you, scholar, I have a fish too, but it proves a logger-headed Chub; and this is not much amiss, for this will pleasure some poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our brother Peter and honest Coridon. Come, now, bait your hook again, and lay it into the water, for it rains again; and we will even retire to the sycamore tree, and there I will give you more directions concerning fishing, for I would fain make you an artist.

Venator. Yes, good master, I pray let it be so.

Piscator. Well, scholar, now we are sat down and are at ease, I shall tell you a little more of Trout fishing, before I speak of the Salmon, (which I purpose shall be next,) and then of the Pike, or Luce.

You are to know, there is night as well as day fishing for a Trout; and that, in the night, the best Trouts come out of

* These stories, I need scarcely say, are altogether fabulous, though, like most other fancies, they might be shewn to arise from some facts perverted. — J. R.

their holes.* And the manner of taking them is on the top of the water with a great lob or garden-worm, or rather two, which you are to fish with in a place where the waters run somewhat quietly, for in a stream the bait will not be so well discerned. I say, in a quiet or dead place, near to some swift, there draw your bait over the top of the water, to and fro, and if there be a good Trout in the hole, he will take it, especially if the night be dark, for then he is bold, and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog, or water-rat, or mouse, that swims betwixt him and the sky: these he hunts after, if he sees the water but wrinkle or move in one of these dead holes, where these great old Trouts usually lie, near to their holds; for you are to note, that the great old Trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold, but lies in it as close in the day as the timorous hare does in her form; for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great Trout feeds very boldly.

And you must fish for him with a strong line, and not a little hook; and let him have time to gorge your hook, for he does not usually forsake it, as he oft will in the day-fishing. And if the night be not dark, then fish so with an artificial fly of a light colour, and at the snap: nay, he will sometimes rise at a dead mouse, or a piece of cloth, or any thing that seems to swim across the water, or to be in motion. This is a choice way, but I have not oft used it, because it is void of the pleasures that such days as these, that we two now enjoy, afford an angler.

And you are to know, that in Hampshire, which I think exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of Trouts, they used to catch Trouts in the night, by the light of a torch or straw, which, when they have discovered, they strike with a Trout-spear, or other ways. This kind of way they catch very many: but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witness of it, nor do I like it now I have seen it.†

Venator. But, master, do not Trouts see us in the night?

Piscator. Yes, and hear and smell too, both then and in the day time: for Gesner observes, the Otter smells a fish forty furlongs off him in the water: and that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir Francis Bacon, in the *Eighth Century of his Natural History*, who there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds, by demonstrating it thus,—"that if you knock

* The holes here meant are not pools, as the same word means below, but under the brow of a bank, under the hollow of a stone, or the shelter of a tree root, where I have often, when a boy, surprised very large Trouts, and caught them with the hand. — J. R.

† This, when practised with regard to Salmon, is called *Black Fishing*, in Scotland, and has been graphically described by Sir Walter Scott in *Guy Mannering*. I have myself been more than once engaged in it. — J. R.

two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank near to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water." He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall, by a very long cable or rope, on a rock, or the sand, within the sea. And this being so well observed and demonstrated as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that Eels unbed themselves and stir at the noise of thunder, and not only, as some think, by the motion or stirring of the earth which is occasioned by that thunder.

And this reason of Sir Francis Bacon (Exper. 792) has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at for affirming that he knew Carps come to a certain place in a pond to be fed at the ringing of a bell or the beating of a drum. And, however, it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted, which I shall give any man leave to do.*

And least you may think him singular in this opinion, I will tell you, this seems to be believed by our learned Dr Hakewill, who, in his *Apology of God's Power and Providence*, fol. 360, quotes Pliny to report that one of the emperors had particular fish ponds, and in them several fish that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names.† And St James tells us, chap. i. 7. that all things in the sea have been tamed by mankind. And Pliny tells us, lib. ix. 35. that Antonia, the wife of Drusus, had a Lamprey at whose gills she hung jewels, or ear-rings; and that others have been so tender-hearted as to shed tears at the death of fishes which they have kept and loved. And these observations, which will to most hearers seem wonderful, seem to have a farther confirmation from Martial, lib. iv. Epigr. 30. who writes thus:‡

> Angler! wouldst thou be guiltless? then forbear:
> For these are sacred fishes that swim here,
> Who know their sovereign, and will lick his hand;
> Than which none 's greater in the world's command;
> Nay more, they 've names, and, when they called are,
> Do to their several owners' call repair.

* That fish hear, is confirmed by the authority of late writers: Swammerdam asserts it, and adds, "They have a wonderful labyrinth of the ear for that purpose." See Swammerdam, *Of Insects*, edit. London, 1758, p. 50. A clergyman, a friend of mine, assures me, that at the abbey of St Bernard, near Antwerp, he saw Carp come at the whistling of the feeder.

† Monsieur Berneier, in his *History of Indostan*, reports the like of the Great Mogul.

‡ The verses cited are as follow:

> Piscator, fuge; ne nocens, recedas,
> Sacris piscibus hæ natantur undæ;
> Qui norunt dominum, manumque lambunt
> Illam qua nihil est, in orbe, majus:
> Quid, quod nomen habent; et ad magistri
> Vocem quisque sui venit citatus.

All the farther use that I shall make of this shall be, to advise anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, least they be heard, and catch no fish.

And so I shall proceed next to tell you, it is certain that certain fields near Leominster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed to make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and also to bear finer wool: that is to say, that that year in which they feed in such a particular pasture, they shall yield finer wool than they did that year before they came to feed in it; and coarser again if they shall return to their former pasture; and again return to a finer wool, being fed in the fine wool ground: which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a Trout in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lousy; and as certainly, if I catch a Trout in the next meadow, he shall be strong and red, and lusty, and much better meat. Trust me, scholar, I have caught many a Trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and the enamelled colour of him hath been such as hath joyed me to look on him: and I have then, with much pleasure, concluded with Solomon, "Every thing is beautiful in his season." *

I should, by promise, speak next of the Salmon; but I will, by your favour, say a little of the Umber, or Grayling, which is so like a Trout for his shape and feeding, that I desire I may exercise your patience with a short discourse of him; and then the next shall be of the Salmon.

* The Trout delights in small purling rivers, and brooks with gravelly bottoms and a swift stream. His haunts are an eddy, behind a stone, or log, or a bank that projects forward into the river, and against which the stream drives; a shallow between two streams; or, towards the latter end of the summer, a mill tail. His hold is usually in the deep, under the hollow of a bank, or the root of a tree.

The Trout spawns about the beginning of November, and does not recover till the beginning of March.

When you fish for large Trout or Salmon, a winch will be very useful; upon the rod with which you use the winch, whip a number of small rings, of about an eighth of an inch diameter, and at first about two feet distant from each other, but afterward diminishing gradually in their distances till you come to the end: the winch must be screwed on to the butt of your rod; and round the barrel let there be wound eight or ten yards of wove hair or silk line. When you have struck a fish that may endanger your tackle, let the line run, and wind him up as he tires.

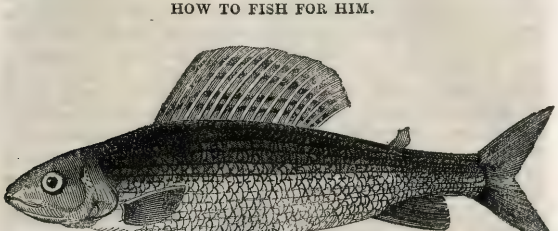
When you angle for a Trout, whether with a fly or at the ground, you need but make three or four trials in a place; which, if unsuccessful, you may conclude there are none there.

Walton, in speaking of the several rivers where Trout are found, has made no mention of the Kennet · which, undoubtedly, produces as good and as many Trouts as any river in England. In the reign of King Charles the Second, a Trout was taken in that river, near Newbury, with a casting-net, which measured forty-five inches in length.

I may add to this note by Hawkins, that it will be important not to carry a Trout, when struck, up the stream; for, in that case, the force of the stream and the strength of the fish united, will probably snap the line. — J. R.

CHAPTER VI.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE UMBER, OR GRAYLING, AND DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.



THE GRAYLING — *Salmo Thymallus.* — LINNÆUS.

Piscator. THE Umber and Grayling are thought by some to differ, as the Herring and Pilchard do; but though they may do so in other nations, I think those in England differ nothing but in their names. Aldrovandus says, they be of a Trout kind; and Gesner says, that in his country, which is Switzerland, he is accounted the choicest of all fish. And in Italy, he is in the month of May so highly valued, that he is sold then at a much higher rate than any other fish. The French, which call the Chub *un villain*, call the Umber of the Lake Leman *un umble chevalier;* and they value the Umber, or Grayling, so highly that they say he feeds on gold; and say, that many have been caught out of their famous river of Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been often taken. And some think that he feeds on water thyme,* and smells of it at his first taking out of the water; and they may think so with as good reason as we do that our Smelts smell like violets at their being first caught, which I think is a truth. Aldrovandus says, the Salmon, the Grayling, and Trout, and all fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother Nature of such exact shape and pleasant colours purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. Whether this is a truth or not it is not my purpose to dispute; but 'tis certain, all

* There is no plant of this name known to botanists, and I think it must be wholly imaginary. — J. R.

that write of the Umber declare him to be very medicinable. And Gesner says, that the fat of an Umber, or Grayling, being set, with a little honey, a day or two in the sun, in a little glass, is very excellent against redness, or swarthiness, or any thing that breeds in the eyes. Salvian* takes him to be called Umber from his swift swimming, or gliding out of sight more like a shadow, or a ghost, than a fish. Much more might be said both of his smell and taste: but I shall only tell you, that St Ambrose, the glorious bishop of Milan, who lived when the church kept fasting days, calls him the Flower-fish, or flower of fishes; and that he was so far in love with him that he would not let him pass without the honour of a long discourse; but I must, and pass on to tell you how to take this dainty fish.

First note, that he grows not to the bigness of a Trout; for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen inches. He lives in such rivers as the Trout does, and is usually taken with the same baits as the Trout is, and after the same manner; for he will bite both at the Minnow, or worm, or fly, (though he bites not often at the Minnow,) and is very gamesome at the fly; and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a Trout; for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a fly made of the red feathers of a Parakita, a strange outlandish bird; and he will rise at a fly not unlike a gnat, or a small moth, or, indeed, at most flies that are not too big. He is a fish that lurks close all winter, but is very pleasant and jolly after mid April, and in May, and in the hot months.† He is of a very fine shape, his flesh is white, his teeth, those little ones that he has, are in his throat, yet he has so tender a mouth, that he is oftener lost after an angler has hooked him than any other fish. Though there be many of these fishes in the delicate river Dove, and in Trent, and some other smaller rivers, as that which runs by Salisbury, yet he is not so general a fish as the Trout, nor to me so good to eat or to angle for.‡ And so I shall take my leave of him; and now come to some observations on the Salmon, and how to catch him.

* Hippolito Salviani, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century: he wrote a treatise *De Piscibus, cum eorum figuris*, and died at Rome, 1572, aged 59.

† "Grayling," says Sir Humphry Davy, "if you take your station by the side of a river, will rise nearer to you than Trout, for they lie deeper, and therefore are not so much scared by an object on the bank; but they are more delicate in the choice of the flies than Trout."—J. R.

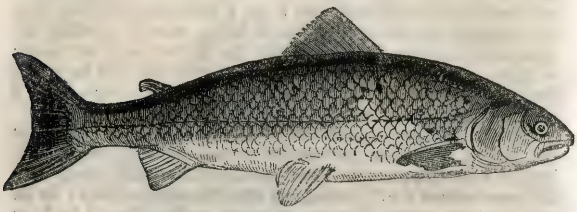
‡ The haunts of the Grayling are so nearly the same with those of the Trout, that, in fishing for either, you may, in many rivers, catch both.

They spawn about the beginning of April, when they lie mostly in sharp streams.

Baits for the Grayling are chiefly the same as those for the Trout, except the M anow, which he will not take so freely. He will also take gentles

CHAPTER VII.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE SALMON; WITH DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.



THE SALMON.—*Salmo salar.*—*LINNÆUS.*

Piscator. THE Salmon is accounted the king of fresh water fish; and is ever bred in rivers relating to the sea, yet so high, or far from it, as admits of no tincture of salt or brackishness. He is said to breed, or cast his spawn, in most rivers, in the month of August:* some say, that then they dig a hole, or grave, in a safe place in the gravel, and there place their eggs,

very eagerly. When you fish for him with a fly, you can hardly use one too small.

The Grayling is much more apt to rise than descend; therefore, when you angle for him alone, and not for the Trout, rather use a float, with the bait from six to nine inches from the bottom, than the running line.

The Grayling is found in great plenty in many rivers in the north, particularly the Humber. And in the Wye, which runs through Herefordshire and Monmouthshire into the Severn, I have taken, with an artificial fly, very large ones; as also great numbers of a small, but excellent fish, of the Trout kind, called a Lastspring; of which somewhat will be said in a subsequent note. They are not easily to be got at without a boat, or wading; for which reason, those of that country use a thing they call a thorricle, or truckle; in some places it is called a coble, from the Latin *corbula*, a little basket: it is a basket, shaped like the half of a walnut shell, but shallower in proportion, and covered on the outside with a horse's hide; it has a bench in the middle, and will just hold one person, and is so light, that the countrymen will hang it on their heads like a hood, and so travel with a small paddle, which serves for a stick, till they come to a river, and then they lanch it and step in. There is great difficulty in getting into one of these truckles, for the instant you touch it with your foot it flies from you; and, when you are in, the least inclination of the body oversets it. It is very diverting to see how upright a man is forced to sit in these vessels, and to mark with what state and solemnity he draws up the stone which serves for an anchor, when he would remove, and lets it down again: however, it is a sort of navigation that I would wish our piscatory disciple never to attempt.

* Their usual time of spawning is about the latter end of August, or the beginning of September; but it is said that those in the Severn spawn in May.

or spawn, after the melter has done his natural office, and then hide it most cunningly, and cover it over with gravel and stones; and then leave it to their Creator's protection, who, by a gentle heat which he infuses into that cold element, makes it brood and beget life in the spawn, and to become Samlets early in the spring next following.*

The Salmons having spent their appointed time, and done this natural duty in the fresh waters, they then haste to the sea before winter, both the melter and spawner; but if they be stopped by flood-gates, or weirs, or lost in the fresh waters, then those so left behind by degrees grow sick, and lean, and unseasonable, and kipper; that is to say, have bony gristles grow out of their lower chaps, not unlike a Hawk's beak, which hinder their feeding; and, in time, such fish so left behind pine away and die. It is observed, that he may live thus one year from the sea; but he then grows insipid and tasteless, and loses both his blood and strength, and pines and dies the second year. And it is noted, that those little Salmons called Skeggers, which abound in many rivers relating to the sea, are bred by such sick Salmons that might not go to the sea, and that though they abound, yet they never thrive to any considerable bigness.†

But if the old Salmon gets to the sea, then that gristle which shews him to be kipper, wears away, or is cast off, as the Eagle is said to cast his bill, and he recovers his strength, and comes next summer to the same river, if it be possible, to enjoy the former pleasures that there possessed him;‡ for, as one has wittily observed, he has, like some persons of honour and riches which have both their winter and summer houses, the fresh rivers for summer, and the salt water for winter, to spend his life in; which is not, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his *History of Life and Death*, above ten years. And it is to be observed, that though the Salmon does grow big in the sea, yet he grows not fat but in fresh rivers; and it is observed, that the farther they get from the sea, they be both the fatter and better.

Next, I shall tell you, that though they make very hard shift to get out of the fresh rivers into the sea, yet they will make a harder shift to get out of the salt into the fresh rivers, to spawn, or possess the pleasures that they have formerly found in them: to which end, they will force themselves through flood-gates or

* Walton's phrase, "some say," expresses a doubt; but I can affirm, from repeated observation, that his account is correct. — J. R.

† A great deal of this is obviously fanciful and erroneous. — J. R.

‡ The migration of the Salmon, and divers other sorts of fishes, is analogous to that of birds; and Mr Ray confirms Walton's assertion, by saying, that "Salmon will yearly ascend up a river four or five hundred miles, only to cast their spawn, and secure it in banks of sand till the young be hatched and excluded, and then return to sea again."— *Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation*, p. 130.

over wears or hedges, or stops in the water, even to a height beyond common belief. Gesner speaks of such places as are known to be above eight feet high above water. And our Camden mentions, in his *Britannia*, the like wonder to be in Pembrokeshire, where the river Tivy falls into the sea; and that the fall is so downright, and so high, that the people stand and wonder at the strength and sleight by which they see the Salmon use to get out of the sea into the said river; and the manner and height of the place is so notable, that it is known far by the name of the "Salmon-leap." Concerning which, take this also out of Michael Drayton, my honest old friend, as he tells it you in his *Polyolbion:*

As when the Salmon seeks a fresher stream to find
(Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind,)
As he towards season grows; and stems the watery tract
Where Tivy, falling down, makes a high cataract,
Forced by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As though within her bounds they meant her to enclose;
Here, when the labouring fish does at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive;
His tail takes in his mouth, and, bending like a bow
That 's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw,
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
That bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
Far off itself doth cast: so does the Salmon vault;
And if, at first, he fail, his second summersault
He instantly essays, and from his nimble ring
Still yerking, never leaves until himself he fling
Above the opposing stream.———

This Michael Drayton tells you of this leap, or summersault, of the Salmon. *

And, next, I shall tell you, that it is observed by Gesner and others, that there is no better Salmon than in England; and that though some of our northern counties have as fat and as large as the river Thames, yet none are of so excellent a taste.†

And as I have told you, that Sir Francis Bacon observes, the age of a Salmon exceeds not ten years; so let me next tell you, that his growth is very sudden. It is said, that after he is got

* In the Statistical Account of Benley, we are told of a Salmon leap, by the side of which a kettle was kept boiling, and the Salmon frequently, on missing their spring, fell into this kettle and were boiled alive. — J. R.

† The following interesting article of intelligence appeared in one of the London Journals, 18th April, 1789. — "The largest Salmon ever caught was yesterday brought to London. This extraordinary fish measured upwards of four feet from the point of the nose to the extremity of the tail, and three feet round the thickest part of the body; its weight was seventy pounds within a few ounces. A fishmonger in the Minories cut it up at one shilling per pound, and the whole was sold almost immediately."

into the sea, he becomes, from a Samlet not so big as a Gudgeon, to be a Salmon, in as short a time as a gosling becomes to be a goose. Much of this has been observed, by tying a riband, or some known tape or thread, in the tail of some young Salmons which had been taken in weirs as they have swimmed towards the salt water, and then by taking a part of them again with the known mark, at the same place, at their return from the sea, which is usually about six months after; and the like experiment hath been tried upon young swallows, who have, after six months' absence, been observed to return to the same chimney, there to make their nests and habitations for the summer following: which has inclined many to think, that every Salmon usually returns to the same river in which it was bred, as young pigeons taken out of the same dovecot have also been observed to do.

And you are yet to observe farther, that the he Salmon is usually bigger than the Spawner: and that he is more kipper, and less able to endure a winter in the fresh water than the she is: yet she is, at that time of looking less kipper and better, as watery and as bad meat.

And yet you are to observe, that as there is no general rule without an exception, so there are some few rivers in this nation that have Trouts and Salmons in season in winter, as it is certain there be in the river Wye in Monmouthshire, where they be in season, as Camden observes, from September till April.* But, my scholar, the observation of this and many other things I must in manners omit, because they will prove too large for our narrow compass of time, and, therefore, I shall next fall upon my direction how to fish for this Salmon.

And, for that: First you shall observe, that usually he stays not long in a place, as Trouts will, but, as I said, covets still to go nearer the spring-head; † and that he does not, as the Trout and many other fish, lie near the water-side, or bank, or roots of trees, but swims in the deep and broad parts of the water, and usually in the middle and near the ground, and that there you are to fish for him; and that he is to be caught, as the Trout is, with a Worm, a Minnow (which some call a Penk,) or with a Fly.

And you are to observe, that he is very seldom observed to bite at a Minnow, yet sometimes he will, and not usually at a Fly, but more usually at a Worm, and then most usually at a Lob, or Garden Worm, which should be well scoured, that is to

* In the River Lea, which runs into the sea at the Cove of Cork, Salmon are likewise in season the whole year round, as I can myself testify, having resided at Cork the greater part of a year. — J. R.

† The Salmon delights in large rapid rivers, especially such as have pebbly, gravelly, and sometimes weedy bottoms.

say, kept seven or eight days in moss before you fish with them: and if you double your time of eight into sixteen, twenty, or more days, it is still the better; for the worms will still be clearer, tougher, and more lively, and continue so longer upon your hook. And they may be kept longer by keeping them cool, and in fresh moss; and some advise to put camphor into it.*

Note also, that many use to fish for a Salmon with a ring of wire on the top of their rod, through which the line may run to as great a length as is needful, when he is hooked. And to that end some use a wheel about the middle of their rod, or near their hand, which is to be observed better by seeing one of them, than by a large demonstration of words.

And now I shall tell you that which may be called a secret. I have been a-fishing with old Oliver Henley, now with God, a noted fisher both for Trout and Salmon; and have observed, that he would usually take three or four worms out of his bag, and put them into a little box in his pocket, where he would usually let them continue half an hour or more, before he would bait his hook with them. I have asked him his reason, and he has replied, "He did but pick the best out to be in readiness against he baited his hook the next time:" but he has been observed, both by others and myself, to catch more fish than I, or any other body that has ever gone a-fishing with him could do, and especially Salmons. And I have been told lately, by one of his most intimate and secret friends, that the box in which he put those worms was anointed with a drop, or two or three, of the oil of ivy-berries, made by expression or infusion; and told, that by the worms remaining in that box an hour, or a like time, they had incorporated a kind of smell that was irresistibly attractive, enough to force any fish within the smell of them to bite. This I heard not long since from a friend, but have not tried it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my reader to Sir Francis Bacon's *Natural History*, where he proves fishes may hear, and, doubtless, can more probably smell; and I am certain Gesner says, the Otter can smell in the water; and I know not but that fish may do so too. It is left for a lover of

* Baits for Salmon are: Lob-worms, for the ground; smaller Worms and Bobs, cad bait, and, indeed, most of the baits taken by the Trout, at the top of the water. And as to Flies, remember to make them of the most gaudy colours, and very large. There is a Fly called the Horse-leech fly, which he is very fond of: they are of various colours, have great heads, large bodies, very long tails, and two pairs of wings, placed behind each other. In imitating this Fly, behind each pair of wings whip the body about with gold or silver twist, or both; and do the same by the head. Fish with it at length, as for Trout and Grayling. If you dib, do it with two or three Butterflies of different colours, or with some of the most glaring small Flies you can find.

angling, or any that desires to improve that art, to try this conclusion.

I shall also impart two other experiments (but not tried by myself,) which I will deliver in the same words that they were given me, by an excellent angler and a very friend, in writing: he told me the latter was too good to be told but in a learned language, lest it should be made common.

"Take the stinking oil drawn out of the polypody of the oak by a retort, mixed with turpentine and hive honey, and anoint your bait therewith, and it will doubtless draw the fish to it."

The other is this: "Vulnera hederæ grandissimæ inflicta sudunt balsamum oleo gelato, albicantique persimile, odoris vero longe suavissimi."

"It is supremely sweet to any fish, and yet asafœtida may do the like."*

But in these I have no great faith; yet grant it probable; and have had from some chemical men (namely, from Sir George Hastings and others) an affirmation of them to be very advantageous. But no more of these: especially not in this place.†

I might here, before I take my leave of the Salmon, tell you, that there is more than one sort of them, as namely, a Tecon, and another called in some places a Samlet, or by some a Skegger, (but these, and others which I forbear to name, may be fish of another kind, and differ as we know a Herring and a Pilchard do;)‡ which, I think, are as different as the rivers in which they

* There is extant, though I have never been able to get a sight of it, a book, entitled, the *Secrets of Angling*, by J. D[avors]; at the end of which is the following mystical recipe of "R. R." who possibly may be the "R. Roe" mentioned in the *Preface* to Walton:

To bless thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
Lo! here's a means, if thou canst hit it right:
Take gum of life, well beat and laid to soak
In oil well drawn from that * which kills the oak.
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill;
When others fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.

† The following melancholy catastrophe should operate as a general caution against using, in the composition of baits, any ingredient prejudicial to the human constitution: "Newcastle, June 16, 1788. Last week, in Lancashire, two young men having caught a large quantity of Trout by mixing the water in a small brook with lime, ate heartily of the Trout at dinner the next day; they were seized, at midnight, with violent pains in the intestines; and though medical assistance was immediately procured, they expired before noon in the greatest agonies."

‡ There is a fish in many rivers, of the Salmon kind, which, though very small, is thought by some curious persons to be of the same species; and this, I take it, is the fish known by the different names of Salmon-pink, Shedders, Skeggers, Last-springs, and Gravel Last-springs. But there is another small fish very much resembling these in shape and colour, called the Gravel Last-spring, found only in the rivers Wye and Severn, which is, undoubtedly, a distinct species. These spawn about the beginning of September: and in the Wye I have taken them with an Ant-fly as fast as I could throw. Perhaps this is what Walton calls the Tecon.

* Ivy.

breed, and must, by me, be left to the disquisitions of men of more leisure and of greater abilities than I profess myself to have.*

And lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised patience as to tell you, that the Trout, or Salmon, being in season, have, at their first taking out of the water, (which continues during life,) their bodies adorned, the one with such red spots, and the other with such black or blackish spots, as give them such an addition of natural beauty, as I think was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age. And so I shall leave them both; and proceed to some observations on the Pike.

CHAPTER VIII.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE LUCE, OR PIKE, WITH DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.

THE PIKE — *Esox Lucius.* — *LINNÆUS.*

Piscator. THE mighty Luce, or Pike, is taken to be the tyrant, as the Salmon is the king, of the fresh waters. It is not to be doubted, but that they are bred, some by generation, and some not; as namely, of a weed, called pickerel weed, unless learned Gesner be much mistaken; for he says, this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds apted for it by nature, do become Pikes.† But, doubtless, divers Pikes are bred after this manner, or are brought into some ponds some such other ways as are past man's finding out, of which we have daily testimonies.

* It does not appear to me that Walton had much, if any, personal experience in Salmon angling, particularly with the fly, which is undoubtedly by far the best sport of this kind. — J. R.

† It is surely not needful here to tell the reader that this is unfounded fancy; yet have similar doctrines of spontaneous generation been maintained in our times by such men as Lamarck, Baron Cuvier, and Blumenbach. I once asked a disciple of the school, if he thought an Elephant could be so produced? "No," he said. "A mite, then?" — he hesitated, but thought it might. — J. R.

Sir Francis Bacon, in his *History of Life and Death*, observes the Pike to be the longest lived of any fresh water fish; and yet he computes it to be not usually above forty years: and others think it to be not above ten years: and yet Gesner mentions a Pike taken in Swedeland, in the year 1446, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by Frederick the Second, more than two hundred years before he was last taken, as by the inscription in that ring, being Greek, was interpreted by the then Bishop of Worms.* But of this no more; but that it is observed, that the old or very great Pikes have in them more of state than goodness; the smaller or middle-sized Pikes being, by the most and choicest palates, observed to be the best meat: and, contrary, the Eel is observed to be the better for age and bigness.

All Pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind: which has made him by some writers to be called the tyrant of the rivers, or the fresh water wolf, by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition; which is so keen, that, as Gesner relates, a man going to a pond, where it seems a Pike had devoured all the fish, to water his mule, had a Pike bit his mule by the lips; to which the Pike hung so fast that the mule drew him out of the water; and by that accident, the owner of the mule angled out the Pike. And the same Gesner observes, that a maid in Poland had a Pike bit her by the foot, as she was washing clothes in a pond. And I have heard the like of a woman in Killingworth pond, not far from Coventry. But I have been assured by my friend Mr Seagrave, of whom I spake to you formerly, that keeps tame otters, that he hath known a Pike, in extreme hunger, fight with one of his otters for a Carp that the otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water. I have told you who relate these things; and tell you they are persons of credit; and shall conclude this observation by telling you, what a wise man has observed,—"It is a hard thing to persuade the belly, because it has no ears."†

* The story is told by Hakewill, who, in his *Apologie of the Power and Providence of God*, fol. Oxf. 1635, part i. p. 145, says, "I will close up this chapter with a relation of Gesner's, in his epistle to the Emperor Ferdinand, prefixed before his booke *De Piscibus*, touching the long life of a Pike which was cast into a pond, or poole, near Hailebrune in Swevia, with this inscription engraven upon a collar of brass fastened about his necke. 'Ego sum ille piscis huic stagno omnium primus impositus per mundi rectoris Frederici Secundi manus, 5 Octobris, anno 1230.' I am that fish which was first of all cast into this poole by the hand of Fredericke the Second, governour of the world, the fift of October, in the year 1230. He was again taken up in the year 1497, and by the inscription it appeared he had then lived there two hundred and sixty-seven yeares."

† Bowlker, in his *Art of Angling*, before cited, page 9, gives the following instance of the exceeding voracity of this fish: "My father catched a Pike

But if these relations be disbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted, that a Pike will devour a fish of his own kind that shall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part, that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees: which is not unlike the ox, and some other beasts, taking their meat, not out of their mouth immediately into their belly, but first into some place betwixt, and then chew it, or digest it by degrees after, which is called chewing the cud. And, doubtless, Pikes will bite when they are not hungry; but, as some think, even for very anger, when a tempting bait comes near to them.

And it is observed that the Pike will eat venomous things, as some kind of frogs are,* and yet live without being harmed

in Barn-Meer (a large standing water in Cheshire) was an ell long, and weighed thirty-five pounds, which he brought to the Lord Cholmondeley: his lordship ordered it to be turned into a canal in the garden, wherein were abundance of several sorts of fish. About twelve months after, his lordship drawed the canal, and found that this overgrown Pike had devoured all the fish, except one large Carp that weighed between nine and ten pounds, and that was bitten in several places. The Pike was then put into the canal again, together with abundance of fish with him to feed upon, all which he devoured in less than a year's time; and was observed by the gardener and workmen there, to take the ducks, and other water-fowl, under water. Whereupon they shot magpies and crows, and threw them into the canal, which the Pike took before their eyes: of this they acquainted their lord, who, thereupon, ordered the slaughterman to fling in calves' bellies, chickens' guts, and such like garbage to him, to prey upon; but being soon after neglected, he died, as supposed, for want of food."

In Dr Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, 246, are sundry relations of Pike of great magnitude; one in particular caught in the Thames, an ell and two inches long.

The following story, containing farther evidence of the voracity of this fish, with the addition of a pleasant circumstance, I met with in Fuller's *Worthies*, Lincolnshire, page 144.

"A cub Fox, drinking out of the river Arnus in Italy, had his head seized on by a mighty Pike, so that neither could free themselves, but were ingrappled together. In this contest, a young man runs into the water, takes them out both alive, and carrieth them to the Duke of Florence, whose palace was hard by. The porter would not admit him, without a promise of sharing his full half in what the duke should give him; to which he, hopeless otherwise of entrance, condescended. The duke, highly affected with the rarity, was about giving him a good reward, which the other refused, desiring his highness would appoint one of his guard to give him a hundred lashes, that so his porter might have fifty, according to his composition. And here my intelligence leaveth me how much farther the jest was followed."

The same author relates, from a book entitled, *Vox Piscis*, printed in 1626, that one Mr Anderson, a townsman and merchant of Newcastle, talking with a friend on Newcastle bridge, and fingering his ring, let it fall into the river; but it having been swallowed by a fish, and the fish afterward taken, the ring was found and restored to him.—*Worthies*, Northumberland, 310. A like story is, by Herodotus, related of Polycrates king of Samos.

* That either frogs or toads are poisonous is not quite correct, for though the secretion from the pustules of the toad is somewhat acrid, it cannot justly be called venomous.—J. R.

by them; for, as some say, he has in him a natural balsam, or antidote against all poison. And he has a strange heat that, though it appears to us to be cold, can yet digest or put over any fish-flesh, by degrees, without being sick. And others observe that he never eats the venomous frog till he have first killed her, and then, as ducks are observed to do to frogs in spawning time, at which time some frogs are observed to be venomous, so thoroughly washed her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger.*

And Gesner affirms, that a Polonian gentleman did faithfully assure him he had seen two young geese at one time in the belly of a Pike. And doubtless a Pike in his height of hunger will bite at and devour a dog that swims in a pond; and there have been examples of it, or the like; for, as I told you, "the belly has no ears when hunger comes upon it."

The Pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish: melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals or with company, as Roach and Dace, and most other fish do: and bold, because he fears not a shadow, or to see or be seen of any body, as the Trout, and Chub, and all other fish do.

And it is observed by Gesner, that the jaw-bones and hearts, and galls of Pikes are very medicinable for several diseases, or to stop blood, to abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of mankind:† but he observes, that the biting of a Pike is venomous, and hard to be cured.

And it is observed, that the Pike is a fish that breeds but once a year; and that other fish, as, namely, Loaches, do breed oftener: as we are certain tame Pigeons do almost every month; and yet the Hawk, a bird of prey, as the Pike is of fish, breeds but once in twelve months. And you are to note, that his time of breeding, or spawning, is usually about the end of February, or somewhat later, in March, as the weather proves colder or warmer: and to note, that his manner of breeding is thus: a he and a she Pike will usually go together out of a river into some ditch or creek; and that there the spawner casts her eggs, and the melter hovers over her all that time that she is casting her spawn, but touches her not.

I might say more of this, but it might be thought curiosity or worse, and shall therefore forbear it; and take up so much of your attention as to tell you, that the best of Pikes are noted to be in rivers; next, those in great ponds or meres; and the worst in small ponds.

* This is obviously quite fanciful. — J. R.

† All this nonsense has been long exploded. — J. R.

But before I proceed farther, I am to tell you, that there is a great antipathy betwixt the Pike and some frogs; and this may appear to the reader of Dubravius, a bishop in Bohemia,* who, in his book *Of Fish and Fish-ponds*, relates what he says he saw with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the reader; which was:

"As he and the Bishop Thurzo were walking by a large pond in Bohemia, they saw a frog, when the Pike lay very sleepily and quiet by the shore side, leap upon his head; and the frog having expressed malice or anger by his swoln cheeks and staring eyes, did stretch out his legs and embraced the Pike's head, and presently reached them to his eyes, tearing, with them and his teeth, those tender parts: the Pike, moved with anguish, moves up and down the water, and rubs himself against weeds and whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy; but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment the Pike till his strength failed; and then the frog sunk with the Pike to the bottom of the water: then presently the frog appeared again at the top, and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a conqueror, after which he presently retired to his secret hole. The bishop, that had beheld the battle, called his fisherman to fetch his nets, and by all means to get the Pike, that they might declare what had happened: and the Pike was drawn forth, and both his eyes eaten out, at which when they began to wonder, the fisherman wished them to forbear, and assured them he was certain that Pikes were often so served."

I told this, which is to be read in the sixth chapter of the [first] book of Dubravius, unto a friend, who replied, "It was as improbable as to have the mouse scratch out the cat's eyes." But he did not consider, that there be fishing frogs, which the Dalmatians call the Water-devil, of which I might tell you as wonderful a story: but I shall tell you that it is not to be doubted but that there be some frogs so fearful of the water snake, that when they swim in a place in which they fear to meet with him, they then get a reed across into their mouths; which, if they two meet by accident, secures the frog from the strength and malice of the snake; and note, that the frog usually swims the fastest of the two.

And let me tell you, that as there be water and land frogs,

* Janus Dubravius Scala, bishop of Olmutz, in Moravia, in the sixteenth century, was born at Pilsen, in Bohemia. His book *On Fish and Fish-ponds*, in which are many pleasant relations, was, in 1599, translated into English, and published in quarto, by George Churchey, fellow of Lion's Inn, with the title of *A new Book of good Husbandry, very Pleasant and of great Profit both for Gentlemen and Yeomen, containing the Order and Manner of Making of Fish-ponds, &c.*

so there be land and water snakes.* Concerning which, take this observation, that the land snake breeds and hatches her eggs, which become young snakes, in some old dunghill, or a like hot place: but the water snake, which is not venomous, and, as I have been assured by a great observer of such secrets, does not hatch, but breed her young alive, which she does not then forsake, but bides with them, and in case of danger will take them all into her mouth and swim away from any apprehended danger, and then let them out again when she thinks all danger to be passed: these be accidents that we anglers sometimes see, and often talk of.

But whither am I going? I had almost lost myself, by remembering the discourse of Dubravius. I will therefore stop here; and tell you, according to my promise, how to catch the Pike.

His feeding is usually of fish or frogs; and sometimes a weed of his own, called pickerel-weed, of which I told you some think Pikes are bred; for they have observed, that where none have been put into ponds, yet they have there found many; and that there has been plenty of that weed in those ponds, and [they think] that that weed both breeds and feeds them: but whether those Pikes so bred will ever breed by generation as the others do, I shall leave to the disquisitions of men of more curiosity and leisure than I profess myself to have;† and shall proceed to tell you, that you may fish for a Pike, either with a ledger or a walking bait; and you are to note, that I call that a ledger bait, which is fixed or made to rest in one certain place when you shall be absent from it; and I call that a walking bait, which you take with you, and have ever in motion. Concerning which two, I shall give you this direction; that your ledger bait is best to be a living bait, (though a dead one may catch,) whether it be a fish or a frog: and that you may make them live the longer, you may, or indeed you must take this course:

First, for your live bait: of fish, a Roach or Dace is, I think, best and most tempting, and a Perch is the longest lived on a hook; and, having cut off his fin on his back, which may be done without hurting him, you must take your knife, which cannot be too sharp, and betwixt the head and the fin on the back cut or make an incision, or such a scar as you may put the arming wire of your hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting the fish as art and diligence will enable you to do;

* This is a gross mistake. It may as correctly be maintained that there are land and water ducks, or land and air skylarks. — J. R.

† We should not infer, that because we see the house spider, for the most part, in the cobweb, it was generated by the cobweb, though this reasoning would be as good as the one in the text. It is the same loose kind of observation that ascribes the production of insects to blighting winds. — J. R.

and so carrying your arming wire along his back, unto or near the tail of your fish, betwixt the skin and the body of it, draw out that wire or arming of your hook at another scar near to his tail: then tie him about it with thread, but no harder than of necessity to prevent hurting the fish; and the better to avoid hurting the fish, some have a kind of probe to open the way for the more easy entrance and passage of your wire or arming: but as for these, time and a little experience will teach you better than I can by words. Therefore I will for the present say no more of this; but come next to give you some directions how to bait your hook with a Frog.

Venator. But, good master, did you not say even now, that some frogs were venomous; and is it not dangerous to touch them?

Piscator. Yes, but I will give you some rules or cautions concerning them. And first you are to note, that there are two kinds of frogs, that is to say, if I may so express myself, a flesh and a fish frog.* By flesh frogs, I mean frogs that breed and live on the land; and of these there be several sorts also, and of several colours, some being speckled, some greenish, some blackish or brown: the Green Frog, which is a small one, is by Topsel taken to be venomous: and the Paddock, or Frog-paddock, which usually keeps or breeds on the land, and is very large and bony and big, especially the she frog of that kind; yet these will sometimes come into the water, but it is not often: and the land frogs are some of them observed by him to breed by laying eggs, and others to breed of the slime and dust of the earth, and that in winter they turn to slime again, and that the next summer that very slime returns to be a living creature; this is the opinion of Pliny. And Cardanus† undertakes to give a reason for the raining of frogs‡ but if it were in my power, it should rain none but water frogs; for those, I think, are not venomous, especially the right water frog, which, about February or March, breeds in ditches, by slime, and blackish eggs in that slime: about which time of breeding, the he and she frogs are observed to use divers summersaults, and to croak and make a noise, which the land frog or paddock frog never does.

Now, of these water frogs, if you intend to fish with a frog for a Pike, you are to choose the yellowest that you can get, for

* The whole of this paragraph is full of gross error. There are, indeed, two species of English Frogs, the Common and the Natterjack, but it does not appear that Walton knew the latter. — J. R.

† In his 19 book, *De Subtil. ex.*

‡ There are many well attested accounts of the raining of frogs; but Mr Ray rejects them as utterly false and ridiculous; and demonstrates the impossibility of their production in any such manner. — *Wisdom of God in the Creation*, 310. See also Derham's *Physico-Theology*, 244, and Pennant's *Zoology*, quarto, Lond. 1776, vol. iv. p. 10.

that the Pike ever likes best. And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive:

Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating,—but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how: I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills; and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possible that he may live the longer.*

And now, having given you this direction for the baiting your ledger hook with a live fish or frog, my next must be to tell you how your hook, thus baited, must or may be used; and it is thus: having fastened your hook to a line, which, if it be not fourteen yards long, should not be less than twelve, you are to fasten that line to any bough near to a hole where a Pike is, or is likely to lie, or to have a haunt: and then wind your line on any forked stick, all your line except half a yard of it or rather more; and split that forked stick, with such a nick, or notch, at one end of it as may keep the line from any more of it ravelling from about the stick than so much of it as you intend. And choose your forked stick to be of that bigness as may keep the fish or frog from pulling the forked stick under the water till the Pike bites; and then the Pike having pulled the line forth of the cleft or nick of that stick in which it was gently fastened, he will have line enough to go to his hold and pouch the bait. And if you would have this ledger bait to keep at a fixed place, undisturbed by wind or other accidents which may drive it to the shore side (for you are to note, that it is likeliest to catch a Pike in the midst of the water,) then hang a small plummet of lead, a stone, or piece of tile, or a turf, in a string, and cast into the water with the forked stick to hang upon the ground, to be a kind of anchor to keep the forked stick from moving out of your intended place till the Pike come: this I take to be a very good way to use so many ledger baits, as you intend to make trial of.

Or if you bait your hooks thus with live fish or frogs, and in a windy day, fasten them thus to a bough or bundle of straw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move across a pond or mere, you are like to stand still on the shore and see sport presently, if there be any store of Pikes. Or these live baits

* It is upon this that Lord Byron founds his charge of cruelty against Walton, not altogether, I must confess, without plausible reason.—J. R.

may make sport, being tied about the body or wings of a goose or duck, and she chased over a pond.* And the like may be done with turning three or four live baits thus fastened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay or flags, to swim down a river, whilst you walk quietly alone on the shore, and are still in expectation of sport. The rest must be taught you by practice; for time will not allow me to say more of this kind of fishing with live baits.

And for your dead bait for a Pike: for that you may be taught by one day's going a-fishing with me, or any other body that fishes for him; for the baiting your hook with a dead Gudgeon or a Roach, and moving it up and down the water, is too easy a thing to take up any time to direct you to do it. And yet because I cut you short in that, I will commute for it by telling you that that was told me for a secret—it is this:

Dissolve gum of ivy in oil of spike, and therewith anoint your dead bait for a Pike: and then cast it in a likely place; and when it has lain a short time at the bottom, draw it towards the top of the water, and so up the stream: and it is more than likely that you have a Pike follow with more than common eagerness.

And some affirm, that any bait anointed with the marrow of the thigh bone of a hern is a great temptation to any fish.†

These have not been tried by me, but told me by a friend of note, that pretended to do me a courtesy.‡ But if this direc-

* A rod twelve feet long, and a ring of wire,
A winder and barrel, will help thy desire
In killing a Pike; but the forked stick,
With a slit and a bladder, and that other fine trick,
Which our artists call snap, with a goose or a duck,
Will kill two for one, if you have any luck;
The gentry of Shropshire do merrily smile,
To see a goose and a belt the fish to beguile.
When a Pike suns himself, and a frogging doth go,
The two-inched hook is better, I know,
Than the ordinary snaring. But still I must cry,
"When the Pike is at home, mind the cookery."

BARKER'S *Art of Angling.*

† If this be so, it must arise, I think, from its fishy smell giving token of a goodly morsel of food, the undoubted cause of Salmon roe being so good a bait.—J. R.

‡ The Pike loves a still, shady, unfrequented water, and usually lies amongst or near weeds; such as flags, bulrushes, candocks, reeds, or in the green fog that sometimes covers standing waters, though he will sometimes shoot out into the clear stream. He is sometimes caught at the top, and in the middle; and often, especially in cold weather, at the bottom.

Their time of spawning is about the end of February or the beginning of March; and chief season, from the end of May to the beginning of February.

Pikes are called Jacks till they become twenty-four inches long.

The baits for Pike, besides those mentioned by Walton, are a small Trout; the Loach and Miller's-thumb; the head end of an Eel, with the skin taken off below the fins; a small Jack; a Lob-worm; and, in winter, the fat of bacon. And notwithstanding what Walton and others say

tion to catch a Pike thus do you no good, yet I am certain this direction how to roast him when he is caught is choicely good;

against baiting with a Perch, it is confidently asserted, that Pikes have been taken with a small Perch, when neither a Roach nor Bleak would tempt them. See the *Angler's Surè Guide*, 158.

Observe that all your baits for Pike must be as fresh as possible. Living baits you may take with you in a tin kettle, changing the water often: and dead ones should be carried in fresh bran, which will dry up that moisture that otherwise would infect and rot them. — *Venables.*

It is strange that Walton has said so little of trolling, a method of fishing for Pike which has been thought worthy of a distinct treatise; for which method, and for the snap, take these directions — and first for trolling:

And note, that in trolling, the head of the bait-fish must be at the bent of the hook; whereas in fishing at the snap, the hook must come out at or near his tail. But the essential difference between these two methods is, that in the former the Pike is always suffered to pouch or swallow the bait: but in the latter you are to strike as soon as he has taken it.

The rod for trolling should be about three yards and a half long, with a ring at the top for the line to run through; or you may fit a trolling-top to your fly rod, which need only be stronger than the common fly-top.

Let your line be of green or sky-coloured silk, thirty yards in length, which will make it necessary to use the winch, as is before directed, with a swivel at the end.

The common trolling-hook for a living bait consists of two large hooks, with one common shank, made of one piece of wire, of about three quarters of an inch long, placed back to back, so that the points may not stand in a right line, but incline so much inwards as that they with the shank may form an angle little less than equilateral. At the top of the shank is a loop, left in the bending the wire to make the hook double, through which is put a strong twisted brass wire, of about six inches long; and to this is looped another such link, but both so loose that the hook and lower link may have room to play. To the end of the line fasten a steel swivel.

To bait the hook, observe the directions given by Walton.

But there is a sort of trolling-hook, different from that already described, and to which it is thought preferable, which will require another management: this is no more than two single hooks tied back to back with a strong piece of gimp between the shanks. In the whipping the hooks and the gimp together, make a small loop; and take into it two links of chain, of about an eight of an inch diameter, and into the lower link, by means of a small staple of wire, fasten by the greater end a bit of lead of a conical figure, and somewhat sharp at the point. These hooks are to be had at the fishing tackle shops ready fitted up.

The latter kind of hook is to be thus ordered; namely, put the lead into the mouth of the bait-fish, and sew it up; the fish will live some time; and though the weight of the lead will keep his head down, he will swim with near the same ease as if at liberty.

But if you will troll with a dead bait, as some do, for a reason which the angler will be glad to know, namely, that a living bait makes too great a slaughter among the fish, do it with a hook, of which the following paragraph contains a description:

Let the shank be about six inches long, and leaded from the middle as low as the bent of the hook, to which a piece of very strong gimp must be fastened by a staple, and two links of chain; the shank must be barbed like a dart, and the lead a quarter of an inch square: the barb of the shank must stand like the fluke of an anchor, which is placed in a contrary direction to that of the stock. Let the gimp be about a foot long; and to the end thereof fix a swivel. To bait it thrust the barb of the shank into the mouth of the bait-fish, and bring it out at his side near the tail: when the barb is thus brought through, it cannot return, and the fish will lie perfectly straight, a circumstance that renders the trouble of tying the tail unnecessary.

There is yet another sort of trolling-hook, which is, indeed, no other

for I have tried it, and it is somewhat the better for not being common. But with my direction you must take this caution,

than what most writers on this subject have mentioned; whereas the others here described are late improvements: and this is a hook, either single or double, with a long shank, leaded about three inches up the wire with a piece of lead about a quarter of an inch square at the greater or lower end: fix to the shank an armed wire about eight inches long. To bait this hook thrust your wire into the mouth of the fish, quite through his belly, and out at his tail; placing the wire so that the point of the hook may be even with the belly of the bait-fish; and then tie the tail of the fish with strong thread to the wire: some fasten it with a needle and thread, which is a neat way.

Both with the troll and at the snap, cut away one of the fins of the bait-fish close at the gills, and another behind the vent on the contrary side; which will make it play the better.

The bait being thus fixed, is to be thrown in, and kept in constant motion in the water, sometimes suffered to sink, then gradually raised: now drawn with the stream, then against it; so as to counterfeit the motion of a small fish in swimming. If a Pike is near, he mistakes the bait for a living fish, seizes it with prodigious greediness, goes off with it to his hole, and in about ten minutes pouches it. When he has thus swallowed the bait, you will see the line move, which is the signal for striking him; do this with two lusty jerks, and then play him.

The other way of taking Pike, namely, with the snap, is as follows:—

Let the rod be twelve feet long, very strong and taper, with a strong loop at the top to fasten your line to. Your line must be about a foot shorter than the rod, and much stronger than the trolling line.

And here it is necessary to be remembered, that there are two ways of snapping for Pike, namely, with the live and with the dead snap.

For the live snap, there is no kind of hook so proper as the double spring hook. To bait it, nothing more is necessary than to hang the bait-fish fast by the back fin to the middle hook, where he will live a long time.

Of hooks for the dead snap, there are many kinds: but the one which, after repeated trials, has been found to excel all others hitherto known, we subjoin the description and use of as follows, namely, Whip two hooks, of about three-eighths of an inch in the bent, to a piece of gimp, in the manner directed for that trolling-hook. Then take a piece of lead, of the same size and figure as directed for the trolling-hook above mentioned; and drill a hole through it from end to end. To bait it, take a long needle or wire; enter it in at the side, about half an inch above the tail, and with it pass the gimp between the skin and the ribs of the fish, bringing it out at his mouth: then put the lead over the gimp, draw it down into the fish's throat, and press his mouth close, and then, having a swivel to your line, hang on the gimp.

In throwing the bait, observe the rules given for trolling; but remember, that the more you keep it in motion, the nearer it resembles a living fish.

When you have a bite, strike immediately, the contrary way to that which the head of the Pike lies, or to which he goes with the bait; if you cannot find which way his head lies, strike upright with two smart jerks, retiring backwards as fast as you can, till you have brought him to a landing place, and then do as before is directed.

There are various other methods, both of trolling and fishing at the snap, which, if the reader is desirous to know, he may find described in the *Complete Troller*, by Ro. Nobbes, 12mo. 1682, and the *Angler's Sure Guide*, before mentioned.

As the Pike spawns in March, and before that month rivers are seldom in order for fishing, it will hardly be worth while to begin trolling till April; after that the weeds will be apt to be troublesome. But the prime month in the year for trolling is October; when the Pike are fattened by their summer's feed, the weeds are rotted, and by the falling of the waters the harbours of the fish are easily found.

that your Pike must not be a small one, that is, it must be more than half a yard, and should be bigger.*

First, open your Pike at the gills, and, if need be, cut also a little slit towards the belly. Out of these take his guts; and keep his liver, which you are to shred very small, with thyme, sweet marjoram, and a little winter savory; to these put some pickled oysters, and some anchovies, two or three, both these last whole, for the anchovies will melt, and the oysters should not; to these you must add also a pound of sweet butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted. If the Pike be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound, or if he be less, then less butter will suffice: These, being thus mixed, with a blade or two of mace, must be put into the Pike's belly: and then his belly so sewed up as to keep all the butter in his belly if it be possible; if not, then as much as you possibly can. But take not off the scales. Then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth, out at his tail. And then take four or five, or six split sticks, or very thin laths, and a convenient quantity of tape or filleting; these laths are to be tied round about the Pike's body, from his head to his tail, and the tape tied somewhat thick, to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit. Let him be roasted very leisurely; and often basted with claret wine and anchovies and butter mixed together; and also with what moisture falls from him into the pan. When you have roasted him sufficiently, you are to hold under him, when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him, such a dish as you purpose to eat him out of; and let him fall into it with the sauce that is

Choose to troll in clear, and not muddy water, and in windy weather, if the wind be not easterly.

Some use in trolling and snapping two or more swivels to their line, by means whereof the twisting of the line is prevented, the bait plays more freely, and, though dead, is made to appear as if alive; which in rivers is doubtless an excellent way: but those who can like to fish in ponds or still waters, will find very little occasion for more than one.

The Pike is also to be caught with a Minnow; for which method take the following directions:

Get a single hook, slender, and long in the shank; let it resemble the shape of a shepherd's crook; put lead upon it, as thick near the bent as will go into a Minnow's mouth. Place the point of the hook directly up the face of the fish. Let the rod be as long as you can handsomely manage, with a line of the same length. Cast up and down, and manage it as when you troll with any other bait. If, when the Pike hath taken your bait, he run to the end of the line before he hath gorged it, do not strike, but hold still only, and he will return back and swallow it. But if you use that bait with a troll, I rather prefer it before any bait that I know.— *Venables.*

In landing a Pike, great caution is necessary; for his bite is esteemed venomous. The best and safest hold you can take of him is by the head; in doing which, place your thumb and finger in his eyes.

* In the *Royal Cookery*, by P. Lamb, Esq. master cook to Queen Anne, I find fifteen ways of dressing Pike, most of them requiring wine either for sauce or for boiling. It reminds one of Lord Blayney's hams boiled in champaign.—J. R.

roasted in his belly; and by this means the Pike will be kept unbroken and complete. Then, to the sauce which was within, and also that sauce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best butter, and to squeeze the juice of three or four oranges. Lastly, you may either put into the Pike, with the oysters, two cloves of garlick, and take it whole out, when the Pike is cut off the spit; or to give the sauce a haut gout, let the dish into which you let the Pike fall be rubbed with it; the using or not using of this garlick is left to your discretion. — M. B.

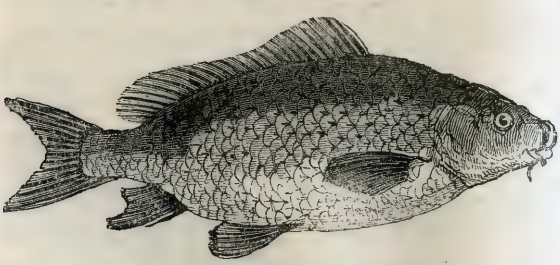
This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men; and I trust you will prove both, and therefore I have trusted you with this secret.

Let me next tell you, that Gesner tells us, there are no Pikes in Spain, and that the largest are in the lake Thrasimene in Italy; and the next, if not equal to them, are the Pikes of England; and that in England, Lincolnshire boasteth to have the biggest. Just so doth Sussex boast of four sorts of fish, namely, an Arundel Mullet, a Chichester Lobster, a Shelsey Cockle, and an Amerly Trout.

But I will take up no more of your time with this relation, but proceed to give you some observations of the Carp, and how to angle for him: and to dress him, but not till he is caught.

CHAPTER IX.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE CARP; WITH DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.



THE CARP — *Cyprinus Carpio.* — *LINNÆUS.*

Piscator. THE Carp is the queen of rivers; a stately, a good, and a very subtle fish, that was not at first bred, nor hath been long in England, but is now naturalized. It is said, they were brought hither by one Mr Mascal, a gentleman that then lived

at Plumsted in Sussex, a county that abounds more with fish than any in this nation.*

You may remember that I told you, Gesner says, there are no Pikes in Spain; and doubtless there was a time, about a hundred or a few more years ago, when there were no Carps in England, as may seem to be affirmed by Sir Richard Baker, in whose *Chronicle* you may find these verses:

Hops and Turkeys, Carps and Beer
Came into England all in a year.†

And doubtless, as of sea fish the Herring dies soonest out of the water, and of fresh water fish the Trout, so, except the Eel, the Carp endures most hardness, and lives longest out of his own proper element. And, therefore, the report of the Carp's being brought out of a foreign country into this nation is the more probable.

Carps and Loaches are observed to breed several months in one year, which Pikes and most other fish do not. And this is partly proved by tame and wild Rabbits: as also by some Ducks, which will lay eggs nine of the twelve months, and yet there be other Ducks that lay no longer than about one month. And it is the rather to be believed, because you shall scarce or never take a male Carp without a melt, or a female without a roe, or spawn, and for the most part very much, and especially all the summer season. And it is observed, that they breed more naturally in ponds than in running waters, if they breed there at all; and that those that live in rivers are taken by men of the best palates to be much the better meat.

And it is observed, that in some ponds Carps will not breed, especially in cold ponds; but where they will breed, they breed innumerably; Aristotle and Pliny say, six times in a year, if there

* For proof of this fact, we have the testimony of the author of the *Book of Fishing with Hooke and Line*, quarto, Lond. 1590, already mentioned in the *Life of Walton*, who, though the initials only of his name are given in the title, appears to have been Leonard Mascal, the translator of a book of Planting and Graffing, quarto, 1589, 1599, and the author of a book *On Cattel*, quarto, 1596. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, Sussex, 113, seems to have confounded these two persons; the latter of whom, in the tract first above-mentioned, speaks of the former by report only; besides which, they lived at the distance of seventy years from each other, and the author of the book *Of Fishing* is conjectured to be a Hampshire man.

† See in the *Life of Walton*, hereto prefixed, a passage extracted from the book of Dame Juliana Barnes, whereby it appears that, in her time, there were Carps, though but few, in England. It seems, therefore, that Mr Mascal, of Plumsted, did not first bring hither Carps; but, as the curious in gardening do by exotic plants, he naturalized this species of fish, and that about the era mentioned in the above distich, "Hops and Turkeys," &c. which elsewhere is read thus:

Hops, Reformation, Turkeys, Carps, and Beer,
Came into England all in one year.

be no Pikes nor Perch to devour their spawn, when it is cast upon grass, or flags, or weeds, where it lies ten or twelve days before it be enlivened.

The Carp, if he have water room and good feed, will grow to a very great bigness and length; I have heard, to be much above a yard long.* It is said by Jovius,† who hath writ of fishes, that in the lake Lurian, in Italy, Carps have thriven to be more than fifty pounds weight: which is the more probable, for as the bear is conceived and born suddenly, and being born is but short-lived; so, on the contrary, the elephant is said to be two years in his dam's belly, some think he is ten years in it, and being born, grows in bigness twenty years; and it is observed, too, that he lives to the age of a hundred years. And it is also observed, that the Crocodile is very long-lived; and more than that, that all that long life he thrives in bigness; and so I think some Carps do, especially in some places, though I never saw one above twenty-three inches, which was a great and a goodly fish; but have been assured there are of a far greater size, and in England too.‡

Now, as the increase of Carps is wonderful for their number, so there is not a reason found out, I think, by any, why they should breed in some ponds, and not in others, of the same nature for soil and all other circumstances. And as their breeding, so are their decays also very mysterious: I have both read it, and been told by a gentleman of tried honesty, that he has known sixty or more large Carps put into several ponds near to a house, where, by reason of the stakes in the ponds, and the owner's constant being near to them, it was impossible they should be stolen away from him; and that when he has, after three or four years, emptied the pond, and expected an increase from them by breeding young ones, (for that they might do so he had, as the rule is, put in three melters for one spawner,) he has, I say, after three or four years, found neither a young nor old Carp remaining. And the like I have known of one that had almost watched the pond, and at a like distance of time, at the fishing of a pond, found, of seventy or eighty large Carps, not above five or six: and that he had forborne longer to fish the said pond, but that he saw, in a hot day in summer, a large Carp swim near the top of the water with a

* The widow of the late Mr David Garrick, of Drury Lane theatre, once told me, that in her native country, Germany, she had seen the head of a Carp served up at table, big enough to fill a large dish.

† Paulus Jovius, an Italian historian of very doubtful authority. He lived in the sixteenth century, and wrote a small tract, *De Romanis Piscibus*. He died at Florence, 1552.

‡ The author of the *Angler's Sure Guide* says, that he has taken Carp above twenty-six inches long, in rivers; and adds, that they are often seen in England above thirty inches long.

frog upon his head; and that he, upon that occasion, caused his pond to be let dry: and I say, of seventy or eighty Carps, only found five or six in the said pond, and those very sick and lean, and with every one a frog sticking so fast on the head of the said Carps, that the frog would not be got off without extreme force, or killing. And the gentleman that did affirm this to me, told me he saw it; and did declare his belief to be, and I also believe the same, that he thought the other Carps, that were so strangely lost, were so killed by frogs, and then devoured.*

And a person of honour, now living in Worcestershire,† assured me he had seen a necklace, or collar, of tadpoles, hang like a chain, or necklace of beads, about a Pike's neck, and to kill him: whether it were for meat or malice, must be, to me, a question.

But I am fallen into this discourse by accident, of which I might say more, but it has proved longer than I intended, and possibly may not to you be considerable: I shall therefore give you three or four more short observations of the Carp, and then fall upon some directions how you shall fish for him.

The age of Carps is, by Sir Francis Bacon, in his *History of Life and Death*, observed to be but ten years; yet others think they live longer. Gesner says, "A Carp has been known to live in the Palatinate above a hundred years."‡ But most conclude, that, contrary to the Pike, or Luce, all Carps are the better for age and bigness. The tongues of Carps are noted to be choice and costly meat, especially to them that buy them: but Gesner says, "Carps have no tongue like other fish, but a piece of flesh-like fish in their mouth, like to a tongue, and should be called a palate:"§ but it is certain it is choicely good, and that the Carp is to be reckoned amongst those leather-mouthed fish which, I told you, have their teeth in their throat; and for that reason he is very seldom lost by breaking his hold, if your hook be once stuck into his chaps.

I told you that Sir Francis Bacon thinks that the Carp lives but ten years: but Janus Dubravius has writ a book *Of Fish and Fish Ponds*,‖ in which he says, that "Carps begin to

* It would be wrong to deny such direct testimony, but it appears improbable that frogs could, if they were so inclined, succeed in killing Carp.—J. R.

† Mr. Fr. Ru.

‡ Lately, namely, in one of the daily papers for the month of August, 1782, an article appeared, purporting, that in the basin at Emanuel College, Cambridge, a Carp was then living that had been in the water thirty-six years, which, though it had lost one eye, knew, and would constantly approach its feeder.

§ Gesner is wrong in this; for the "piece of flesh-like fish" is undoubtedly the tongue, and not the palate of the fish.—J. R.

‖ *Vide, ante.* p. 154, &c

spawn at the age of three years, and continue to do so till thirty:" he says also, that in the time of their breeding, which is in summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and so apted them also for generation, that then three or four male Carps will follow a female; and that then, she putting on a seeming coyness, they force her through weeds and flags, where she lets fall her eggs, or spawn, which sticks fast to the weeds; and then they let fall their melt upon it, and so it becomes in a short time to be a living fish: and, as I told you, it is thought that the Carp does this several months in the year. And most believe, that most fish breed after this manner, except the Eel. And it has been observed, that when the spawner has weakened herself by doing that natural office, that two or three melters have helped her from off the weeds, by bearing her up on both sides, and guarding her into the deep. And you may note, that though this may seem a curiosity not worth observing, yet others have judged it worth their time and cost to make glass hives, and order them in such a manner as to see how bees have bred and made their honeycombs, and how they have obeyed their king, and governed their commonwealth.* But it is thought that all Carps are not bred by generation; but that some breed other ways, as some Pikes do.

The physicians make the galls and stones in the heads of Carps to be very medicinable. But it is not to be doubted but that in Italy they make great profit of the spawn of Carps, by selling it to the Jews, who make it into red caviare; the Jews not being by their law admitted to eat of caviare made of the Sturgeon, that being a fish that wants scales, and (as may appear in Levit. xi.) by them reputed to be unclean.

Much more might be said out of him, and out of Aristotle, which Dubravius often quotes in his *Discourse of Fishes:* but it might rather perplex than satisfy you; and, therefore, I shall rather choose to direct you how to catch, than spend more time in discoursing either of the nature or the breeding of this fish, or of any more circumstances concerning him. But yet I shall remember you of what I told you before, that he is a very subtle fish, and hard to be caught.

And my first direction is, that if you will fish for a Carp, you must put on a very large measure of patience, especially to fish for a river Carp: I have known a very good fisher angle diligently four or six hours in a day, for three or four days together, for a river Carp, and not have a bite. And you are to note, that, in some ponds, it is as hard to catch a Carp as in

* Bees have what is termed a queen, not a king; but so far from obeying her, as here asserted, she is kept a close prisoner, and must bey her subjects —J. R.

a river; that is to say, where they have store of feed, and the water is of a clayish colour. But you are to remember that I have told you there is no rule without an exception; and, therefore, being possessed with that hope and patience which I wish to all fishers, especially to the Carp angler, I shall tell you with what bait to fish for him. But first you are to know, that it must be either early or late; and let me tell you, that in hot weather (for he will seldom bite in cold) you cannot be too early or too late at it. And some have been so curious as to say, the 10th of April is a fatal day for Carps.

The Carp bites either at worms or at paste: and of worms I think the bluish marsh or meadow-worm is best; but possibly another worm, not too big, may do as well, and so may a green gentle; and as for pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are medicines for the toothach; but doubtless sweet pastes are best; I mean pastes made with honey or with sugar, which, that you may the better beguile this crafty fish, should be thrown into the pond or place in which you fish for him, some hours, or longer, before you undertake your trial of skill with the angle-rod; and doubtless, if it be thrown into the water a day or two before, at several times, and in small pellets, you are the likelier, when you fish for the Carp, to obtain your desired sport. Or, in a large pond, to draw them to any certain place, that they may the better and with more hope be fished for, you are to throw into it, in some certain place, either grains, or blood mixed with cow-dung, or with bran, or any garbage, as chicken's guts, or the like; and then some of your small sweet pellets with which you purpose to angle: and these small pellets being a few of them also thrown in as you are angling, will be the better.

And your paste must be thus made: Take the flesh of a rabbit or cat cut small,* and bean-flour; and if that may not be easily got, get other flour; and then mix these together, and put to them either sugar, or honey, which I think better; and then beat these together in a mortar, or sometimes work them in your hands, your hands being very clean; and then make it into a ball, or two or three, as you like best, for your use: but you must work or pound it so long in the mortar, as to make it so tough as to hang upon your hook without washing from it, yet not too hard: or, that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may knead with your paste a little, and not much, white or yellowish wool.

And if you would have this paste keep all the year, for any other fish, then mix with it virgin wax and clarified honey, and

* The sort of flesh does not seem to be of any importance; though the whiter it be perhaps the better, and therefore veal or pork is good. — J. R.

work them together with your hands before the fire; then make these into balls, and they will keep all the year.

And if you fish for a Carp with gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of scarlet, the sixth of an inch square, it being soaked in, or anointed with, oil of petre, called by some, oil of the rock: and if your gentles be put, two or three days before, into a box or horn anointed with honey, and so put upon your hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this crafty fish this way as any other; but still, as you are fishing, chew a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the pond about the place where your float swims. Other baits there be; but these, with diligence and patient watchfulness, will do it better than any that I have ever practised or heard of. And yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a paste is a good bait for a Carp; and you know, it is more easily made. And having said thus much of the Carp,* my next discourse shall be of the Bream, which shall not prove so tedious; and therefore I desire the continuance of your attention.

But, first, I will tell you how to make this Carp, that is so curious to be caught, so curious a dish of meat as shall make him worth all your labour and patience. And though it is not without some trouble and charges, yet it will recompense both.

Take a Carp (alive if possible;) scour him, and rub him clean with water and salt, but scale him not; then open him, and put him, with his blood and his liver, which you must save when you open him, into a small pot, or kettle; then take sweet marjoram, thyme, and parsley, of each half a handful; a sprig of rosemary, and another of savory; bind them into two or

* The haunts of the river Carp are, in the winter months, the broadest and most quiet parts of the river; but in summer, they lie in deep holes, nooks, and reaches, near some scour, and under roots of trees, hollow banks, and, till they are near rotting, amongst or near great beds of weed, flags, &c.

Pond Carp cannot, with propriety, be said to have any haunts; only it is to be noted, that they love a fat rich soil, and never thrive in a cold hungry water.

They breed three or four times a-year; but their first spawning time is the beginning of May.

Baits for the Carp are all sorts of earth and dunghill worms, flag worms, grasshoppers, though not at top, oxbrains, the pith of an ox's backbone, green peas, and red or black cherries, with the stones taken out.

Fish with strong tackle, very near the bottom, and with a fine grass or gut next the hook; and use a goose quill float. Never attempt to angle for the Carp in a boat; for they will not come near it.

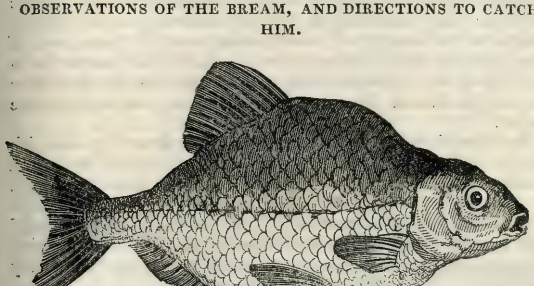
It is said there are many Carp in the Thames, westward of London; and that about February they retire to the creeks in that river; in some of which, many above two feet long have been taken with an angle. — *Angler's Sure Guide*, p. 179.

Carp live the longest out of the water of any fish. It is a common practice in Holland to keep them alive for three weeks or a month, by hanging them in a cool place, with wet moss, in a net, and feeding them with bread and milk.

three small bundles, and put them to your Carp, with four or five whole onions, twenty pickled oysters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your Carp as much claret wine as will only cover him; and season your claret well with salt, cloves, and mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons. That done, cover your pot and set it on a quick fire, till it be sufficiently boiled. Then take out the Carp, and lay it, with the broth, into the dish, and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of the best fresh butter, melted, and beaten with half a dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred: garnish your dish with lemons, and so serve it up. And much good do you.* Dr T.

CHAPTER X.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE BREAM, AND DIRECTIONS TO CATCH HIM.



THE BREAM—*Cyprinus Brama.*—LINNÆUS.

Piscator. THE Bream, being at a full growth, is a large and stately fish. He will breed both in rivers and ponds; but loves best to live in ponds, and where, if he likes the water and air, he will grow not only to be very large, but as fat as a hog. He is by Gesner taken to be more pleasant, or sweet, than wholesome. This fish is long in growing, but breeds exceedingly in

* Lamb directs Carps to be cut in pieces, and stewed with white wine or claret, seasoning them with salt, pepper, onions shred small, and capers, together with some crusts of bread. It is done enough when the sauce becomes thick. —J. R.

a water that pleases him; yea, in many ponds so fast, as to overstore them, and starve the other fish.

He is very broad, with a forked tail, and his scales set in excellent order; he hath large eyes, and a narrow sucking mouth; he hath two sets of teeth, and a lozenge-like bone—a bone to help his grinding.* The melter is observed to have two large melts, and the female two large bags of eggs, or spawn.

Gesner reports, that in Poland a certain and a great number of large Breams were put into a pond, which in the next following winter were frozen up into one entire ice, and not one drop of water remaining, nor one of these fish to be found, though they were diligently searched for; and yet the next spring, when the ice was thawed, and the weather warm, and fresh water got into the pond, he affirms they all appeared again. This Gesner affirms; and I quote my author, because it seems almost as incredible as the resurrection to an atheist: but it may win something in point of believing it, to him that considers the breeding or renovation of the Silk-worm, and of many insects. And that is considerable, which Sir Francis Bacon observes in his *History of Life and Death*, fol. 20, that there be some herbs that die and spring every year, and some endure longer.

But though some do not, yet the French esteem this fish highly; and to that end have this proverb, "He that hath Breams in his pond is able to bid his friend welcome." And it is noted, that the best part of a Bream is his belly and head.†

Some say that Breams and Roaches will mix their eggs and melt together; and so there is in many places a bastard breed of Breams, that never come to be either large or good, but very numerous.

The baits good to catch this are many. First, paste made of brown bread and honey; gentles, or the brood of wasps that be young, and then not unlike gentles, and should be hardened in an oven, or dried on a tile before the fire to make them tough. Or, there is, at the root of docks, or flags, or rushes in watery places, a worm not unlike a maggot, at which Tench [Bream] will bite freely. Or he will bite at a grasshopper with his legs nipped off, in June and July; or, at several flies, under water,

* This must be a mistake; for no fish grinds, or chews, his food, like land animals, but swallows it whole.—J. R.

† The Bream, according to Sir William Dugdale, appears to have been considered a great luxury in England, for in the 7th of Henry V. it was valued at 20d.; and he also states, that, in 1454, "A pie of four of them, in the expenses of two men employed for three days in taking them, in baking them, in flour, in spices, and conveying it from Sutton in Warwickshire, to the Earl of Warwick, at Mydlam in the North Country, cost xvjs. ijd."—*Hist. Warw.* p. 668.

which may be found on flags that grow near to the water side. I doubt not but that there may be many other baits that are good; but I will turn them all into this most excellent one, either for a Carp or Bream, in any river or mere :* it was given to me by a most honest and excellent angler; and hoping you will prove both, I will impart it to you.

1. Let your bait be as big a red worm as you can find, without a knot; get a pint, or quart, of them in an evening in garden walks, or chalky commons, after a shower of rain;† and put them, with clean moss, well washed and picked, and the water squeezed out of the moss as dry as you can, into an earthen pot, or pipkin, set dry; and change the moss fresh every three or four days, for three weeks or a month together; then your bait will be at the best, for it will be clear and lively.

2. Having thus prepared your baits, get your tackling ready and fitted for this sport. Take three long angling rods; and as many and more silk, or silk and hair lines; and as many large swan or goose quill floats. Then take a piece of lead made after the manner of a carpenter's plummet, and fasten them to the low ends of your lines: then fasten your link-hook also to the lead, and let there be about a foot or ten inches between the lead and the hook: but be sure the lead be heavy enough to sink the float, or quill, a little under the water; and not the quill to bear up the lead, for the lead must lie on the ground. Note, that your link next the hook may be smaller than the rest of your line, if you dare adventure, for fear of taking the Pike or Perch, who will assuredly visit your hooks, till they be taken out, as I will shew you afterward, before either Carp or Bream will come near to bite. Note also, that when the worm is well baited, it will crawl up and down as far as the lead will give leave, which much enticeth the fish to bite without suspicion.

3. Having thus prepared your baits, and fitted your tackling, repair to the river, where you have seen them to swim in skulls or shoals, in the summer time, in a hot afternoon, about three or four of the clock; and watch their going forth of their deep holes, and returning, which you may well discern, for they return about four of the clock, most of them seeking food at the bottom, yet one or two will lie on the top of the water rolling and tumbling themselves, whilst the rest are under him at the bottom; and so you shall perceive him to keep sentinel; then mark where he plays most and stays longest, which commonly is in the broadest and deepest place of the river; and there, or near

* Mere is old English for a lake, and is still retained for several of our lakes, as Buttermere, Grassmere. — J. R.

† As the knot is the sexual swelling of the worm, and as worms do not appear at night except for purveying, I think Walton's directions impracticable. — J. R.

thereabouts, at a clear bottom and a convenient landing place, take one of your angles, ready fitted, as aforesaid, and sound the bottom, which should be about eight or ten feet deep—two yards from the bank is the best. Then consider with yourself, whether that water will rise or fall by the next morning, by reason of any watermills near; and, according to your discretion, take the depth of the place, where you mean after to cast your ground-bait, and to fish to half an inch; that the lead lying on or near the ground-bait, the top of the float may only appear upright half an inch above the water.

Thus you having found and fitted for the place and depth thereof, then go home and prepare your ground-bait, which is, next to the fruit of your labours, to be regarded.

THE GROUND-BAIT.

You shall take a peck, or a peck and a half—according to the greatness of the stream and deepness of the water, where you mean to angle—of sweet gross ground barley malt, and boil it in a kettle, (one or two warms is enough;) then strain it through a bag into a tub—the liquor whereof hath often done my horse much good—and when the bag and malt is near cold, take it down to the water side, about eight or nine of the clock in the evening, and not before, cast in two parts of your ground-bait, squeezed hard between both your hands; it will sink presently to the bottom; and be sure it may rest in the very place where you mean to angle: if the stream run hard, or move a little, cast your malt in handfuls a little higher, upwards the stream. You may, between your hands, close the malt so fast in handfuls, that the water will hardly part it with the fall.

Your ground thus baited, and tackling fitted, leave your bag, with the rest of your tackling and ground-bait, near the sporting place all night; and in the morning, about three or four of the clock, visit the water side, but not too near, for they have a cunning watchman, and are watchful themselves too.

Then gently take one of your three rods, and bait your hook, casting it over your ground-bait, and gently and secretly draw it to you till the lead rests about the middle of the ground-bait.

Then take a second rod, and cast in about a yard above, and your third a yard below the first rod; and stay the rods in the ground: but go yourself so far from the water side, that you perceive nothing but the top of the floats, which you must watch most diligently. Then when you have a bite, you shall perceive the top of the float to sink suddenly into the water; yet, nevertheless, be not too hasty to run to your rods, until you see that the line goes clear away, then creep to the water side, and give as much line as possibly you can: if it be a good Carp or Bream,

they will go to the farther side of the river: then strike gently, and hold your rod at a bent, a little while; but if you both pull together, you are sure to lose your game, for either your line, or hook, or hold, will break; and after you have overcome them, they will make noble sport, and are very shy to be landed. The Carp is far stronger and more mettlesome than the Bream.

Much more is to be observed in this kind of fish and fishing, but it is far fitter for experience and discourse than paper. Only, thus much is necessary for you to know, and to be mindful and careful of, that if the Pike or Perch do breed in that river, they will be sure to bite first, and must first be taken. And for the most part they are very large, and will repair to your ground-bait, not that they will eat of it, but will feed and sport themselves amongst the young fry that gather about and hover over the bait.

The way to discern the Pike and take him, if you mistrust your Bream hook — for I have taken a Pike a yard long several times at my Bream hooks, and sometimes he hath had the luck to share my line — may be thus:

Take a small Bleak, or Roach, or Gudgeon, and bait [with] it: and set it, alive, among your rods, two feet deep from the cork, with a little red worm on the point of the hook: then take a few crumbs of white bread, or some of the ground-bait, and sprinkle it gently amongst your rods. If Mr Pike be there, then the little fish will skip out of the water at his appearance, but the live set bait is sure to be taken.

Thus continue your sport from four in the morning till eight, and if it be a gloomy windy day, they will bite all day long: but this is too long to stand to your rods at one place; and it will spoil your evening sport that day, which is this:

About four of the clock in the afternoon, repair to your baited place; and as soon as you come to the water side, cast in one half of the rest of your ground bait, and stand off; then, whilst the fish are gathering together, (for there they will most certainly come for their supper,) you may take a pipe of tobacco; and then, in with your three rods, as in the morning. You will find excellent sport that evening, till eight of the clock: then cast in the residue of your ground-bait, and next morning, by four of the clock, visit them again for four hours, which is the best sport of all; and after that, let them rest till you and your friends have a mind to more sport.

From St James's-tide until Bartholomew's-tide* is the best; when they have had all the summer's food, they are the fattest.

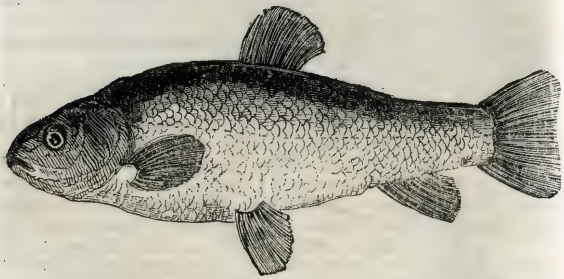
Observe, lastly, that after three or four days fishing together,

* St James's tide is the 25th of July; St Bartholomew's tide is the 24th of August. — J. R.

your game will be very shy and wary, and you shall hardly get above a bite or two at a baiting: then your only way is to desist from your sport about two or three days; and, in the meantime, (on the place you late baited, and again intend to bait,) you shall take a turf of green, but short grass, as big or bigger than a round trencher; to the top of this turf, on the green side, you shall, with a needle and green thread, fasten, one by one, as many little red worms as will near cover all the turf: then take a round board or trencher, make a hole in the middle thereof, and through the turf, placed on the board or trencher, with a string or cord as long as is fitting, tied to a pole, let it down to the bottom of the water, for the fish to feed upon without disturbance about two or three days; and after that you have drawn it away, you may fall to, and enjoy your former recreation.*—B. A.

CHAPTER XI.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE TENCH, AND ADVICE HOW TO ANGLE FOR HIM.



THE TENCH — *Cyprinus Tinca.* — *LINNÆUS.*

Piscator. THE Tench, the physician of fishes, is observed to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than

* The haunts of the Bream, a fish which the angler seldom meets with, are the deepest and broadest parts of gentle soft streams, with sandy, clayey bottoms; and the broadest and most quiet places of ponds, and where there are weeds.

They spawn about the beginning of July; a little before which time they are best in season, though some think them best in September.

The baits for the Bream are red-worms, small lob or marsh-worms, gentles, and grasshoppers.

In general, they are to be fished for as Carp.

either: yet Camden observes, there is a river in Dorsetshire that abounds with Tenches, but doubtless they retire to the most deep and quiet places in it.

This fish hath very large fins, very small and smooth scales, a red circle about his eyes, which are big and of a gold colour, and from either angle of his mouth there hangs down a little barb. In every Tench's head there are two little stones which foreign physicians make great use of, but he is not commended for wholesome meat, though there be very much use made of them for outward applications. Rondeletius says, that at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a Tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner, by certain Jews. And it is observed that many of those people have many secrets yet unknown to Christians; secrets that have never yet been written, but have been, since the days of their Solomon, who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the shrub, delivered by tradition, from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation, without writing; or, unless it were casually, without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe; for to do that they account a profanation. And, yet, it is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us that lice swallowed alive were a certain cure for the yellow jaundice. This, and many other medicines, were discovered by them, or by revelation; for, doubtless, we attained them not by study.*

Well, this fish, besides his eating, is very useful, both dead and alive, for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that—my honest humble art teaches no such boldness: there are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with them any farther than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, (for I hope I may be so bold,) that the Tench is the physician of fishes, for the Pike especially; and that the Pike being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the Tench.† And it is observed that the tyrant Pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him, though he be never so hungry.

This fish, that carries a natural balsam in him to cure both himself and others, loves yet to feed in very foul water, and amongst weeds. And yet, I am sure, he eats pleasantly, and, doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him. And I shall therefore proceed to give you some few, and but a few,

† This must be quite a fancy. — J.R.

directions how to catch this fish, of which I have given you these observations.

He will bite at a paste made of brown bread and honey, or at a Marsh-worm or a Lob-worm; he inclines very much to any paste with which tar is mixed, and he will bite also at a smaller worm, with his head nipped off, and a Cod-worm put on the hook before that worm. And I doubt not but that he will also, in the three hot months, (for in the nine colder he stirs not much,) bite at a Flag-worm, or at a green Gentle; but can positively say no more of the Tench,* he being a fish that I have not often angled for; but I wish my honest scholar may, and be ever fortunate, when he fishes.

CHAPTER XII.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE PERCH, AND DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.

Piscator. THE Perch is a very good, and a very bold biting fish. He is one of the fishes of prey that, like the Pike and

* The haunts of the Tench are nearly the same with those of the Carp. They delight more in ponds than in rivers, and lie under weeds, near sluices, and at pond heads.

They spawn about the beginning of July, and are best in season from the beginning of September to the end of May. They will bite all the hot months, but are taken best in April and May.

There are no better baits for this fish than a middle sized lob-worm, or

Trout, carries his teeth in his mouth, which is very large: and he dare venture to kill and devour several other kinds of fish. He has a hooked, or hog back, which is armed with sharp and stiff bristles, and all his skin armed or covered over with thick dry hard scales, and hath, which few other fish have, two fins on his back. He is so bold that he will invade one of his own kind, which the Pike will not do so willingly;* and you may therefore easily believe him to be a bold biter.

"The Perch is of great esteem in Italy," saith Aldrovandus: "and especially the least are there esteemed a dainty dish." And Gesner prefers the Perch and Pike above the Trout, or any fresh water fish: he says the Germans have this proverb, "More wholesome than a Perch of Rhine:" and he says the river Perch is so wholesome that physicians allow him to be eaten by wounded men, or by men in fevers, or by women in childbed.

He spawns but once a-year; and is, by physicians, held very nutritive; yet, by many, to be hard of digestion. "They abound more in the river Po, and in England," says Rondeletius, "than other parts; and have in their brain a stone, which is, in foreign parts, sold by apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinable against the stone in the reins.† These be a part of the commendations which some philosophical brains have bestowed upon the fresh water Perch: yet they commend the sea Perch, which is known by having but one fin on his back, (of which they say we English see but a few,) to be a much better fish.

The Perch grows slowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almost two feet long; for an honest informer told me, such a one was not long since taken by Sir Abraham Williams, a gentleman of worth, and a brother of the angle, that yet lives, and I wish he may: this was a deep-bodied fish, and doubtless durst have devoured a Pike of half his own length. For I have told you, he is a bold fish; such a one as, but for extreme hunger, the Pike will not devour. For to affright the Pike, and save himself, the Perch will set

red-worm, well scoured, a gentle, a young wasp grub boiled, or a green-worm shook from the boughs of trees.

Use a strong grass, or gut, and a goose-quill float without a cork, except in rivers, where the cork is always to be preferred.

Fish very near the ground. And if you bait with gentles, throw in a few at the taking every fish, which will draw them to your hook, and keep them together.

* This I think is extremely doubtful; for all voracious fishes, like the Pike, seem to make no distinction between their own species and others, devouring all alike. — J. R.

† This fancy must have originated in resemblances, by which the yellow bark of barberry was prescribed for jaundice, and the roots of the little celandine for piles. — J. R.

up his fins, much like as a turkey cock will sometimes set up his tail.

But, my scholar, the Perch is not only valiant to defend himself, but he is, as I said, a bold biting fish: yet he will not bite at all seasons of the year; he is very abstemious in winter, yet will bite then in the midst of the day, if it be warm: and note, that all fish bite best about the midst of a warm day in winter. And he hath been observed, by some, not usually to bite till the mulberry tree buds; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring; for, when the mulberry tree blossoms, many gardeners observe their forward fruit to be past the danger of frosts; and some have made the like observations of the Perch's biting.

But bite the Perch will, and that very boldly. And, as one has wittily observed, if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be, at one standing, all catched one after another; they being, as he says, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary Pike, but love to accompany one another, and march together in troops.

And the baits for this bold fish are not many: I mean, he will bite as well at some, or at any of these three, as at any or all others whatsoever,—a worm, a minnow, or a little frog, (of which you may find many in hay time.) And of worms, the dunghill worm called a brandling I take to be best, being well scoured in moss and fennel; or he will bite at a worm that lies under cow dung, with a bluish head. And if you rove for a Perch with a minnow, then it is best to be alive, you sticking your hook through his back fin; or a minnow with the hook in his upper lip, and letting him swim up and down, about mid-water, or a little lower, and you still keeping him to about that depth by a cork, which ought not to be a very little one. And the like way you are to fish for the Perch with a small frog, your hook being fastened through the skin of his leg, towards the upper part of it: and lastly, I will give you but this advice, that you give the Perch time enough when he bites; for there was scarce ever any angler that has given him too much.* And

* Although Perch, like Trout, delight in clear swift rivers, with pebbly, gravelly bottoms, they are often found in sandy, clayey soils: they love a moderately deep water, and frequent holes by the sides of or near little streams, and the hollows under banks.

The Perch spawns about the beginning of March: the best time of the year to angle for him is from the beginning of May till the end of June, yet you may continue to fish for him till the end of September; he is best taken in cloudy windy weather, and, as some say, from seven to ten in the forenoon, and from two to seven in the afternoon.

Other baits for the Perch are loaches, miller's thumbs, sticklebacks, small lob and marsh and red-worms, well scoured; horse beans boiled, cad-bait, oak-worms, bobs, and gentles.

Many of these fish are are taken in the rivers about Oxford; and the

now I think best to rest myself, for I have almost spent my spirits with talking so long.

Venator. Nay, good master, one fish more! for you see it rains still; and you know our angles are like money put to usury, — they may thrive, though we sit still, and do nothing but talk and enjoy one another. Come, come, the other fish, good master!

Piscator. But, scholar, have you nothing to mix with this discourse, which now grows most tedious and tiresome? Shall I have nothing from you, that seem to have both a good memory and a cheerful spirit?

Venator. Yes, master! I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Doctor Donne, and made to shew the world that he could make soft and smooth verses, when he thought smoothness worth his labour; and I love them the better, because they allude to rivers, and fish, and fishing. They be these: —

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun;
And there the enamell'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen beest loth,
By sun or moon, thou darkenest both;
And if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

author of the "*Angler's Sure Guide*" says, he once saw the figure of a Perch, drawn with a pencil on the door of a house near that city, which was twenty-nine inches long; and was informed it was the true dimensions of a living Perch. — *Angler's Sure Guide*, p. 155.

The largest Perch are taken with a minnow, hooked with a good hold through the back fin, or rather through the upper lip; for the Perch, by reason of the figure of his mouth, cannot take the bait crosswise, as the Pike will. When you fish thus, use a large cork float, and lead your line about nine inches from the bottom, otherwise the minnow will come to the top of the water; but in the ordinary way of fishing, let your bait hang within about six inches from the ground.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snare or windowy net;

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest;
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
To 'witch poor wandering fishes' eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait:
That fish that is not catch'd thereby
Is wiser far, alas, than I.

Piscator. Well remembered, honest scholar. I thank you for these choice verses, which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot, till they were recovered by your happy memory. Well, being I have now rested myself a little, I will make you some requital, by telling you some observations of the Eel, for it rains still; and because, as you say, our angles* are as money put to use, that thrives when we play, therefore we 'll sit still, and enjoy ourselves a little longer under this honeysuckle hedge.

CHAPTER XIII.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE EEL, AND OTHER FISH THAT WANT SCALES, AND HOW TO FISH FOR THEM.

EEL — *Anguilla vulgaris.* — LINNÆUS.

Piscator. IT is agreed by most men, that the Eel is a most dainty fish: the Romans have esteemed her the Helena of their feasts, and some the queen of palate pleasure. But most men

* "Angles" literally mean hooks, but here the word seems to imply the whole fishing tackle. — J. R.

differ about their breeding: some say they breed by generation, as other fish do; and others, that they breed, as some worms do, of mud; as rats and mice, and many other living creatures, are bred in Egypt, by the sun's heat, when it shines upon the overflowing of the river Nilus; or out of the putrefaction of the earth, and divers other ways.* Those that deny them to breed by generation, as other fish do, ask, If any man ever saw an Eel to have a spawn or melt? And they are answered, that they may be as certain of their breeding as if they had seen them spawn; for they say, that they are certain that Eels have all parts fit for generation, like other fish,† but so small as not to be easily discerned, by reason of their fatness; but that discerned they may be; and that the he and the she Eel may be distinguished by their fins. And Rondeletius says, he has seen Eels cling together like dew-worms.

And others say that Eels, growing old, breed other Eels out of the corruption of their own age, which, Sir Francis Bacon says, exceeds not ten years. And others say, that as pearls are made of glutinous dew-drops, which are condensed by the sun's heat in those countries, so Eels are bred of a particular dew, falling in the months of May or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers, apted by nature for that end, which in a few days are, by the sun's heat, turned into Eels; and some of the ancients have called the Eels that are thus bred the offspring of Jove. I have seen, in the beginning of July, in a river not far from Canterbury, some parts of it covered over with young Eels, about the thickness of a straw, and these Eels did lie on the top of that water, as thick as motes are said to be in the sun; and I have heard the like of other rivers, as namely, in Severn, where they are called Yelvers; and in a pond, or mere, near unto Staffordshire, where, about a set time in summer, such small Eels abound so much, that many of the poorer sort of people that inhabit near to it, take such Eels out of this mere with sieves or sheets, and make a kind of Eel-cake of them, and eat it like as bread. And Gesner quotes venerable Bede, to say, that in England there is an island called Ely, by reason of the innumerable number of Eels that breed in it. But that Eels may be bred as some worms, and some kind of bees and wasps are, either of dew, or out of the corruption of the earth, seems to be made probable by the barnacles and young goslings bred by the sun's heat and the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees; both which are related for

* This absurdity appears to have been implicitly believed by Walton. —J. R.

† That fishes are furnished with parts fit for generation cannot be doubted, since it is a common practice to castrate them. See the method of doing it in *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xlviii. part ii. for the year 1754, page 870.

truths by Du Bartas and Lobel, and also by our learned Camden, and laborious Gerard, in his Herbal.*

It is said by Rondeletius, that those Eels that are bred in rivers that relate to, or be nearer to the sea, never return to the fresh water, (as the Salmon does always desire to do,) when they have once tasted the salt water; and I do the more easily believe this, because I am certain that powdered beef is a most excellent bait to catch an Eel. And though Sir Francis Bacon will allow the Eel's life to be but ten years, yet he, in his *History of Life and Death*, mentions a Lamprey, belonging to the Roman emperor, to be made tame, and so kept for almost threescore years; and that such useful and pleasant observations were made of this Lamprey, that Crassus the orator, who kept her, lamented her death. And we read in Dr Hakewill, that Hortensius was seen to weep at the death of a Lamprey that he had kept long, and loved exceedingly. †

It is granted by all, or most men, that Eels, for about six months—that is to say, the six cold months of the year—stir not up and down, neither in the rivers, nor in the pools in which they usually are, but get into the soft earth, or mud; and there many of them together bed themselves, and live without feeding upon any thing, as I have told you some swallows have been observed to do in hollow trees, for those cold six months.‡

* All this, though according to the belief of that age, is utterly impossible and absurd. The controversy, however, about the breeding of the Eel seems scarcely yet settled, Sir E. Home maintaining that they are hermaphrodite, like the earth-worm; and M. Bony, that they are like serpents, male and female.—J. R.

† The author has previously cited from Pliny an instance of the fondness of Antonia, a woman, for a tame Lamprey, which the tenderness of her sex might perhaps excuse; but the sagacity and docility of these creatures seem less wonderful than the weakness of such men as Crassus and Hortensius, in becoming mourners for the death of an Eel.

The former of these two persons was, for this his pusillanimity, reproached in the senate of Rome by Domitius, in these words: "Foolish Crassus! you wept for your Murena," [or Lamprey.] "That is more," retorted Crassus, "than you did for your two wives."—Lord Bacon's *Apophthegms*.

‡ It is now well ascertained that swallows do not, and cannot, live under water amongst mud; and though Eels could so live, they prefer wintering in the sea. This is so well known in famous Eel rivers, such as the Ban, which flows out of Loch Neagh into the sea, near Coleraine, that there is a highly lucrative fishery established to take the Eels in their autumnal run to the sea. There they breed, and the young Eels come up the river from the sea early in summer;

I once myself witnessed this return of the young Eels, on the 13th of May. The river Clyde was embrowned at the time in consequence of a recent fall of rain, which may have partly induced them to continue running after sunrise. Their line of march, if I may call it so, was about a foot or more from the edge of the bank, with which they kept nearly parallel, and their column might be about six inches broad. The Eels themselves were all of one size, about as thick as a crow quill, and about three inches long. They kept so closely together, that there might be, I should suppose, some hundreds in a foot's length of the column. What was no less singular, the column itself appeared, in its whole extent, to be

And this the Eel and Swallow do, as not being able to endure winter weather; for Gesner quotes Albertus to say, "That in the year 1125, (that year's winter being more cold than usually,) Eels did, by nature's instinct, get out of the water into a stack of hay in a meadow upon dry ground,* and there bedded themselves; but yet, at last, a frost killed them." And our Camden relates, that, in Lancashire, fishes were digged out of the earth with spades, where no water was near to the place.† I shall say little more of the Eel, but that, as it is observed he is impatient of cold, so it hath been observed that, in warm weather, an Eel has been known to live five days out of the water.

And lastly, let me tell you, that some curious searchers into the natures of fish observe, that there be several sorts, or kinds of Eels; as the silver Eel, and green, or greenish Eel, with which the river of Thames abounds, and those are called Grigs; and a blackish Eel, whose head is more flat and bigger than ordinary Eels; and also an Eel whose fins are reddish, and but seldom taken in this nation, and yet taken sometimes. These several kinds of Eels are, say some, diversely bred: as, namely, out of the corruption of the earth, and some by dew, and other ways, as I have said to you: and yet it is affirmed by some for a certain, that the silver Eel is bred by generation, but not by spawning, as other fish do; but that her brood come alive from her, being then little live Eels, no bigger nor longer than a pin; and I have had too many testimonies of this, to doubt the truth of it myself; and if I thought it needful, I might prove it, but I think it is needless.

And this Eel, of which I have said so much to you, may be caught with divers kinds of baits: as, namely, with powdered beef; with a lob or garden worm; with a minnow; or gut of a hen, chicken, or the guts of any fish; or with almost any thing, for he is a greedy fish.‡ But the Eel may be caught,

of uniform breadth, as if it had been regulated by the parallel lines of a mathematician. The length of this column I had no means of ascertaining, but it must have been considerable, as I traced it for more than half a mile; and during several hours which I observed it, the run continued undiminished, and proceeded at a velocity, as nearly as I could estimate by the eye, of half a mile or more in the hour. The whole column must have consisted of countless millions of Eels.—J. R.

* Dr Plot, in his *History of Staffordshire*, page 242, mentions certain waters, and a pool, that were stocked by Eels that had from waters they liked not travelled "in arido," or over dry land, to these other.

† Camden's relation is to this effect, viz. "That, at a place called Sefton, in the above county, upon turning up the turf, men find a black deadish water with small fishes therein." *Britannia, Lancashire.* Fuller, who also reports this strange fact, humorously says, "That the men of this place go a-fishing with spades and mattocks; adding, that fishes are thus found in the country about Heraclea and Tius, in Pontus."—*Worthies, in Lancashire*, 107.

‡ To this truth I myself can bear witness. When I dwelt at Twickenham, a large canal adjoined to my house, which I stocked with fish. I had

especially, with a little, a very little Lamprey, which some call a Pride, and may, in the hot months, be found many of them in the river Thames, and in many mud heaps in other rivers; yea, almost as usually as one finds worms in a dunghill.

Next note, that the Eel seldom stirs in the day, but then hides himself; and, therefore, he is usually caught by night, with one of these baits of which I have spoken; and may be then caught by laying hooks, which you are to fasten to the bank, or twigs of a tree; or by throwing a string across the stream, with many hooks at it, and those baited with the aforesaid baits; and a clod, or plummet, or stone, thrown into the river with this line, that so you may in the morning find it near to some fixed place; and then take it up with a drag-hook, or otherwise.* But these things are, indeed, too common to be spoken of; and an hour's fishing with any angler will teach you better, both for these and many other common things in the practical part of angling, than a week's discourse. I shall therefore conclude this direction for taking the Eel, by telling you, that in a warm day in summer I have taken many a good Eel by snigling, and have been much pleased with that sport.

And because you, that are but a young angler, know not what snigling is, I will now teach it to you. You remember, I told you, that Eels do not usually stir in the day time; for then they hide themselves under some covert; or under boards, or planks, about floodgates, or weirs, or mills; or in holes on the river banks: so that you, observing your time in a warm day, when the water is lowest, may take a strong small hook, tied to a strong line, or to a string about a yard long; and then into one of these holes, or between any boards about a mill, or under any great stone, or plank, or any place where you think an Eel may hide, or shelter herself, you may, with the help of a short stick, put in your bait, but leisurely, and as far as you may conveniently; and it is scarce to be doubted, but if there be an Eel within the sight of it, the Eel will bite instantly, and as certainly gorge it; and you need not doubt to have him if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees; for he, lying folded double in his hole, will, with the help of his tail, break all, unless you give him time to be

from time to time broods of ducks, which, with their young ones, took to the water. One dry summer, when the canal was very low, we missed many young ducks, but could not find out how they went. Resolving to take advantage of the lowness of the water to clean the canal, a work which had not been done for thirty years before, I drained and emptied it, and found in the mud a great number of large Eels. Some of them I reserved for the use of my family; which being opened by the cook surprised us all; for in the stomachs of several of them were found, undigested, the necks and heads of young ducks, which, doubtless, were those of the ducks we had missed.

* This method will succeed with Trout and other fish besides Eels; but the genuine angler will not hold this to be good sport. — J. R.

wearied with pulling; and so get him out by degrees, not pulling too hard.

And to commute for your patient hearing this long direction, I shall next tell you how to make this Eel a most excellent dish of meat.

First, wash him in water and salt; then pull off his skin below his vent, or navel, and not much farther: having done that, take out his guts as clean as you can, but wash him not; then give him three or four scotches with a knife; and then put into his belly and those scotches sweet herbs, an anchovy, and a little nutmeg, grated or cut very small; and your herbs and anchovies must also be cut very small, and mixed with good butter and salt: having done this, then pull his skin over him, all but his head, which you are to cut off, to the end you may tie his skin about that part where his head grew, and it must be so tied as to keep all his moisture within his skin: and having done this, tie him with tape, or packthread, to a spit, and roast him leisurely; and baste him with water and salt till his skin breaks, and then with butter; and having roasted him enough, let what was put into his belly, and what he drips, be his sauce.* S. F.

When I go to dress an Eel thus, I wish he were as long and big as that which was caught in Peterborough river, in the year 1667, which was a yard and three quarters long. If you will not believe me, then go and see at one of the coffeehouses in King Street, in Westminster.

But now let me tell you, that though the Eel, thus dressed, be not only excellent good, but more harmless than any other way, yet it is certain that physicians account the Eel dangerous meat; I will advise you, therefore, as Solomon says of honey, Prov. xxv. "Hast thou found it, eat no more than is sufficient, lest thou surfeit; for it is not good to eat much honey." And let me add this, that the uncharitable Italian bids us "give Eels, and no wine to our enemies."

And I will beg a little more of your attention, to tell you, that Aldrovandus, and divers physicians, commend the Eel very much for medicine, though not for meat. But let me tell you one observation, that the Eel is never out of season, as Trouts, and most other fish are at set times; at least, most Eels are not.†

* In the north of Ireland, they roast Eels as the English cottager roasts his mutton, by hanging it to a stout well-twisted worsted thread, so as to turn before the fire. — J. R.

† The haunts of the Eel are, weeds, under roots, stumps of trees, holes, and clefts of the earth, both in the banks and at the bottom, and in the plain mud, where they lie with only their heads out, watching for prey. They are also found under great stones, old timber, about flood-gates, weirs, bridges, and old mills. They delight in still waters, and in those

I might here speak of many other fish, whose shape and nature are much like the Eel, and frequent both the sea and that are foul and muddy; though the smaller Eels are to be met with in all sorts of rivers and soils.

Although the manner in which Eels, and indeed all fish, are generated, is sufficiently settled, as appears by the foregoing notes, there yet remains a question undecided by naturalists; and that is, Whether the Eel be an *ovipurous* or a *viviparous* fish? Walton inclines to the latter opinion. The following relation from Bowlker may go near to determine the question: —

"Being acquainted with an elderly woman, who had been wife to a miller near fifty years, and much employed in dressing of Eels, I asked her if she had ever found any spawn or eggs in those Eels she opened? She said she had never observed any; but that she had sometimes found living Eels in them, about the bigness of a small needle; and particularly, that she once took out ten or twelve, and put them upon the table, and found them to be alive, which was confirmed to me by the rest of the family. The time of the year when this happened was, as they informed me, about a fortnight or three weeks after Michaelmas; which makes me of opinion that they go down to the sea, or salt water, to prepare themselves for the work of propagating and producing their young. To this I must add another observation of the same nature, that was made by a gentleman of fortune, not far from Ludlow, and in the commission of the peace for the county of Salop; who going to visit a gentleman, his friend, was shewn a very fine large Eel that was going to be dressed, about whose sides and belly he observed a parcel of little creeping things, which at first made him suspect it had been kept too long; but, upon nearer inspection, they were found to be perfect little Eels, or Elvers: upon this, it was immediately opened in the sight of several other gentlemen, and in the belly of it they found a lump about as big as a nutmeg, consisting of an infinite number of those little creatures, closely wrapt up together, which, being put into a basin of water, soon separated, and swam about the basin. This he has often told to several gentlemen of credit in his neighbourhood, from some of whom I first received this account: but I have lately had the satisfaction of having it from his own mouth; and therefore I think this may serve to put the matter out of all doubt, and may be sufficient to prove that Eels are of the viviparous kind."

Taking it for granted, then, that Eels do not spawn, all we have to say in this place is, that though, as our author tells us, they are never out of season, yet as some say, they are best in winter, and worst in May. And it is to be noted of Eels, that the longer they live, the better they are. — *Angler's Sure Guide*, p. 164.

Of baits for the Eel, the best are lob-worms, loach, Minnows, small Pope, or Perch, with the fins cut off; pieces of any fish, especially Bleak, as being very lucid; with which I have taken very large ones.

As the angling for Eels is no very pleasant amusement, and is always attended with great trouble and the risk of tackle; many, while they angle for other fish, lay lines for the Eel, which they tie to weeds, flags, &c. with marks to find them by. Or, you may take a long packthread line, with a leaden weight at the end, and hooks looped on at a yard distance from each other: fasten one end to the flags, or on the shore, and throw the lead out, and let the line lie some time. And in this way you may probably take a Pike.

The river Kennet in Berkshire, the Stour in Dorsetshire, Irk in Lancashire, and Ankham in Lincolnshire, are famed for producing excellent Eels; the latter to so great a degree, as to give rise to the following proverbial rhyme:

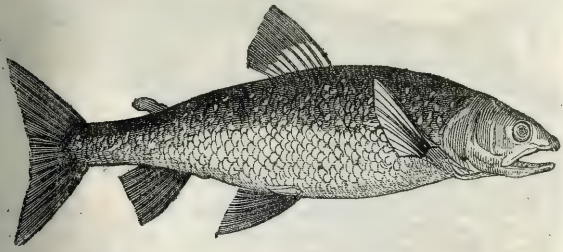
Ankham Eel, and Witham Pike,
In all England is none like.

But it is said, there are no Eels superior in goodness to those taken in the head of the New River near Islington; and I myself have seen Eels caught there with a rod and line, of a very large size.

fresh rivers; as, namely, the Lamprel, the Lamprey, and the Lamperne: as also of the mighty Conger, taken often in Severn, about Gloucester: and might also tell in what high esteem many of them are for the curiosity of their taste. But these are not so proper to be talked of by me, because they make us anglers no sport; therefore I will let them alone, as the Jews do, to whom they are forbidden by their law.

And, scholar, there is also a Flounder, a sea-fish which will wander very far into fresh rivers, and there lose himself and dwell, and thrive to a hand's breadth, and almost twice so long; a fish without scales, and most excellent meat, and a fish that affords much sport to the angler, with any small worm, but especially a little bluish worm, gotten out of marsh ground or meadows, which should be well scoured.* But this, though it be most excellent meat, yet it wants scales, and is, as I told you, therefore an abomination to the Jews.

But, scholar, there is a fish that they in Lancashire boast very much of, called a Char; taken there, (and I think there only,†) in a mere called Winander Mere; "a mere," says Camden, "that is the largest in this nation, being ten miles in length, and, some say, as smooth in the bottom as if it were paved with polished marble."



This fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and is spotted like a Trout, and has scarce a bone but on the

* The taking Flounders with a rod and line is a thing so accidental, that it is hardly worth the mention. The same may be said of Smelts, which, in the Thames, and other great rivers, are caught with a bit of any small fish, but chiefly of their own species. In the month of August, about the year 1720, such vast quantities of Smelts came up the Thames, that women, and even children, became anglers for them; and, as I have been told by persons who well remember it, in one day, between London bridge and Greenwich, not fewer than two thousand persons were thus employed.

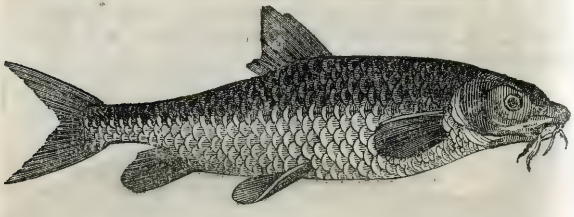
† This is not correct; for the Char, of which there are two species, is found in several of our lakes. I have dined deliciously on those caught in Buttermere in Cumberland.—J. R.

back. But this, though I do not know whether it make the angler sport, yet I would have you take notice of it, because it is a rarity, and of so high esteem with persons of great note.

Nor would I have you ignorant of a rare fish called a Guiniad, of which I shall tell you what Camden and others speak. The river Dee, which runs by Chester, springs in Merionethshire; and, as it runs toward Chester, it runs through Pemble-Mere, which is a large water: and it is observed, that though the river Dee abounds with Salmon, and Pemble-Mere with the Guiniad, yet there is never any Salmon caught in the mere, nor a Guiniad in the river.* And now my next observation shall be of the Barbel.

CHAPTER XIV.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE BARBEL, AND DIRECTIONS HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.



BARBEL. — *Cyprinus Barbus.* — *LINNÆUS.*

Piscator. THE Barbel is so called, says Gesner, by reason of his barb, or wattles, at his mouth, which are under his nose, or chaps. He is one of those leather-mouthed fishes that I told you of, that does very seldom break his hold if he be once hooked: but he is so strong, that he will often break both rod and line, if he proves to be a big one.

But the Barbel, though he be of a fine shape, and looks big, yet he is not accounted the best fish to eat, neither for his wholesomeness nor his taste; but the male is reputed much better than the female, whose spawn is very hurtful, as I will presently declare to you.

They flock together like sheep, and are at the worst in April, about which time they spawn; but quickly grow to be in

* This, though generally true, does not hold always. — J. R.

season. He is able to live in the strongest swifts of the water; and in summer, they love the shallowest and sharpest streams; and love to lurk under weeds, and to feed on gravel, against a rising ground, and will root and dig in the sands with his nose like a hog, and there nests himself; yet sometimes he retires to deep and swift bridges, or floodgates, or weirs, where he will nest himself amongst piles, or hollow places; and take such hold of moss or weeds, that be the water never so swift, it is not able to force him from the place that he contends for. This is his constant custom in summer, when he and most living creatures sport themselves in the sun: but at the approach of winter, then he forsakes the swift streams and shallow waters, and by degrees retires to those parts of the river that are quiet and deeper, in which places, and I think about that time, he spawns; and, as I have formerly told you, with the help of the melter, hides his spawn, or eggs, in holes, which they both dig in the gravel: and then they mutually labour to cover it with the same sand, to prevent it from being devoured by other fish.

There be such store of this fish in the river Danube, that Rondeletius says, they may, in some places of it, and in some months of the year, be taken by those who dwell near to the river, with their hands, eight or ten load at a time. He says they begin to be good in May, and that they cease to be so in August: but it is found to be otherwise in this nation. But thus far we agree with him, that the spawn of a Barbel, if it be not poison, as he says, yet that it is dangerous meat, and especially in the month of May; which is so certain, that Gesner and Gasius declare it had an ill effect upon them, even to the endangering of their lives.*

This fish is of a fine cast and handsome shape, with small scales, which are placed after a most exact and curious manner; and, as I told you, may be rather said not to be ill, than to be good meat. The Chub and he have, I think, both lost part of their credit by ill cookery, they being reputed the worst, or coarsest, of fresh water fish. But the Barbel affords an angler choice sport, being a lusty and a cunning fish—so lusty and cunning as to endanger the breaking of the angler's line, by running his head forcibly towards any covert, or hole, or bank,

* Though the spawn of the Barbel is known to be of a poisonous nature, yet it is often taken by country people medicinally, who find it at once a most powerful emetic and cathartic. And, notwithstanding what is said of the wholesomeness of the flesh, with some constitutions it produces the same effects as the spawn. About the month of September, in the year 1754, a servant of mine, who had eaten part of a Barbel, though, as I had cautioned him, he abstained from the spawn, was seized with such a violent purging and vomiting, as had like to have cost him his life.—H.

The same is true of most fish, more particularly sea fish, which are at times found to become poisonous; but the cause has never been discovered.—J. R.

and then striking at the line, to break it off, with his tail, as is observed by Plutarch in his book, *De industria Animalium;* and also so cunning, to nibble and suck off your worm close to the hook, and yet avoid the letting the hook come into his mouth.

The Barbel is also curious for his baits; that is to say, that they be clean and sweet; that is to say, to have your worms well scoured, and not kept in sour and musty moss, for he is a curious feeder: but at a well scoured lob-worm he will bite as boldly as at any bait, and especially if, the night or two before you fish for him, you shall bait the places where you intend to fish for him, with big worms cut into pieces.* And note, that none did ever over-bait the place, nor fish too early or too late for a Barbel. And the Barbel will bite also at gentles, which, not being too much scoured, but green, are a choice bait for him: and so is cheese, which is not to be too hard, but kept a day or two in a wet linen cloth, to make it tough: with this you may also bait the water a day or two before you fish for the Barbel, and be much the likelier to catch store; and if the cheese were laid in clarified honey a short time before, as namely, an hour or two, you were still the likelier to catch fish. Some have directed to cut the cheese into thin pieces, and toast it, and then tie it on the hook with fine silk. And some advise to fish for the Barbel with sheep's tallow and soft cheese, beaten or worked into a paste; and that it is choicely good in August; and I believe it. But, doubtless, the lob-worm well scoured, and the gentle not too much scoured, and cheese ordered as I have directed, are baits enough, and I think will serve in any month; though I shall commend any angler that tries conclusions, and is industrious to improve the art. And now, my honest scholar, the long shower, and my tedious discourse are both ended together: and I shall give you but this observation, that when you fish for a Barbel, your rod and line be both long and of good strength; for, as I told you, you will find him a heavy and a dogged fish to be dealt withal; yet he seldom or never breaks his hold, if he be once strucken. And if you would know more of fishing for the Umber, or Barbel,† get into favour with Dr Sheldon, whose skill is above

* Graves, (which are the sediment of tallow melted for the making of candles,) cut into pieces, are an excellent ground-bait for Barbel, Gudgeons, Roach, and many other fish, if thrown in the night before you angle.

† Of the haunts of the Barbel, the author has spoke sufficiently. Barbel spawn about the middle of April, and grow in season about a month after.

Baits for Barbel, other than what Walton has mentioned, are the young brood of wasps, hornets, and humble bees.

In fishing for him, use a very strong rod, and a silk line with a shot and a bullet, as directed for the Trout. Some use a cork float, which, if you

others; and of that, the poor that dwell about him have a comfortable experience.

And now let 's go and see what interest the Trouts will pay us for letting our angle-rods lie so long and so quietly in the water for their use. Come, scholar, which will you take up?

Venator. Which you think fit, master.

Piscator. Why, you shall take up that; for I am certain, by viewing the line, it has a fish at it. Look you, scholar! well done! Come, now, take up the other too: well, now you may tell my brother Peter, at night, that you have caught a leash of

do, be sure to fish as close to the bottom as possible, so as the bait does not touch the ground.

In angling for lesser fish, the angler will sometimes find it a misfortune to hook a Barbel; a fish so sullen that, with fine tackle, it is scarcely possible to land one twelve inches long.

A lover of angling told me the following story: — He was fishing in the river Lea, at the ferry called Jeremy's, and had hooked a large fish at the time when some Londoners, with their horses, were passing: they congratulated him on his success, and got out of the ferry-boat; but, finding the fish not likely to yield, mounted their horses and rode off. The fact was, that angling for small fish, his bait had been taken by a Barbel too big for the fisher to manage. Not caring to risk his tackle, by attempting to raise him, he hoped to tire him, and, to that end, suffered himself to be led (to use his own expression) as a blind man is by his dog, several yards up, and as many down the bank of the river, in short, for so many hours, that the horsemen above mentioned (who had been at Walthamstow, and dined) were returned; who, seeing him thus occupied, cried out, "What, master! another large fish?" — "No," says Piscator, "it is the very same." — "Nay," says one of them, "that can never be; for it is five hours since we crossed the river." And not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a less patient one would have done long before: he made one vigorous effort to land his fish, broke his tackle, and lost him.

Fishing for Barbel is, at best, but a dull recreation. They are a sullen fish, and bite but slowly. The angler drops in his bait; the bullet, at the bottom of the line, fixes it to one spot of the river. Tired with waiting for a bite, he generally lays down his rod, and, exercising the patience of a setting dog, waits till he sees the top of the rod move; then begins a struggle between him and the fish, which he calls his sport; and that being over, he lands his prize, fresh baits his hook, and lays in for another.

Living, some years ago, in a village on the banks of the Thames, I was used, in the summer months, to be much in a boat on the river. It chanced that, at Shepperton, where I had been for a few days, I frequently passed an elderly gentleman in his boat, who appeared to be fishing, at different stations, for Barbel. After a few salutations had passed between us, and we were become a little acquainted, I took occasion to inquire of him what diversion he had met with? "Sir," says he, "I have had but bad luck to-day, for I fish for Barbel, and you know they are not to be caught like Gudgeons." — "It is very true," answered I; "but what you want in tale, I suppose you make up by weight." — "Why, sir," says he, "that is just as it happens: it is true I like the sport, and love to catch fish, but my great delight is in going after them. I 'll tell you what, sir," continued he; "I am a man in years, and have used the sea all my life," (he had been an India captain,) "but I mean to go no more; and have bought that little house which you see there," (pointing to it,) "for the sake of fishing. I get into this boat," (which he was then mopping,) "on a Monday morning, and fish on till Saturday night, for Barbel, as I told you, for that is my delight; and this I have done for a month together, and in all that while have not had one bite."

Trouts this day. And now let's move towards our lodging, and drink a draught of red cow's milk as we go; and give pretty Maudlin and her honest mother a brace of Trouts for their supper.

Venator. Master, I like your motion very well; and I think it is now about milking-time; and yonder they be at it.

Piscator. God speed you, good woman! I thank you both for our songs last night: I and my companion have had such fortune a-fishing this day, that we resolve to give you and Maudlin a brace of Trouts for supper; and we will now taste a draught of your red cow's milk.

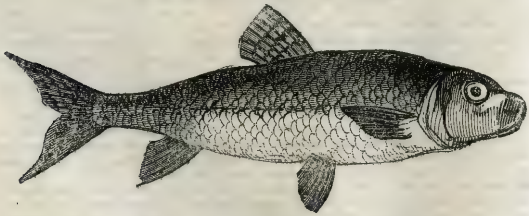
Milk-woman. Marry, and that you shall, with all my heart; and I will be still your debtor when you come this way. If you will but speak the word, I will make you a good syllabub of new verjuice; and then you may sit down in a haycock and eat it; and Maudlin shall sit by and sing you the good old song of the *Hunting in Chevy Chase*, or some other good ballad, for she hath good store of them. Maudlin, my honest Maudlin, hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing too good for you, because you be such honest men.

Venator. We thank you; and intend, once in a month, to call upon you again, and give you a little warning; and so, good night—good night, Maudlin. And now, good master, let's lose no time: but tell me somewhat more of fishing; and if you please, first, something of fishing for a Gudgeon.

Piscator. I will, honest scholar.

CHAPTER XV.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE GUDGEON, THE RUFFE, AND THE BLEAK; AND HOW TO FISH FOR THEM.

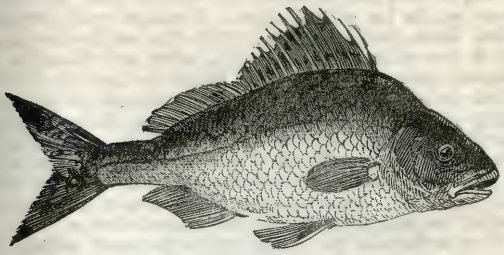


GUDGEON—*Cyprinus Gobio.*—LINNÆUS.

Piscator. THE Gudgeon is reputed a fish of excellent taste, and to be very wholesome. He is of a fine shape, of a silver

colour, and beautified with black spots both on his body and tail. He breeds two or three times in the year; and always in summer. He is commended for a fish of excellent nourishment. The Germans call him Groundling, by reason of his feeding on the ground; and he there feasts himself, in sharp streams, and on the gravel. He and the Barbel both feed so: and do not hunt for flies at any time, as most other fishes do. He is an excellent fish to enter a young angler, being easy to be taken with a small red worm, on or very near to the ground. He is one of those leather-mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat, and will hardly be lost from off the hook if he be once strucken.

They be usually scattered up and down every river in the shallows, in the heat of summer: but in autumn, when the weeds begin to grow sour or rot, and the weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper parts of the water; and are to be fished for there, with your hook always touching the ground, if you fish for him with a float, or with a cork. But many will fish for the Gudgeon by hand, with a running line upon the ground, without a cork, as a Trout is fished for; and it is an excellent way, if you have a gentle rod, and as gentle a hand.*



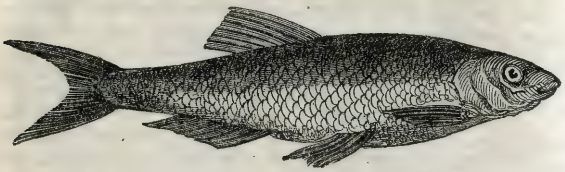
RUFFE-PERCH — *Perca Cornua.* — *LINNÆUS.*

There is also another fish called a Pope, and by some a Ruffe; a fish that is not known to be in some rivers: he is much like the Perch for his shape, and taken to be better than the Perch; but will not grow to be bigger than a Gudgeon. He is an excellent fish; no fish that swims is of a pleasanter taste. And he is also excellent to enter a young angler, for he is a greedy biter; and they will usually lie, abundance of them together, in one reserved place, where the water is deep, and

* In fishing for Gudgeons, have a rake; and every quarter of an hour rake the bottom of the river, and the fish will flock thither in shoals.

runs quietly; and an easy angler, if he has found where they lie, may catch forty or fifty, or sometimes twice so many, at a standing.

You must fish for him with a small red worm; and if you bait the ground with earth, it is excellent.



BLEAK — *Cyprinus Alburnus.* — *LINNÆUS.*

There is also a Bleak, or fresh water Sprat, a fish that is ever in motion, and therefore called by some the River Swallow; for just as you shall observe the swallow to be, most evenings in summer, ever in motion, making short and quick turns when he flies to catch flies, in the air, by which he lives; so does the Bleak at the top of the water. Ausonius would have him called Bleak, from his whitish colour: his back is of a pleasant sad or sea-water green; his belly, white and shining as the mountain snow. And doubtless, though he have the fortune, which virtue has in poor people, to be neglected, yet the Bleak ought to be much valued, though we want Allamot salt, and the skill that the Italians have, to turn them into anchovies. This fish may be caught with a Pater-noster line;* that is, six or eight very small hooks tied along the line, one half a foot above the other: I have seen five caught thus at one time, and the bait has been gentles, than which none is better.

Or this fish may be caught with a fine small artificial fly, which is to be of a very sad brown colour, and very small, and the hook answerable. There is no better sport than whipping for Bleaks in a boat, or on a bank, in the swift water, in a summer's evening, with a hazel top about five or six foot long, and a line twice the length of the rod. I have heard Sir Henry Wotton say, that there be many that in Italy will catch swallows so, or especially martins;† this bird-angler standing on the top of a steeple to do it, and with a line twice

* A rosary, or string of beads, is used by the Roman Catholic devotees, to assist them in numbering their pater-nosters, or prayers; a line with many hooks, at small distances from each other, though it little resembles a string of beads, is thence called a pater-noster line.

† This is a common practice in England also.

so long as I have spoken of. And let me tell you, scholar, that both martins and Bleaks be most excellent meat.

And let me tell you, that I have known a Hern, that did constantly frequent one place, caught with a hook baited with a big Minnow or a small Gudgeon. The line and hook must be strong: and tied to some loose staff, so big as she cannot fly away with it: a line not exceeding two yards.

CHAPTER XVI.

IS OF NOTHING; OR, THAT WHICH IS NOTHING WORTH.

Piscator. My purpose was to give you some directions concerning Roach and Dace, and some other inferior fish which make the angler excellent sport; for you know there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in eating her: but I will forbear, at this time, to say any more, because you see yonder come our brother Peter and honest Coridon. But I will promise you, that as you and I fish and walk to-morrow towards London, if I have now forgotten any thing that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, gentlemen; this is lucky that we meet so just together at this very door. Come, hostess, where are you? is supper ready? Come, first give us drink; and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well, brother Peter and Coridon, to you both! Come, drink; and then tell me what luck of fish: we two have caught but ten Trouts, of which my scholar caught three: look! here's eight; and a brace we gave away. We have had a most pleasant day for fishing and talking, and are returned home both weary and hungry; and now meat and rest will be pleasant.

Peter. And Coridon and I have not had an unpleasant day: and yet I have caught but five Trouts; for, indeed, we went to a good honest alehouse, and there we played at shovel-board half the day; all the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fished. And I am glad we are now with a dry house over our heads; for, hark! how it rains and blows. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and our supper with what haste you may: and when we have supped, let us have your song, Piscator; and the catch that your scholar promised us; or else Coridon will be dogged.

Piscator. Nay, I will not be worse than my word; you shall not want my song, and I hope I shall be perfect in it.

Venator. And I hope the like for my catch, which I have ready too: and therefore let's go merrily to supper, and then

have a gentle touch at singing and drinking; but the last with moderation.

Coridon. Come, now for your song; for we have fed heartily. Come, hostess, lay a few more sticks on the fire. And now, sing when you will.

Piscator. Well then, here's to you, Coridon; and now for my song:

Oh, the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many:
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora 's peeping,
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping:
Then we go
To and fro
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where, in a brook,
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take:
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too:
None do here
Use to swear:

Oaths do fray
Fish away:
We sit still,
And watch our quill;
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;
Where in a dike,
Perch or Pike,
Roach or Dace,
We do chase;
Bleak or Gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow:
Where we may
Think and pray
Before death
Stops our breath:
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.*

Jo. CHALKHILL.

* This, in its kind, is a good song. The following, taken from Cotton's *Poems*, 8vo. 1689, is to the same purpose, and well deserves a place here:

Away to the brook,
All your tackle out-look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing.
See that all things be right,
For 'twould be a spite
To want tools when a man goes a-fishing.

Your rod with tops two,
For the same will not do,
If your manner of angling you vary;
And full well may you think,
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

Then basket, neat made
By a master in's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle;
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain
Who a true brother was of the angle.

Next pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail,
With wax, crewels, silks, hair, furs, and feathers,
To make several flies,
For the several skies,
That shall kill in despite of all weathers.

Venator. Well sung, master! this day's fortune and pleasure, and this night's company and song, do all make me more more and more in love with angling. Gentlemen, my master

The boxes and books
For your lines and your hooks;
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your scissars and hone
To adjust your points on,
With a net to be sure of your landing.

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down and upward, that all may have pleasure,
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight
To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

The day 's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right
And all nature does seem to invite us
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.

On stream now, or still,
A large pannier we 'll fill,
Trout and Grayling to rise are so willing;
I dare venture to say,
'Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

Away, then, away,
We lose sport by delay;
But first, leave our sorrows behind us:
If Miss Fortune should come,
We are all gone from home,
And a-fishing she never can find us.

The angler is free
From the cares that degree
Finds itself with, so often, tormented;
And although we should slay
Each a hundred a-day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

And though we display
All our arts to betray
What were made for man's pleasure and diet,
Yet both princes and states
May for all our quaint baits,
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding than we have in giving.

While quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission:
For, though simple, we know,
That soft murmurs will grow
At the last, unto downright sedition.

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise,
That an angler to a fool is next neighbour:
Let him prate—what care we?
We 're as honest as he;
And so let him take that for his labour

left me alone for an hour this day; and I verily believe he retired himself from talking with me that he might be so perfect in this song: was it not, master?

Piscator. Yes, indeed, for it is many years since I learned it; and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of mine own invention, who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the song may testify: but of that I will say no more, lest you should think I mean, by discommending it, to beg your commendations of it. And therefore, without replications, let's hear your catch, scholar; which I hope will be a good one, for you are both musical, and have a good fancy to boot.

Venator. Marry, and that you shall; and as freely as I would have my honest master tell me some more secrets of fish and fishing, as we walk and fish towards London to-morrow. But, master, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me: that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many lawsuits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields: for I could there sit quietly; and, looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and ladysmocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May: these, and many other field flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily, of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my

We covet no wealth,
But the blessing of health,
And that greater, good conscience within us.
Such devotion we bring
To our God and our King,
That from either no offers can win us.

While we sit and fish,
We pray as we wish
For long life to our king, James the Second:
Honest anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play,
With the best of good subjects be reckon'd.

Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; or rather, they enjoy what the others possess and enjoy not: for anglers and meek, quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily expressed it:

Hail! bless'd estate of lowliness!
Happy enjoyments of such minds
As, rich in self contentedness,
Can, like the reeds, in roughest winds,
By yielding make that blow but small,
At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

There came also into my mind at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and an humble mind: they were written by Phineas Fletcher, * an excellent divine, and an excellent angler; and the author of excellent *Piscatory Eclogues*, in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind; and I wish mine to be like it.

* Phineas Fletcher was fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and the author of a fine allegorical poem, entitled the *Purple Island*, printed at Cambridge, with other of his poems, in 4to. 1633.

The innocence of angling, the delightful scenes with which it is conversant, and its associated pleasures of ease, retirement, and meditation, have been a motive to the introduction of a new species of eclogue, where fishers are actors, as shepherds are in the pastoral.

Of those who have attempted this kind of poetry, the above mentioned Mr Fletcher is one; and in the same volume with the *Purple Island* are several poems, which he calls *Piscatory Eclogues*, from whence the following passage is extracted:—

Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better were
To bide among the simple fisher swains!
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here,
Nor is our simple pleasure mix'd with pains:
Our sports begin with the beginning year,
In calms to pull the leaping fish to land;
In roughs to sing, and dance along the golden sand.

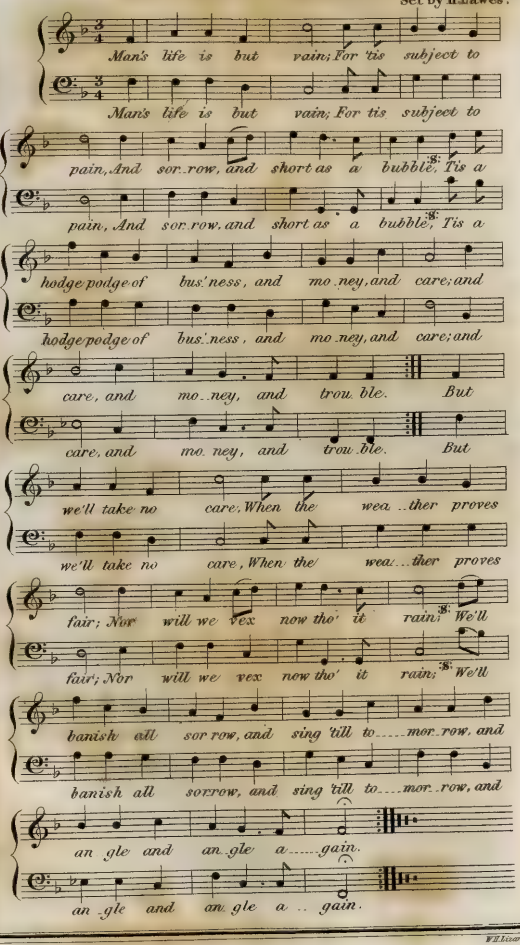
I have a pipe which once thou lovedst well,
(Was never pipe that gave a better sound,)
Which oft to hear, fair Thetis, from her cell—
Thetis, the queen of seas, attended round
With hundred nymphs, and many powers that dwell
In th' ocean's rocky walls—came up to hear,
And gave me gifts, which still for thee lie hoarded here.

Here, with sweet bays, the lovely myrtles grow,
Where the ocean's fair-cheek'd maidens oft repair;
Here, to my pipe, they danced on a row,
No other swain may come to note they're fair;
Yet my Amyntas there with me shall go.
Proteus himself pipes to his flocks hereby,
Whom thou shalt hear, ne'er seen by any jealous eye. — *Ec.* I.

And besides Mr Phineas Fletcher, a gentleman now living, (1784,) the Reverend Mr Moses Browne, has obliged the world with *Piscatory Eclogues*, which I would recommend to all lovers of poetry and angling; and I am much mistaken if the fifth of them, entitled *Rennock's Despair*, is not by far the best imitation of Milton's *Lycidas* that has ever yet appeared.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

Set by H. Lawes.


Man's life is but vain; For 'tis subject to
Man's life is but vain; For tis subject to
pain, And sor row, and short as a bubble, 'Tis a
pain, And sor row, and short as a bubble, 'Tis a
hodge podge of bus' ness, and mo ney, and care; and
hodge podge of bus' ness, and mo ney, and care; and
care, and mo ney, and trou ble. But
care, and mo ney, and trou ble. But
we'll take no care, When the wea ther proves
we'll take no care, When the wea ther proves
fair; Nor will we vex now tho' it rain; We'll
fair; Nor will we vex now tho' it rain; We'll
banish all sor row, and sing 'till to mor row, and
banish all sorrow, and sing 'till to mor row, and
an gle and an gle a gain.
an gle and an gle a gain.

W.H. Lizars sculp.

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright,
No begging wants his middle fortune bite,
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content;
The smooth leaved beeches in the field receive him,
With coolest shade, till noontide's heat be spent;
His life is neither toss'd in boisterous seas
Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease:
Pleased and full bless'd he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face;
His humble house or poor state ne'er torment him —
Less he could like, if less his God had lent him,
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him.

Gentlemen, these were a part of the thoughts that then possessed me. And I here made a conversion of a piece of an old catch,* and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us anglers. Come, master, you can sing well: you must sing a part of it, as it is in this paper.

Peter. I marry, sir, this is music indeed: this has cheered my heart, and made me to remember six verses in praise of music, which I will speak to you instantly:

Music! miraculous rhetoric, that speak'st sense
Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
With what ease might thy errors be excused,
Wert thou as truly loved as thou 'rt abused!
But though dull souls neglect, and some reprove thee,
I cannot hate thee, 'cause the angels love thee.

* The song here sung can in no sense of the word be termed a *catch*. It was probably set to music at the request of Walton, and is to be found in a book, entitled *Select Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three Voyces; to the Theorbo-lute, and Basse Viol.* By John Wilson and Charles Coleman, doctors of music, Henry Lawes, and others, fol. London, 1659. It occurs in the first edition of Walton's book, published in 1653.

At the time when Walton wrote, and long before, music was so generally well understood, that a man who had any voice or ear, was always supposed to be able to sing his part in a madrigal or song, at sight. Peacham requires of his gentleman, only to be able "to sing his part sure, and at the first sight; and withal, to play the same on the viol or lute."—*Compleat Gentleman*, 100. And Philomathes, in Morley's excellent *Introduction to Practical Music*, in folio, London 1597, thus complains, (at the banquet of master Sophobulus,) "Supper being ended, and music books, according to custom, being brought to table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing. But when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I could not, every one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of mine ignorance, I go nowe to seek out mine olde friend master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholar."

Venator. And the repetition of these last verses of music has called to my memory what Mr Edward Waller, a lover of the angle,* says of love and music:

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my life decay:
That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away:
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris, peace, or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

Piscator. Well remembered, brother Peter: these verses came seasonably, and we thank you heartily. Come, we will all join together, my host and all, and sing my scholar's catch over again; and then each man drink the other cup, and to bed; and thank God we have a dry house over our heads. — Well, now good night to every body.

Peter. And so say I.

Venator. And so say I.

Coridon. Good night to you all; and I thank you.

Piscator. Good morrow, brother Peter; and the like to you, honest Coridon. Come, my hostess says there is seven shillings

* As the author's concern for the honour of angling induced him to enumerate such persons of note as were lovers of that recreation, the reader will allow me to add Mr John Gay to the number. Any one who reads the first canto of his Georgic, entitled *Rural Sports*, and observes how beautifully and accurately he treats the subject of fly-fishing, would conclude the author a proficient: but that it was his chief amusement, I have been assured by an intimate friend of mine, who has frequently fished with him in the river Kennet, at Amesbury, in Wilts, the seat of his grace the Duke of Queensbury.

The reader will excuse the following addition to this note, for the sake of a beautiful description of the materials used in fly-making, which is quoted from the above mentioned poem.

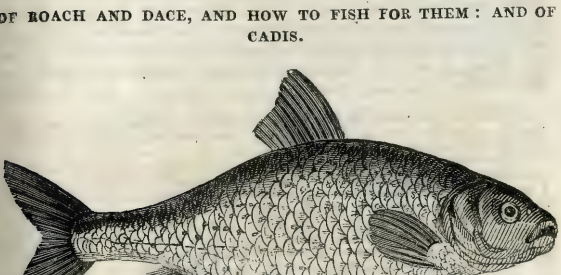
To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail;
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings;
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fisher's art:
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, of air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

to pay: let 's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings, that so my hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

Peter. The motion is liked by every body, and so, hostess, here 's your money; we anglers are all beholden to you; it will not be long ere I 'll see you again. And now, brother Piscator, I wish you, and my brother, your scholar, a fair day and good fortune. Come, Coridon, this is our way.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF ROACH AND DACE, AND HOW TO FISH FOR THEM: AND OF CADIS.



ROACH — *Cyprinus Rutilus.* — LINNÆUS.

Venator. GOOD master, as we go now towards London, be still so courteous as to give me more instructions: for I have several boxes in my memory, in which I will keep them all very safe, there shall not one of them be lost.

Piscator. Well, scholar, that I will: and I will hide nothing from you that I can remember, and can think may help you forward towards a perfection in this art. And because we have so much time, and I have said so little of Roach and Dace, I will give you some directions concerning them.

Some say the Roach is so called from *rutilus*, which they say signifies red fins. He is a fish of no great reputation for his dainty taste; and his spawn is accounted much better than any other part of him. And you may take notice, that as the Carp is

accounted the water-fox, for his cunning, so the Roach is accounted the water-sheep, for his simplicity, or foolishness. It is noted, that the Roach and Dace recover strength and grow in season in a fortnight after spawning; the Barbel and Chub in a month; the Trout in four months; and the Salmon in the like time, if he gets into the sea, and after into fresh water.

Roaches be accounted much better in the river than in a pond, though ponds usually breed the biggest. But there is a kind of bastard small Roach, that breeds in ponds, with a very forked tail, and of a very small size, which some say is bred by the Bream and right Roach; and some ponds are stored with these beyond belief; and knowing men, that know their difference, call them Ruds:* they differ from the true Roach as much as a Herring from a Pilchard. And these bastard breed of Roach are now scattered in many rivers; but I think not in the Thames, which, I believe, affords the largest and fattest in this nation, especially below London bridge.† The Roach is

* The Rud (*Barbus orfus*) is quite a different species from either the Roach or the Bream. It is found in the northern and midland counties, and affords good sport to the angler.—J. R.

† I know not what Roaches are caught below bridge; but above, I am sure they are very large; for, on the 15th of September, 1754, at Hampton, I caught one that was fourteen inches and an eighth from eye to fork, and in weight wanted but an ounce of two pounds.

The season for fishing for Roach in the Thames begins about the latter end of August, and continues much longer than it is either pleasant or safe to fish. It requires some skill to hit the time of taking them exactly; for all the summer long they live on the weed, which they do not forsake, for the deeps, till it becomes putrid, and that is sooner or later, according as the season is wet or dry; for you are to know, that much rain hastens the rotting of the weed. I say it requires some skill to hit the time; for the fishermen who live in all the towns along the river, from Chiswick to Staines, are, about this time, nightly upon the watch, as soon as the fish come out, to sweep them away with the drag-net; and our poor patient angler is left, baiting the ground and adjusting his tackle, to catch those very fish which, perhaps, the night before had been carried to Billingsgate.

The Thames, as well above as below London bridge, was formerly much resorted to by London anglers; and, which is strange to think on, considering the unpleasantness of the station, they were used to fish near the starlings of the bridge. This will account for the many fishing tackle shops that were formerly in Crooked Lane, which leads to the bridge. In the memory of a person not long since living, a waterman that plied at Essex stairs, his name John Reeves, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat: his method was, to watch when the shoals of Roach came down from the country, and when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes they settled opposite the Temple; at others, at Blackfriars or Queenhithe; but most frequently about the Chalk hills, near London bridge. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons, who were accustomed thus to employ him, raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat and silver badge, the impress whereof was, *Himself, with an Angler, in his boat*, and he had annually a new coat, to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1730.

Shepperton and Hampton are the places chiefly resorted to by the Londoners, who angle there in boats: at each there is a large deep, to which Roach are attracted by constant baiting. That at Hampton is opposite

a leather-mouthed fish, and has a kind of saw-like teeth in his throat. And lastly, let me tell you, the Roach makes an angler excellent sport, especially the great Roaches about London, where I think there be the best Roach anglers. And I think the best Trout anglers be in Derbyshire; for the waters there are clear to an extremity.

Next, let me tell you, you shall fish for this Roach in winter, with paste or gentles: in April, with worms or cadis; in the very hot months, with little white snails; or with flies under water, for he seldom takes them at the top, though the Dace will. In many of the hot months, Roaches may also be caught thus: take a May-fly, or ant-fly, sink him with a little lead to the bottom, near the piles or posts of a bridge, or near to any posts of a weir — I mean any deep place where Roaches lie quietly — and then pull your fly up very leisurely, and usually a Roach will follow your bait to the very top of the water, and gaze on it there, and run at it, and take it, lest the fly should fly away from him.

I have seen this done at Windsor and Henley bridge, and great store of Roach taken; and sometimes a Dace or Chub. And in August, you may fish for them with a paste made only of the crumbs of bread, which should be of pure fine manchet: and that paste must be so tempered betwixt your hands, till it be both soft and tough too: a very little water, and time, and labour, and clean hands, will make it a most excellent paste. But when you fish with it, you must have a small hook, a quick

the churchyard; and in that cemetery lies an angler, upon whose grave-stone is an inscription, now nearly effaced, consisting of these homely lines:

In memory of Mr Thomas Tombs, goldsmith, of London,
who departed this life Aug. 12th 1758, aged 53 years.

Each brother Bob, that sportive passes here,
Pause at this stone, and drop the silent tear
For him who loved your harmless sport,
Who to this pitch* did oft resort,
Who in free converse oft would please,
With native humour, mirth, and ease,
His actions form'd upon so just a plan:
He lived a worthy, died an honest man.

Before I dismiss the subject of Thames fishing, I will let the reader know, that formerly the fishermen inhabiting the villages on the banks of the Thames were used to enclose certain parts of the river with what they called stops, but which were in effect weirs or kidels, by stakes driven into the bed thereof; and to these they tied wheels, creating thereby a current, which drove the fish into those traps. This practice, though it may sound oddly to say so, is against Magna Charta, and is expressly prohibited by the 23d chapter of that statute. In the year 1757, the lord mayor, Dickenson, sent the water bailiff up the Thames, in a barge well manned, and furnished with proper implements, who destroyed all those enclosures on this side Staines, by pulling up the stakes and setting them adrift.

* A particular spot, called a Pitch, from the act of pitching or fastening the boat there.

eye, and a nimble hand, or the bait is lost, and the fish too, if one may lose that which he never had. With this paste you may, as I said, take both the Roach and the Dace, or Dare;

DACE — *Cyprinus Leuciscus.* — LINNÆUS.

for they be much of a kind, in matter of feeding, cunning, goodness, and usually in size. And therefore take this general direction, for some other baits which may concern you to take notice of: they will bite almost at any fly, but especially at ant-flies; concerning which, take this direction, for it is very good:

Take the blackish ant-fly out of the mole-hill or ant-hill, in which place you shall find them in the month of June; or if that be too early in the year, then, doubtless, you may find them in July, August, and most of September.* Gather them alive, with both their wings: and then put them into a glass that will hold a quart or a pottle; but first put into the glass a handful, or more, of the moist earth out of which you gather them, and as much of the roots of the grass of the said hillock; and then put in the flies gently, that they lose not their wings; lay a clod of earth over it; and then so many as are put into the glass without bruising will live there a month or more, and be always in a readiness for you to fish with; but if you would have them keep longer, then get any great earthen pot, or barrel of three or four gallons, (which is better,) then wash your barrel with water and honey; and having put into it a quantity of earth and grass roots, then put in your flies, and cover it, and they will live a quarter of a year.† These, in any stream and clear water, are a deadly bait for Roach or Dace, or for a Chub: and your rule is to fish not less than a handful from the bottom.

* The ant-fly is the male or female ant, which can never certainly be got in a mole-hill, but occurs from midsummer till September. — J. R.

† They will not live so long with their wings on; for the female ant strips off her wings as soon as she is comfortably settled, and the male does not live long. — J. R.

I shall next tell you a winter bait for a Roach, a Dace, or Chub; and it is choicely good. About Allhallontide, (and so till frost comes,) when you see men ploughing up heath ground, or sandy ground, or greenswards, then follow the plough, and you shall find a white worm as big as two maggots, and it hath a red head; you may observe in what ground most are, for there the crows will be very watchful and follow the plough very close: it is all soft, and full of whitish guts;* a worm that is, in Norfolk and some other counties, called a grub;† and is bred of the spawn, or eggs, of a beetle, which she leaves in holes that she digs in the ground under cow or horse-dung, and there rests all winter, and in March or April comes to be first a red, and then a black beetle.‡ Gather a thousand or two of these, and put them, with a peck or two of their own earth, into some tub or firkin, and cover and keep them so warm that the frost, or cold air, or winds, kill them not: these you may keep all winter, and kill fish with them at any time; and if you put some of them into a little earth and honey, a day before you use them, you will find them an excellent bait for Bream, Carp, or, indeed, for almost any fish.

And after this manner you may also keep gentles all winter, which are a good bait then, and much the better for being lively and tough. Or you may breed and keep gentles thus: take a piece of beast's liver, and with a cross stick, hang it in some corner, over a pot or barrel half full of dry clay: and as the gentles grow big, they will fall into the barrel and scour themselves, and be always ready for use whensoever you incline to fish; and these gentles may be thus created till after Michaelmas. But if you desire to keep gentles to fish with all the year, then get a dead cat, or a kite, and let it be fly-blown; and when the gentles begin to be alive and to stir, then bury it and them in soft moist earth, but as free from frost as you can; and these you may dig up at any time when you intend to use them: these will last till March, and about that time turn to be flies.

But if you be nice to foul your fingers, which good anglers seldom are, then take this bait: get a handful of well made malt, and put it into a dish of water; and then wash and rub it betwixt your hands till you make it clean, and as free from husks as you can; then put that water from it, and put a small quantity of fresh water to it, and set it in something that is fit for that purpose, over the fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leisurely and very softly, until it become somewhat soft, which you may try by feeling it betwixt your finger and thumb; and

* This is the too common grub of that destructive insect, the cock-chaffer, or May bug, (*Melalontha vulgaris*,) which takes two years to become full grown. Anglers term it the earth bob.—J. R.

† This is the grub of the dung beetle, (*Gestrupes stercoraria*.)—J. R.

‡ This strange transformation from red to black is of course fabulous.—J. R.

when it is soft, then put your water from it; and then take a sharp knife, and turning the sprout end of the corn upward with the point of your knife, take the back part of the husk off from it, and yet leaving a kind of inward husk on the corn, or else it is marred; and then cut off that sprouted end, I mean a little of it, that the white may appear; and so pull off the husk on the cloven side, as I directed you; and then cutting off a very little of the other end, that so your hook may enter; and if your hook be small and good, you will find this to be a very choice bait, either for winter or summer—you sometimes casting a little of it into the place where your float swims.

And to take the Roach and Dace, a good bait is the young brood of wasps or bees, if you dip their heads in blood; especially good for Bream, if they be baked, or hardened in their husks in an oven, after the bread is taken out of it; or hardened on a fire-shovel: and so also is the thick blood of sheep, being half dried on a trencher, that so you may cut it into such pieces as may best fit the size of your hook; and a little salt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worse, but better: this is taken to be a choice bait, if rightly ordered.

There be several oils of a strong smell that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt fish to bite, of which I could say much; but I remember I once carried a small bottle from Sir George Hastings to Sir Henry Wotton, (they were both chemical men,) as a great present: it was sent, and received, and used with great confidence; and yet, upon inquiry, I found it did not answer the expectation of Sir Henry; which, with the help of this and other circumstances, makes me have little belief in such things as many men talk of. Not but that I think fishes both smell and hear, (as I have expressed in my former discourse,) but there is a mysterious knack, which, though it be much easier than the philosopher's stone, yet is not attainable by common capacities, or else lies locked up in the brain or breast of some chemical man, that, like the Rosicrucians, will not yet reveal it. But let me, nevertheless, tell you, that camphor, put with moss into your worm-bag with with your worms, makes them (if many anglers be not very much mistaken) a tempting bait, and the angler more fortunate. But I stepped by chance into this discourse of oils and fishes' smelling; and though there might be more said, both of it and of baits for Roach and Dace, and other float-fish, yet I will forbear it at this time,* and tell you, in the next place, how

* Roach delight in gravelly or sandy bottoms; their haunts, especially as winter approaches, are clear, deep, and still waters; and at other times, they lie in and near the weeds, and under the shade of boughs.

They spawn about the latter end of May, when they are scabby and unwholesome; but they are again in order in about three weeks. The

you are to prepare your tackling: concerning which, I will, for sport sake, give you an old rhyme out of an old fish-book,

largest are taken after Michaelmas, and their prime season is in February or March.

The baits for Roach not already mentioned, are cad-bait and oak-worms, for the spring; in May, ant's eggs, and paste made of the crumb of a new roll, both white, and tinged with red, which is done by putting vermilion into the water, wherewith you moisten it: this paste will do for the winter also.

The largest Roach in this kingdom are taken in the Thames, where many have been caught of two pounds and a half weight: but Roach of any size are hardly to be come at without a boat.

The haunts of Dace are gravelly, sandy, and clayey bottoms; deep holes that are shaded; water-lily leaves; and under the foam caused by an eddy: in hot weather they are to be found on the shallows, and are then best taken with an artificial fly, grasshoppers, or gentles, as hereafter directed.

Dace spawn about the latter end of March: and are in season about three weeks after: they are not very good till about Michaelmas, and are best in February.

Baits for Dace, other than those mentioned by Walton, are the oak-worm, red-worm, brandling, gilt tail; and indeed any worm, bred on trees or bushes, that is not too big for his mouth; almost all kinds of flies and caterpillars.

Though Dace are often caught with a float, as Roach, yet they are not so properly float-fish: for they are to be taken with an artificial gnat, or ant-fly, or indeed almost any other small fly in its season; but in the Thames, above Richmond, the largest are caught with a natural green or dun grasshopper, and sometimes with gentles; with both which you are to fish as with an artificial fly. They are not to be come at till about September, when the weeds begin to rot; but when you have found where they lie, which, in a warm day, is generally on the shallows, it is incredible what havoc you may make: pinch off the first joint of the grasshopper's legs, put the point of the hook in at the head, and bring it out at the tail; and in this way of fishing you will catch Chub, especially if you throw under the boughs.

But this can be done only in a boat; for the management whereof, be provided with a staff, and a heavy stone fastened to a strong rope of four or five yards in length: fasten the rope to the head of the boat, which, whether it be a punt or a wherry, is equally fit for this purpose, and so drive down with the stream: when you come to a shallow, or other place where the fish are likely to lie, drop the stone, and, standing in the stern, throw right down the stream, and a little to the right and left; after trying about a quarter of an hour in a place, with the staff push the boat about five yards down, and so throw again. Use a common fly-line, about ten yards long, with a strong single hair next the hook.

It is true, there is less certainty of catching in this way than with a float or ground-bait: for which reason I would recommend it only to those who live near the banks of that delightful river, between Windsor and Isleworth, who have or can command a boat for that purpose, and can take advantage of a still, warm, gloomy day; and to such it will afford much more diversion than the ordinary inartificial method of fishing in the deeps for Roach and Dace.

In fishing at bottom for Roach and Dace, use for ground-bait bread soaked about an hour in water, and an equal quantity of bran; knead them to a tough consistence, and make them up into balls, with a small pebble in the middle, and throw these balls in where you fish; but be sure to throw them up the stream, for otherwise they will draw the fish beyond the reach of your line.

Fish for Roach within six, and for Dace, within three, inches of the bottom.

Having enumerated the baits proper for every kind of fish in their

which will prove a part, and but a part, of what you are to provide:

My rod and my line, my float and my lead,
My hook and my plummet, my whetstone and knife,
My basket, my baits, both living and dead,
My net, and my meat, for that is the chief:

respective places, it may not be amiss here to mention one which many authors speak of as excellent for almost all fish; and that is the spawn of Salmon, or large Trout. Barker, who seems to have been the first that discovered it, recommends it to his patron in the following terms:

"Noble Lord,—I have found an experience of late, which you may angle with, and take great store of this kind of fish. First, it is the best bait for a Trout that I have seen in all my time; and will take great store, and not fail, if they be there. Secondly, it is a special bait for Dace or Dare, good for Chub, or Bottlin, or Grayling. The bait is, the roe of a Salmon or Trout. If it be a large Trout, that the spawns be any thing great, you may angle for the Trout with this bait as you angle with the brandling; taking a pair of scissars, and cut so much as a large hazel nut, and bait your hook; so fall to your sport, there is no doubt of pleasure. If I had known it but twenty years ago, I would have gained a hundred pounds only with that bait. I am bound in duty to divulge it to your honour, and not to carry it to my grave with me. I do desire that men of quality should have it, that delight in that pleasure. The greedy angler will murmur at me, but for that I care not.

"For the angling for the Scale-fish: They must angle either with cork or quill, plumming their ground; and with feeding with the same bait, taking them [the spawns] as under, that they may spread abroad, that the fish may feed, and come to your place: there is no doubt of pleasure, angling with fine tackle, as single hair lines, at least five or six length long; a small hook, with two or three spawns. The bait will hold one week; if you keep it on any longer, you must hang it up to dry a little: when you go to your pleasure again, put the bait in a little water, it will come in kind again."

Others, to preserve Salmon spawn, sprinkle it with a little salt, and lay it upon wool in a pot, one layer of wool and another of spawn. It is said to be a lovely bait for the winter or spring; especially where Salmon are used to spawn; for thither the fish gather, and there expect it.—*Angler's Vade Mecum*, 53.

To know at any time what bait fish are apt to take, open the belly of the first you catch, and take out his stomach very tenderly; open it with a sharp penknife, and you will discover what he then feeds on.—*Venables*, 91.

The people who live in the fishing-towns along the banks of the Thames have a method of dressing large Roach and Dace, which, as it is said, renders them very pleasant and savoury food; it is as follows: Without scaling the fish, lay him on a gridiron, over a slow fire, and strew on him a little flour; when he begins to grow brown, make a slit, not more than skin deep, in his back, from head to tail, and lay him on again: when he is broiled enough, the skin, scales and all, will peel off, and leave the flesh, which will have become very firm, perfectly clean; then open the belly, and take out the inside, and use anchovy and butter for sauce.

Having promised the reader Mr Barker's recipe for anointing boots and shoes, (and having no farther occasion to make use of his authority,) it is here given in his own words.

"Take a pint of linseed oil, with half a pound of mutton suet, six or eight ounces of bees' wax, and half a penny worth of rosin; boil all this in a pipkin together; so let it cool till it be milk warm: then take a little hair brush, and lay it on your new boots; but it is best that this stuff be laid on before the bootmaker makes the boots; then brush them once over after they come from him; as for old boots, you must lay it on when your boots be dry."

Then I must have thread, and hairs green and small,
With mine angling purse — and so you have all.

But you must have all these tackling, and twice so many more,* with which, if you mean to be a fisher, you must store

* If you go any great distance from home, you will find it necessary to carry with you many more things than are here enumerated, most of which may be very well contained in a wicker panier of about twelve inches wide, and eight high, of the form and put into a hawking-bag. The following is a list of the most material: a rod with a spare top; lines coiled up, and neatly laid in round flat boxes; spare links, single hairs, waxed thread and silk; plummets of various sizes; floats of all kinds, and spare caps; worm-bags, and a gentle-box; hooks of all sizes, some whipped to single hairs; shot; shoemakers' wax, in a very small gallipot covered with a bit of leather; a clearing-ring, tied to about six yards of strong cord; the use of this is to disengage your hook when it has caught a weed, &c. in which case take off the butt of your rod, and slip the ring over the remaining joints, and, holding it by the cord, let it gently fall; a landing net, the hoop whereof must be of iron, and made with joints to fold, and a socket to hold a staff; take with you also such baits as you intend to use. That you may keep your fish alive be provided with a small hoop net, to draw close to the top. And never be without a sharp knife, and a pair of scissars. And if you mean to use the artificial fly, have your fly-book always with you.

And for the more convenient keeping and carriage of lines, links, single hairs, &c. take a piece of parchment, or vellum, seven inches by ten; on the longer sides, set off four inches, and then fold it cross-wise, so as to leave a flap of two inches, of which hereafter; then take eight or ten pieces of parchment, of seven inches by four; put them into the parchment, or vellum, so folded, and sew up the ends: then cut the flap rounding, and fold it down like a pocket-book: lastly, you may, if you please, bind along the ends, and round the flap, with red tape.

Into this case, put lines coiled up, spare links, single hairs, and hooks ready whipped and looped.

And having several of these cases, you may fill them with lines, &c. proper for every kind of fishing; always remembering to put into each of them a gorger, or small piece of cane, of five inches long, and a quarter of an inch wide, with a notch at each end; with this, when a fish has gorged your hook, you may, by putting it down his throat till you feel the hook, and holding the line tight while you press it down, easily disengage it.

And if you should chance to break your top, or any other part of your rod, take the following directions for mending it: Cut the two broken ends with a long slope, so that they may fit neatly together; then spread some wax, very thin, on each slope; and, with waxed thread, or silk, according as the size of the broken part requires, bind them very neatly together. To fasten off, lay the forefinger of your left hand over the binding, and, with your right, make four turns of the thread over it; then pass the end of your thread between the under side of your finger and the rod, and draw your finger away; lastly, with the forefinger and thumb of your right hand, take hold of the first of the turns, and, gathering as much of it as you can, bind on till the three remaining turns are wound off, and then take hold of the end which you had before brought through, and then draw close.

For whipping on a hook, take the following directions: Place the hook betwixt the forefinger and thumb of your left hand, and with your right give the waxed silk three or four turns round the shank of the hook; then lay the end of the hair on the inside of the shank, and with your right hand whip down; when you are within about four turns of the bent of the hook, take the shank between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, and place the silk close by it, holding them both tight, and leaving the end to hang down; then draw the other part of the silk into a large loop; and, with your right hand turning backwards, continue the whipping

yourself;* and to that purpose I will go with you, either to Mr Margrave, who dwells amongst the booksellers in St Paul's Church Yard, or to Mr John Stubbs, near to the Swan in Golding Lane: they be both honest men, and will fit an angler with what tackling he lacks.†

Venator. Then, good master, let it be at ———, for he is nearest to my dwelling. And I pray let's meet there the ninth of May next, about two of the clock; and I'll want nothing that a fisher should be furnished with.

Piscator. Well, and I'll not fail you, God willing, at the time and place appointed.

Venator. I thank you, good master, and I will not fail you. And, good master, tell me what baits more you remember; for it will not now be long ere we shall be at Tottenham-High-Cross; and when we come thither I will make you some requital of your pains, by repeating as choice a copy of verses as any we have heard since we met together; and that is a proud word, for we have heard very good ones.

Piscator. Well, scholar, and I shall be then right glad to hear them. And I will, as we walk, tell you whatsoever comes in my mind, that I think may be worth your hearing. You may make another choice bait thus: take a handful or two of the best and biggest wheat you can get; boil it in a little milk, like as frumity is boiled; boil it so till it be soft; and then fry it, very leisurely, with honey, and a little beaten saffron

for four turns, and draw the end of the silk (which has all this while hung down under the root of your left thumb) close, and twitch it off.

To tie a water knot:—Lay the end of one of your hairs, about five inches or less, over that of the other; and, through the loop which you would make to tie them in the common way, pass the long and the short end of the hairs, which will lie to the right of the loop, twice; and, wetting the knot with your tongue, draw it close, and cut off the spare hair.

* I have heard that the tackling hath been prized at fifty pounds, in the inventory of an angler.

† In some former editions of this book, the author has, in this place, mentioned "Charles Kirby" as a maker of excellent hooks; of whom take the following account: He was famous for the neatness and form of his hooks; when being introduced to Prince Rupert, whose name frequently occurs in the history of King Charles the First's reign, the prince communicated to him a method of tempering them, which has been continued in the family to this time; there being a lineal descendant of the above-named Charles Kirby now (1760) living in Crowther's-well Alley, near Aldergate Street; whose hooks, for their shape and temper, exceed all others.* This story is the more likely to be true, as it is well known that the German nobility, in the last century, were much addicted to chemistry, and that to this Prince Rupert the world is indebted for the invention of scraping in mezzotinto. See a head of his scraping in Evelyn's *Sculptura*. †

* Sir H. Davy prefers the Limerick hooks of O'Shaughnessy to every other; while Carrol and others prefer the Kendal hooks. The London and the Birmingham hooks are bad, not because they cannot there make good hooks, but because they make cheap ones.—J. R.

† The invention of this art is also ascribed to Sir Christopher Wren, but it was greatly improved by Prince Rupert. See Elme's *Life of Sir Christopher Wren. Journals of the Royal Society for October*, 1662, &c.—S.

dissolved in milk: and you will find this a choice bait, and good, I think, for any fish, especially for Roach, Dace, Chub, or Grayling: I know not but that it may be as good for a river Carp, and especially if the ground be a little baited with it.

And you may also note, that the spawn of most fish is a very tempting bait, being a little hardened on a warm tile, and cut into fit pieces. Nay, mulberries, and those blackberries which grow upon briars, be good baits for Chubs or Carps: with these many have been taken in ponds, and in some rivers where such trees have grown near the water, and the fruits customarily dropped into it. And there be a hundred other baits, more than can well be named, which, by constant baiting the water, will become a tempting bait for any fish in it.

You are also to know, that there be divers kinds of cadis, or case-worms, that are to be found in this nation, in several distinct counties, and in several little brooks that relate to bigger rivers; as namely, one cadis called a piper, whose husk, or case, is a piece of reed about an inch long, or longer, and as big about as the compass of a twopence. These worms being kept three or four days in a woollen bag, with sand at the bottom of it, and the bag wet once a-day, will in three or four days turn to be yellow; and these be a choice bait for the Chub, or Chavender, or indeed for any great fish, for it is a large bait.

There is also a lesser cadis-worm, called a cock-spur, being in fashion like the spur of a cock, sharp at one end; and the case, or house, in which this dwells, is made of small husks, and gravel, and slime, most curiously made of these, even so as to be wondered at, but not to be made by man, no more than a kingfisher's nest can, which is made of little fishes' bones, and have such a geometrical interweaving and connection as the like is not to be done by the art of man.* This kind of cadis is a choice bait for any float-fish; it is much less than the piper-cadis, and to be so ordered; and these may be so preserved, ten, fifteen, or twenty days, or it may be longer.†

There is also another cadis, called by some a straw-worm, and by some a ruff-coat, whose house, or case, is made of little

* Walton here mistakes for a kingfisher's nest, the round crustaceous shell of the sea urchin (*Echinus.*) The kingfisher does not appear to make any nest, except the flooring of fish bones derived from his prey. — J. R.

† To preserve cadis, grasshoppers, caterpillars, oak-worms, or natural flies, the following is an excellent method: Cut a round bough of fine green barked withy, about the thickness of one's arm; and, taking off the bark about a foot in length, turn both ends together, into the form of a hoop, and fasten them with a pack needle and thread; then stop up the bottom with a bung-cork: and with a red-hot wire bore the bark full of holes; into this put your baits: tie it over with a colewort leaf; and lay it in the grass every night. In this manner cadis may be kept till they turn to flies. To grasshoppers you may put grass.

pieces of bents and rushes, and straws, and water weeds, and I know not what; which are so knit together with condensed slime, that they stick about her husk, or case, not unlike the bristles of a hedgehog. These three cadises are commonly taken in the beginning of summer; and are good, indeed, to take any kind of fish with float or otherwise. I might tell you of many more, which as these do early, so those have their time also of turning to be flies later in summer; but I might lose myself, and tire you, by such a discourse: I shall therefore but remember you, that to know these and their several kinds, and to what flies every particular cadis turns, and then how to use them, first as they be cadis, and after as they be flies, is an art, and an art that every one that professes to be an angler has not leisure to search after, and, if he had, is not capable of learning.*

* The several sorts of *Phryganeæ*, or cadews, in their nympha, or maggot state, thus house themselves: one sort in straws, called from thence straw-worms; others, in two or more sticks, laid parallel to one another, creeping at the bottom of brooks; others, with a small bundle of pieces of rushes, duck-weed, sticks, &c. glued together, wherewith they float on the top, and can row themselves therein about the waters with the help of their feet: both these are called cad-bait. Divers sorts there are, which the reader may see a summary of from Mr Willoughby, in *Ravi Method. Insect.* p. 12. together with a good, though very brief, descriptiou of the fly that comes from the cad-bait cadew. It is a notable architectonic faculty, which all the variety of these animals have, to gather such bodies as are fittest for their purpose, and then to glue them together; some to be heavier than water, that the animal may remain at bottom, where its food is; (for which purpose they use stones, together with sticks, rushes, &c.) and some to be lighter than water, to float on the top, and gather its food from thence. These little houses look coarse, and shew no great artifice outwardly; but are well tunnelled, and made within, with a hard tough paste, into which the hind part of the maggot is so fixed, that it can draw its cell after it any where, without danger of leaving it behind; as also thrust out his body to reach what it wanteth, or withdraw it into its cell to guard it against harms. — *Physico Theology*, 234.

Thus much of cadis in general, as an illustration of what our author has said on that subject. But to be more particular:

That which Walton calls the piper cadis I have never seen; but a very learned and ingenious friend of mine, who has for fifty years past been an angler, and a curious observer of aquatic productions, has furnished me with an account of that insect, which I shall give the reader in nearly his own words:

"The piper cadis I take to be the largest of the tribe, and that it takes its name not from any sound, but figure. I never met with it but in rivers running upon beds of limestone, or large pebbles; they are common in northern and Welsh streams. The cadew itself is about an inch long, and in some above. The case is straight and rough; the outward surface covered with gravel or sand; the fistula, or pipe, in which it is contained, seems to be a small stick, of which the pith was quite decayed, before the insect, in its state immediately succeeding the egg, lodged itself. Advanced to an aurelia, which is generally in April, or the beginning of May, it leaves its case and last covering, a sort of thin skin resembling a fish's bladder, (and this is likewise the method of the whole genus, as far as I could ever observe,) and immediately paddles upon the top of the water with its many legs. It seldom flies, though it has four wings; and of these wings it is to be observed, that in the infant state of the insect, namely, for a week or longer, they are shorter than the body, but afterward they grow to be full as long or longer. This is usully called by sportsmen, the stone-fly; in

I'll tell you, scholar; several countries have several kinds of cadises, that indeed differ as much as dogs do; that is to say, as much as a very cur and a greyhound do. These be usually bred in the very little rills, or ditches, that run into bigger rivers; and, I think, a more proper bait for those very rivers than any other. I know not how, or of what, this cadis receives life, or what coloured fly it turns to; but doubtless they are the death of many Trouts; and this is one killing way:

Take one, or more if need be, of these large yellow cadis: pull off his head, and with it pull out his black gut; put the body, as little bruised as is possible, on a very little hook, armed on with a red hair, which will shew like the cadis head; and a very little thin lead, so put upon the shank of the hook that it may sink presently. Throw this bait, thus ordered, which

Wales they name it the water cricket, the size and colour being like that insect."

As to the cock-spur, Bowlker expressly says, in his *Art of Angling*, p. 70, that it produces the May-fly, or yellow cadew, which I have ever understood to be the green drake.

That which Walton calls the straw-worm, or ruff-coat, though, by the way, he certainly errs in making these terms synonymous, as will hereafter be made to appear, and which is described in Ray's *Methodus Insectorum*, p. 12, is, I take it, the most common of any, and is found in the river Colne, near Uxbridge; the New River, near London; the Wandle, which runs through Carshalton in Surrey; and in most other rivers. As to the straw-worm, I am assured, by my friend above mentioned, that it produces many and various flies; namely, that which is called, about London, the withy-fly, ash-coloured duns of several shapes and dimensions, as also light and dark browns, all of them affording great diversion in northern streams.

It now remains to speak of the ruff-coat, which seems to answer so nearly to the description which Walton has given of the cock-spur, namely, "that the case, or house, in which it dwells is made of small husks, and gravel, and slime, most curiously;" that there is no accounting for his making the term synonymous with that of the straw-worm, which it does not in the least resemble: and yet, that the ruff-coat and the cock-spur produce different flies, notwithstanding their seeming resemblance, must be taken for granted, unless we will reject Bowlker's authority, when he says the cock-spur produces the May-fly, or yellow cadew, which I own I see no reason to do.

But that I may not mislead the reader, I must inform him, that I take the ruff-coat to be a species of cadis enclosed in a husk about an inch long, surrounded by bits of stone, flints, bits of tile, &c. very near equal in their sizes, and most curiously compacted together, like mosaic.

In the month of May, 1759, I took one of the insects last above described, which had been found in the river Wandle, in Surrey, and put it into a small box with sand at the bottom, and wetted it five or six times a-day, for five days; at the end whereof, to my great amazement, it produced a lovely large fly, nearly of the shape of, but less than a common white butterfly, with two pair of cloak-wings, and of a light cinnamon colour. This fly, upon inquiry, I find is called, in the north, the large light brown; in Ireland, and some other places, it has the name of the flame-coloured brown. And the method of making it is given in the Additional List of Flies, under September; (Appendix, No. 2.) where, from its smell, the reader will find it called the large fœtid light brown.

And there are many other kinds of these wonderful creatures, as may be seen in Mons. de Reaumur's *Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire des Insectes*, tome iii. See also the Appendix, No. I.

will look very yellow, into any great still hole where a Trout is, and he will presently venture his life for it, it is not to be doubted, if you be not espied, and that the bait first touch the water before the line. And this will do best in the deepest, stillest water.

Next, let me tell you, I have been much pleased to walk quietly by a brook, with a little stick in my hand, with which I might easily take these, and consider the curiosity of their composure: and if you shall ever like to do so, then note, that your stick must be a little hazel, or willow, cleft, or have a nick at one end of it, by which means you may, with ease, take many of them in that nick out of the water, before you have any occasion to use them. These, my honest scholar, are some observations, told to you as they now come suddenly into my memory, of which you may make some use: but for the practical part, it is that that makes an angler: it is diligence, and observation, and practice, and an ambition to be the best in the art, that must do it.* I will tell you, scholar, I once heard one

* The author has now done describing the several kinds of fish, excepting the few little ones that follow, with the methods of taking them; but has said little or nothing of float-fishing; it may therefore not be amiss here to lay down some rules about it.

Let the rod be light and stiff, and withal so smart in the spring, as to strike at the tip of the whalebone. From fourteen to fifteen feet is a good length.

In places where you sometimes meet with Barbel, as at Shepperton and Hampton in Middlesex, the fittest line is one of six or seven hairs at top, and so diminishing for two yards; let the rest be strong Indian grass, to within about half a yard of the hook, which may be whipped to a fine grass or silk-worm gut. And this line will kill a fish of six pounds weight.

But for mere Roach and Dace fishing, accustom yourself to a single hair line, with which an artist may kill a fish of a pound and a half weight.

For your float. In slow streams a neat round goose quill is proper; but for deep or rapid rivers, or in an eddy, the cork shaped like a pear, is indisputably the best, which should not in general exceed the size of a nutmeg; let not the quill which you put through it be more than half an inch above and below the cork: and this float, though some prefer a swan's quill, has great advantage over a bare quill, for the quill being defended from the water by the cork, does not soften; and the cork enables you to lead your line so heavily, as that the hook sinks almost as soon as you put it into the water; whereas, when you lead but lightly, it does not go to the bottom till it is near the end of your swim. And in leading your lines, be careful to balance them so nicely, that a very small touch will sink them: some use for this purpose lead shaped like a barley corn; but there is nothing better to lead with than shot, which you must have ready cleft always with you; remembering, that when you fish fine, it is better to have on your line a great number of small, than a few large shot.

Whip the end of the quill round the plug with fine silk well waxed; this will keep the water out of your float, and preserve it greatly.

In fishing with a float, your line must be about a foot shorter than your rod; for, if it is longer, you cannot so well command your hook when you come to disengage your fish.

Perch and Chub are caught with a float, and also Gudgeons; and sometimes Barbel and Grayling.

For Carp and Tench, which are seldom caught but in ponds, use a very

say, "I envy not him that eats better meat than I do; nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do: I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do." And such a man is like to prove an angler; and this noble emulation I wish to you, and all young anglers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF THE MINNOW, OR PENK; OF THE LOACH; OF THE BULL-HEAD, OR MILLER'S THUMB; AND OF THE STICKLEBAG.

Piscator. THERE be also three or four other little fish that I had almost forgot, that are all without scales, and may, for excellency of meat, be compared to any fish of greatest value and largest size. They be usually full of eggs, or spawn, all the months of summer; for they breed often, as it is observed mice and many of the smaller four-footed creatures of the earth do; and as those, so these come quickly to their full growth and perfection. And it is needful that they breed both often and numerously; for they be, besides other accidents of ruin, both a prey and baits for other fish. And first I shall tell you of the Minnow, or Penk.

The Minnow hath, when he is in perfect season and not sick, which is only presently after spawning, a kind of dappled, or waved colour, like to a panther, on his sides, inclining to a greenish and sky colour; his belly being milk white; and his back almost black, or blackish. He is a sharp biter at a small worm, and in hot weather makes excellent sport for young anglers, or boys, or women, that love that recreation. And in the spring they make of them excellent Minnow-tansies; for being washed well in salt, and their heads and tails cut off, and their guts taken out, and not washed after, they prove excellent for that use; that is, being fried with yolks of eggs, the flowers of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansy; thus used, they make a dainty dish of meat.

The Loach is, as I told you, a most dainty fish: he breeds and feeds in little and clear swift brooks, or rills, and lives there upon the gravel, and in the sharpest streams; he grows not to be above a finger long, and no thicker than is suitable to

small goose or a duck-quill float: and for ground bait throw in, every now and then, a bit of chewed bread.

For Barbel, the place should be baited the night before you fish, with graves, which are the sediment of melted tallow, and may be had at the tallow chandler's. Use the same ground bait while you are fishing, as for Roach and Dace.

In fishing with a float for Chub, in warm weather, fish at mid-water; in cool, lower; and in cold, at the ground.

that length. This Loach is not unlike the shape of the Eel: he has a beard, or wattles, like a Barbel. He has two fins at his sides, four at his belly, and one at his tail; he is dappled with many black, or brown spots; his mouth is Barbel-like under his nose. This fish is usually full of eggs, or spawn; and is by Gesner and other learned physicians, commended for great nourishment, and to be very grateful, both to the palate and stomach of sick persons. He is to be fished for with a very small worm, at the bottom; for he very seldom, or never, rises above the gravel, on which I told you he usually gets his living.

The Miller's-thumb, or Bull-head, is a fish of no pleasing shape. He is by Gesner compared to the sea Toadfish, for his similitude and shape. It has a head big and flat, much greater than suitable to his body; a mouth very wide, and usually gaping; he is without teeth, but his lips are very rough, much like to a file. He hath two fins near to his gills, which be roundish or crested; two fins also under the belly, two on the back, one below the vent, and the fin of his tail is round. Nature hath painted the body of this fish with whitish, blackish, and brownish spots. They be usually full of eggs, or spawn, all the summer, I mean the females; and those eggs swell their vents almost into the form of a dug. They begin to spawn about April, and, as I told you, spawn several months in the summer. And in the winter, the Minnow, and Loach, and Bull-head, dwell in the mud, as the Eel doth; or we know not where, no more than we know where the cuckoo and swallow, and other half-year birds, which first appear to us in April, spend their six cold, winter, melancholy months. This Bull-head does usually dwell, and hide himself, in holes, or amongst stones in clear water; and in very hot days will lie a long time very still, and sun himself, and will be easy to be seen upon any flat stone, or any gravel; at which time he will suffer an angler to put a hook, baited with a small worm, very near unto his very mouth: and he never refuses to bite, nor, indeed, to be caught with the worst of anglers. Matthiolus commends him much more for his taste and nourishment, than for his shape or beauty.*

* Since Walton wrote, there has been brought into England, from Germany, a species of small fish, resembling Carp in shape and colour, called Crusians, with which many ponds are now plentifully stocked.

There have also been brought hither from China, those beautiful creatures, gold and silver fish: the first are of an orange colour, with very shining scales, and finely variegated with black and dark brown; the silver fish are of the colour of silver tissue, with scarlet fins, with which colour they are curiously marked in several parts of the body.

These fish are usually kept in ponds, basins, and small reservoirs of water, to which they are a delightful ornament. And it is now a very common practice to keep them in a large glass vessel like a punch bowl, with fine gravel strewed at the bottom, frequently changing the water, and feeding them with bread and gentles. Those who can take more pleasure in angling for, than in beholding them, which I confess I could never do, may catch them with gentles; but though costly, they are but coarse food.

There is also a little fish called a Sticklebag, a fish without scales, but hath his body fenced with several prickles. I know not where he dwells in winter; nor what he is good for in summer, but only to make sport for boys and women anglers, and to feed other fish that be fish of prey, as Trouts in particular, who will bite at him as at a Penk; and better, if your hook be rightly baited with him; for he may be so baited as, his tail turning like the sail of a windmill, will make him turn more quick than any Penk, or Minnow, can. For note, that the nimble turning of that, or the Minnow, is the perfection of Minnow fishing. To which end, if you put your hook into his mouth, and out at his tail; and then, having first tied him with white thread a little above his tail, and placed him after such a manner on your hook as he is like to turn, then sew up his mouth to your line, and he is like to turn quick, and tempt any Trout: but if he do not turn quick, then turn his tail, a little more or less, towards the inner part, or towards the side of the hook; or put the Minnow or Sticklebag a little more crooked or more straight on your hook, until it will turn both true and fast, and then doubt not but to tempt any great Trout that lies in a swift stream.* And the Loach, that I told you of, will do the like: no bait is more tempting, provided the Loach be not too big.

And now, scholar, with the help of this fine morning, and your patient attention, I have said all that my present memory will afford me, concerning most of the several fish that are usually fished for in fresh waters.

Venator. But, master, you have, by your former civility, made me hope that you will make good your promise, and say something of the several rivers that be of most note in this nation; and also of fish-ponds, and the ordering of them: and do it, I pray, good master; for I love any discourse of rivers, and fish, and fishing; the time spent in such discourse passes away very pleasantly.

* The Minnow, if used in this manner, is so tempting a bait, that few fish are able to resist it. The present Earl of —— told me, that in the month of June last, at Kimpton Hoo, near Wellwyn, in Hertfordshire, he caught (with a Minnow) a Rud, which, insomuch as the Rud is not reckoned, nor does the situation of his teeth, which are in his throat, bespeak him to be a fish of prey, is a fact more extraordinary than that related by Sir George Hastings, in chap. iv. of a Fordidge Trout, (of which kind of fish none had been known to be taken with an angle,) which he caught, and supposed it bit for wantonness.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF SEVERAL RIVERS, AND SOME OBSERVATIONS OF FISH.

Piscator. WELL, scholar, since the ways and weather do both favour us, and that yet we see not Tottenham-Cross, you shall see my willingness to satisfy your desire. And, first, for the rivers of this nation; there be, as you may note out of Dr Heylin's *Geography*, and others, in number three hundred and twenty-five; but those of chiefest note he reckons and describes as followeth:

The chief is Thamisis, compounded of two rivers, Thame and Isis; whereof the former, rising somewhat beyond Thame, in Buckinghamshire, and the latter near Cirencester in Gloucestershire, meet together about Dorchester in Oxfordshire; the issue of which happy conjunction is the Thamisis, or Thames; hence it flieth betwixt Berks, Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex; and so weddeth himself to the Kentish Medway, in the very jaws of the ocean. This glorious river feeleth the violence and benefit of the sea more than any river in Europe; ebbing and flowing, twice a-day, more than sixty miles; about whose banks are so many fair towns and princely palaces, that a German poet thus truly spake:* —

> **Tot campos, &c.**
>
> We saw so many woods and princely bowers,
> Sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately towers,
> So many gardens dress'd with curious care,
> That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.

2. The second river of note is Sabrina, or Severn: it hath its beginning in Plynlimmon hill, in Montgomeryshire; and his end seven miles from Bristol; washing, in the mean space, the walls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Gloucester, and divers other places and palaces of note.

3. Trent, so called for thirty kind of fishes that are found in it, or for that it receiveth thirty lesser rivers; who, having its fountain in Staffordshire, and gliding through the counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, Leicester, and York, augmenteth the turbulent current of Humber, the most violent stream of all the isle. This Humber is not, to say truth, a distinct river having a spring-head of its own, but it is rather the mouth or

* Who this German poet was I cannot find, but the verses, in the original Latin, are in Heylin's *Cosmography*, page 240, and are as follow:

Tot campos sylvas, tot regia tecta, tot hortos,
Artifici excultos dextra, tot vidimus arces;
Ut nunc Ausonio, Thamisis, cum Tibride certet.

æstuarium of divers rivers here confluent and meeting together, namely, your Derwent, and especially of Ouse and Trent; and (as the Danow, having received into its channel the river Dravus, Savus, Tibiscus, and divers others) changeth his name into this of Humberabus, as the old geographers call it.

4. Medway, a Kentish river, famous for harbouring the royal navy.

5. Tweed, the north-east bound of England, on whose northern banks is seated the strong and impregnable town of Berwick.

6. Tyne, famous for Newcastle and her inexhaustible coal pits. These, and the rest of principal note, are thus comprehended in one of Mr Drayton's sonnets:—

Our flood's queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crown'd;
And stately Severn for her shore is praised;
The crystal Trent, for fords and fish renown'd;
And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is raised.

Carlegian Chester vaunts her holy Dee;
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell;
The Peak, her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
And Kent will say her Medway doth excel.

Cotswold commends her Isis to the Thame;
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood;
Our western parts extol their Willy's fame,
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.*

* "LEE flu. LYGAN, Saxon. Luy, Mar. [forsan Marcellinus.] Lea Polydoro. The name of the water which (runnyn betwene Ware and London,) devydethe, for a great part of the way, Essex and Hertfordshire. It begynnethe near a place called Whitchurche; and from thence, passinge by Hertford, Ware, and Waltham, openethe into the Thamise at Ham in Essex; wheare the place is, at this day, called Lee Mouthe. It hathe, of longe tyme, borne vessels from London, twenty miles towarde the head; for, in tyme of Kinge Alfrede, the Danes entered Leymouthe, and fortified, at a place adjoyninge to this ryver, twenty myles from London, where, by fortune, Kinge Alfrede passinge by, espied that the channel of the ryver might be in such sorte weakened, that they should want water to return withe their shippes: he caused therefore the water to be abated by two greate trenches, and settinge the Londoners upon theim, he made theim batteil; wherein they lost four of their capitaines, and a great nomber of their common souldiers, the reste flyinge into the castle which they had builte. Not longe after, they weare so pressed that they forsoke all, and left their shippes as a pray to the Londoners; which breakinge some, and burninge other, conveyed the rest to London. This castle, for the distance, might seme Hertforde; but it was some other upon that banke, which had no longe continuance; for Edward the elder, and son of this Alfrede, builded Hertforde not longe after." Vide Lambarde's *Dictionarium Topographicum*, voce Lee. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song the Twelfth, and the first note thereon.

Other authors, who confirm this fact, also add, "That for the purpose aforesaid he opened the mouth of the river." See Sir William Dugdale's *History of the embanking and draining the Fens*, and Sir John Spelman's *Life of Ælfred the Great*, published by Hearne, in 8vo, 1709; the perusal of which last-named author will leave the reader in very little doubt but that

These observations are out of learned Dr Heylin, and my old deceased friend, Michael Drayton; and because you say you love such discourses as these, of rivers, and fish, and fishing, I love you the better, and love the more to impart them to you. Nevertheless, scholar, if I should begin but to name the several sorts of strange fish that are usually taken in many of those rivers that run into the sea, I might beget wonder in you, or unbelief, or both: and yet I will venture to tell you a real truth concerning one lately dissected by Dr Wharton, a man of great learning and experience, and of equal freedom to communicate it; one that loves me and my art; one to whom I have been beholden for many of the choicest observations that I have imparted to you. This good man, that dares do any thing rather than tell an untruth, did, I say, tell me he had lately dissected one strange fish, and he thus described it to me:

"The fish was almost a yard broad, and twice that length: his mouth wide enough to receive, or take into it, the head of a man; his stomach, seven or eight inches broad. He is of a slow motion; and usually lies or lurks close in the mud; and has a moveable string on his head, about a span, or near unto a quarter of a yard long; by the moving of which, which is his natural bait, when he lies close and unseen in the mud, he draws other fish so close to him, that he can suck them into his mouth, and so devours and digests them."

And, scholar, do not wonder at this; for besides the credit of the relator, you are to note, many of these, and fishes which are of the like and more unusual shapes, are very often taken on the mouths of our sea-rivers, and on the sea-shore. And this will be no wonder to any that have travelled Egypt, where 'tis known, the famous river Nilus does not only breed fishes that yet want names, but by the overflowing of that river, and the help of the sun's heat on the fat slime which that river leaves on the banks when it falls back into its natural channel, such strange fish and beasts are also bred, that no man can give a name to; as Grotius in his *Sopham*, and others, have observed.

But whither am I strayed in this discourse? I will end it by telling you, that at the mouth of some of these rivers of ours, Herrings are so plentiful, as namely, near to Yarmouth in Norfolk, and in the west country, Pilchers so very plentiful, as you will wonder to read what our learned Camden relates of them in his *Britannia*, p. 178, 186.

Well, scholar, I will stop here, and tell you what, by reading and conference, I have observed concerning fish-ponds.

these trenches are the very same that now branch off from the river between Temple-Mills, and Old-Ford, and crossing the Stratford road, enter the Thames, together with the principal stream, a little below Blackwall.

CHAPTER XX.

OF FISH PONDS, AND HOW TO ORDER THEM.

Doctor Lebault, the learned Frenchman, in his large discourse of *Maison Rustique*, gives this direction for making of fish ponds. I shall refer you to him, to read it at large; but I think I shall contract it, and yet make it as useful.*

He adviseth, that when you have drained the ground, and made the earth firm where the head of the pond must be, that you must then, in that place, drive in two or three rows of oak or elm piles, which should be scorched in the fire, or half burnt, before they be driven into the earth; for being thus used, it preserves them much longer from rotting. And having done so, lay faggots or bavins of smaller wood betwixt them; and then earth betwixt and above them: and then, having first very well rammed them and the earth, use another pile in like manner as the first were; and note, that the second pile is to be of or about the height that you intend to make your sluice or floodgate, or the vent that you intend shall convey the overflowings of your pond in any flood that shall endanger the breaking of the pond dam.

Then he advises, that you plant willows or owlers about it, or both; and then cast in bavins in some places not far from the side, and in the most sandy places, for fish both to spawn upon, and to defend them and the young fry from the many fish, and also from vermin, that lie at watch to destroy them, especially the spawn of the Carp and Tench, when it is left to the mercy of ducks or vermin.

He, and Dubravius, and all others advise, that you make choice of such a place for your pond, that it may be refreshed with a little rill, or with rain water, running or falling into it; by which fish are more inclined both to breed, and are also refreshed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much sweeter and more pleasant taste.

To which end it is observed, that such pools as be large, and have most gravel, and shallows where fish may sport themselves, do afford fish of the purest taste. And note, that in all pools it is best for fish to have some retiring place; as namely, hollow banks, or shelves, or roots of trees, to keep them from danger,

* A translation of this work under the title of *Maison Rustique, or the Country Farme*, compiled by Charles Steuens and John Liebault, Doctors of Physicke, and translated into English by Richard Surflet, appeared in quarto, Lond. 1600; and a second edition, with large additions, by Gervase Markham, fol. Lond. 1616.

and when they think fit, from the extreme heat of summer, as also from the extremity of cold in winter. And note, that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water, make it nauseous to the fish, and the fish to be so to the eater of it.

It is noted, that the Tench and Eel love mud; and the Carp loves gravelly ground, and in the hot months to feed on grass. You are to cleanse your pond, if you intend either profit or pleasure, once every three or four years, (especially some ponds,) and then let it lie dry six or twelve months, both to kill the water weeds, as water lilies, candocks, reate, and bulrushes, that breed there; and also that as these die for want of water, so grass may grow in the pond's bottom, which Carps will eat greedily in all the hot months, if the pond be clean. The letting your pond dry, and sowing oats in the bottom, is also good, for the fish feed the faster: and being some time let dry, you may observe what kind of fish either increases or thrives best in that water; for they differ much, both in their breeding and feeding.

Lebault also advises, that if your ponds be not very large and roomy, that you often feed your fish by throwing into them chippings of bread, curds, grains, or the entrails of chickens, or of any fowl or beast that you kill to feed yourselves; for these afford fish a great relief. He says, that frogs and ducks do much harm, and devour both the spawn and the young fry of all fish, especially of the Carp; and I have, besides experience, many testimonies of it. But Lebault allows water-frogs to be good meat, especially in some months, if they be fat;* but you are to note, that he is a Frenchman; and we English will hardly believe him, though we know frogs are usually eaten in his country: however, he advises to destroy them and king-fishers out of your ponds. And he advises not to suffer much shooting at wild fowl; for that, he says, affrightens, and harms, and destroys the fish.

Note, that Carps and Tench thrive and breed best when no other fish is put with them into the same pond; for all other fish devour their spawn, or at least the greatest part of it. And note, that clods of grass thrown into any pond feed any Carps in summer; and, that garden earth and parsley thrown into a pond recovers and refreshes the sick fish. And note, that when you store your pond, you are to put into it two or three melters for one spawner, if you put them into a breeding pond; but if into a nurse pond or feeding pond, in which they will not breed,

* Angling for frogs is a common French sport and profitable, for frogs sell high in the market, a dish of frogs being very expensive. I never saw the edible frog in Britain, though it is said to be native. Only the hind quarters are used.—J. R.

then no care is to be taken whether there be most male or female Carps.

It is observed, that the best ponds to breed Carps are those that be stony or sandy, and are warm, and free from wind; and that are not deep, but have willow trees and grass on their sides, over which the water does sometimes flow; and note, that Carps do more usually breed in marle pits, or pits that have clean clay bottoms; or in new ponds, or ponds that lie dry a winter season, than in old ponds that be full of mud and weeds.*

* It is observable, that the author has said very little of pond-fishing, which is, in truth, a dull recreation; and to which I have heard it objected, that fish in ponds are already caught. Nevertheless, I find that in the canal at St James's Park, which, though a large one, is yet a pond, it was in the reign of Charles II. the practice of ladies to angle.

> Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides
> And plays about the gilded barges' sides:
> The ladies, angling in the crystal lake,
> Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
> At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
> They make the fishes and the men their prize.
> WALLER — *Poem on St James's Park.*

As the method of ordering fish-ponds is now very well known, and there are few books of gardening but what give some directions about it, it is hoped the reader will think the following quotation from Bowlker sufficient, by way of annotation on this chapter.

"When you intend to stock a pool with Carp or Tench, make a close ethering hedge across the head of the pool, about a yard distance of the dam, and about three feet above the water, which is the best refuge for them I know of, and the only method to preserve pool fish; because if any one attempts to rob the pool, muddies the water, or disturbs it with nets, most of the fish, if not all, immediately fly between the hedge and the dam, to preserve themselves: and in all pools where there are such shelters and shades, the fish delight to swim backwards and forwards, through and round the same, rubbing and sporting themselves therewith. This hedge ought to be made chiefly of orls, and not too close, the boughs long and straggling towards the dam, by which means you may feed and fatten them as you please. The best baits for drawing them together, at first, are maggots or young wasps; the next are, bullock's brains and lob-worms, chopped together, and thrown into the pools in large quantities, about two hours before sunset, summer and winter. By thus using these ground baits once a-day, for a fortnight together, the fish will come as constantly and naturally to the place as cattle to their fodder; and to satisfy your curiosity, and to convince you herein, after you have baited the pool for some time, as directed, take about the quantity of a twopenny loaf of wheaten bread, cut it into slices, and wet it, then throw it into the pool where you had baited, and the Carp will feed upon it; after you have used the wet bread three or four mornings, then throw some dry bread in, which will lie on the top of the water, and if you watch, out of sight of the fish, you will presently see them swim to it, and suck it in. I look upon wheaten bread to be the best food for them, though barley or oaten bread is very good. If there be Tench and Perch in the same pond, they will feed upon the four former baits, and not touch the bread. Indeed there is no pool-fish so shy and nice as a Carp. When the water is disturbed, Carp will fly to the safest shelter they can, which I one day observed, when assisting a gentleman to fish his pool; for another person disturbed the wate; by throwing the casting-net, but caught never a Carp, whereupon two or three of us stripped and went into the pool, which was provided with such a sort of hedge in it as is before described, whither the Carp had fled for

Well, scholar, I have told you the substance of all that either observation or discourse, or a diligent survey of Dubravius and Lebault, hath told me; not that they, in their long discourses, have not said more; but the most of the rest are so common observations, as if a man should tell a good arithmetician that twice two is four. I will therefore put an end to this discourse; and we will here sit down and rest us.

CHAPTER XXI.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING OF A LINE, AND FOR THE COLOURING OF BOTH ROD AND LINE.

Piscator. WELL, scholar, I have held you too long about these cadis, and smaller fish, and rivers, and fish ponds; and my spirits are almost spent, and so, I doubt, is your patience: but being we are now almost at Tottenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will lose no time, but give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to colour the hair of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an angler; and also how to paint your rod, especially your top; for a right grown top is a choice commodity, and should be preserved from the water soaking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy and fish ill favouredly, and not true; and also it rots quickly for want of painting; and I think a good top is worth preserving, or I had not taken care to keep a top above twenty years.*

safety; then fishing with our hands on both sides the hedge, that is, one on either side, we catched what quantity of Carp was wanting." — *Bowlker*, p. 62.

The reader may also consult a book published about the year 1712, entitled *A Discourse of Fish and Fish-ponds*, by a Person of Honour, who, I have been told by one who knew him, was the Honourable Roger North, author of the *Life of the Lord Keeper Guildford*. See vol. i. p. 202.

* The author having said nothing about choosing or making rods in any part of his book, it was thought proper to insert the following directions:

For fishing at the bottom, whether with a running line or float, the reed, or cane-rod is, on account of its lightness and elasticity, the best, especially if you angle for those fish which bite but tenderly, as Roach and Dace. And of these there are rods that put up, and make a walking stick. There are others in many joints, that put up together in a bag, and are therefore called bag-rods: these last are very useful to travel with, as they take but little room. Next to these is the hazel, but that is more apt to warp than the cane; these, as also excellent fly-rods, are to be had at all the fishing tackle shops in London, and therefore need no particular description, only be careful, whenever you bespeak a rod of reed, or cane, that the workman does not rasp down into the bark which grows round the joints, a fault which the makers of rods are often guilty of; the consequence whereof is, that the rod is thereby made weaker at the joints than elsewhere, and there being no bark to repel the wet, it soon rots, and, whenever you hook a large fish, certainly breaks.

But first for your line: First note, that you are to take care that your hair be round and clear, and free from galls, or scabs,

But if you live in the country, and are forced to make your own rods, take these directions:—

Between the latter end of November and Christmas, when the sap is gone down into the roots of trees, gather the straightest hazels you can find for stocks, and let them, at the greatest end, be about an inch or more in diameter; at the same time, gather shoots of a less size, for middle pieces and tops, tie them together in a bundle, and let them lie on a dry floor; at the end of fifteen or sixteen months, match them together, and to the slender ends of the tops, after cutting off about eight or ten inches, whip a fine taper piece of whalebone of that length, then cut the ends of the stock, the middle piece, and the top, with a long slant, so that they may join exactly to each other, and spread some shoemaker's wax, very thin, over the slants; bind them neatly with strong waxed thread; and, lastly, fix a strong loop of horse hair to the whalebone. Let the rod, so made, lie a week to settle before you use it. In this manner, also, you are to make a fly-rod; only observe, that the latter must be much slenderer from the end of the stock than the former.

But for the neatest fly-rod you can make, get a yellow whole deal board that is free from knots, cut off about seven feet of the best end, and saw it into some square breadths: let a joiner plane off the angles, and make it perfectly round, a little tapering, and this will serve for the stock; then piece it to a fine straight hazel, of about six feet long, and then a delicate piece of fine grained yew, planed round like an arrow, and tapering, with whalebone, as before, of about two feet in length. There is no determining precisely the length of a fly-rod, but one of fourteen feet is as long as can be well managed with one hand. To colour the stock, dip a feather in aquafortis, and with your hand chafe it into the deal, and it will be of a cinnamon colour.

But before you attempt this sort of work, you must be able to bind neatly, and fasten off.

When the season is over, and you have done with your rods, take them to pieces, and bind the joints to a straight pole, and let them continue so bound till the season returns for using them again. See more directions about the fly-rod, part ii. chap. v.

Rods for Barbel, Carp, and other large fish, should be of hazel, and proportionably stronger than those for Roach and Dace. And note, that for fly-fishing the bamboo cane is excellent. Screws to rods are not only heavy, and apt to be out of repair, but they are absolutely unnecessary; and the common way of inserting one joint in another is sufficiently secure, if the work be true.

Our forefathers were wont to pursue even their amusements with great formality. An angler of the last age must have his fishing-coat, which, if not black, was at least of a very dark colour; a black velvet cap, like those which jockeys now wear, only larger; and a rod with a stock as long as a halbert: and thus equipped, would he stalk forth with the eyes of a whole neighbourhood upon him.

But in these latter days, bag-rods have been invented, which the angler may easily conceal, and do not proclaim to all the world where he is going. Those for float-fishing are now become common; but this invention has lately been extended to rods for fly-fishing; and here follows a description of such a neat, portable, and useful one, as no angler that has once tried it will ever be without:

Let the joints be four in number, and made of hiccory, or some such very tough wood, and two feet four inches in length, the largest joint not exceeding half an inch in thickness. The top must be bamboo shaved. And for the stock, let it be of ash, full in the grasp, of an equal length with the other joints; and with a strong ferrule at the smaller end, made to receive the large joint, which must be well shouldered and fitted to it with the utmost exactness.

This rod will go into a bag, and lie very well concealed in a pocket in the lining of your coat, on the left side, made straight, on purpose to receive it.

or frets: for a well chosen, even, clear, round hair, of a kind of glass colour, will prove as strong as three uneven scabby hairs that are ill chosen, and full of galls or unevenness. You shall seldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; therefore, if you get a lock of right, round, clear, glass colour hair, make much of it.

And for making your line, observe this rule: First, let your hair be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; and then choose not only the clearest hair for it, but hairs that be of an equal bigness, for such do usually stretch all together, and break all together, which hairs of an unequal bigness never do, but break singly, and so deceive the angler that trusts to them.

When you have twisted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at least, and then twist them over again before you tie them into a line: for those that do not so shall usually find their line to have a hair or two shrink, and be shorter than the rest at the first fishing with it, which is so much of the strength of the line lost for want of first watering it and then retwisting it; and this is most visible in a seven-hair line, one of those which hath always a black hair in the middle.*

* Your line, whether it be a running line or for float-fishing, had best be of hair; unless you fish for Barbel, and then it must be of strong silk. And the latter, (the line for float-fishing,) must be proportioned to the general size of the fish you expect—always remembering that the single hair is to be preferred for Roach or Dace fishing. But the fly line is to be very strong; and, for the greater facility in throwing, should be eighteen or twenty hairs at the top, and so diminishing insensibly to the hook. There are lines now to be had at the fishing-tackle shops that have no joints, but wove in one piece.

But notwithstanding this and other improvements, perhaps some may still choose to make their own lines. In which case, if they prefer those twisted with the fingers, they need only observe the rules given by the author for that purpose. But, for greater neatness and expedition, I would recommend an engine lately invented, which is now to be had at almost any fishing tackle shop in London: it consists of a large horizontal wheel and three very small ones, enclosed in a brass box about a quarter of an inch thick, and two inches in diameter; the axis of each of the small wheels is continued through the under side of the box, and is formed into a hook; by means of a strong screw it may be fixed in any post or partition, and is set in motion by a small winch in the centre of the box.

To twist links with this engine, take as many hairs as you intend each shall consist of, and, dividing them into three parts, tie each parcel to a bit of fine twine, about six inches long, doubled, and put through the aforesaid hooks; then take a piece of lead, of conical figure, two inches high, and two in diameter at the base, with a hook at the apex, or point; tie your three parcels of hair into one knot, and to this, by the hook, hang the weight.

Lastly, take a quart, or larger, bottle cork, and cut into the sides, at equal distances, three grooves; and placing it so as to receive each division of hair, begin to twist: you will find the link begin to twist with great evenness at the lead; as it grows tighter, shift the cork a little upwards; and when the whole is sufficiently twisted, take out the cork, and tie the link into a knot, and so proceed till you have twisted links sufficient for your line, observing to lessen the number of hairs in each link in such proportion as that the line may be taper.

And for dyeing of your hairs, do it thus: take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot, and a little quantity of the juice of walnut tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum; put these together into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass colour, or greenish; and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be. You might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpose; for, doubtless, the water colour, or glass coloured hair is the most choice and most useful for an angler, but let it not be too green.*

But if you desire to colour hair greener, then do it thus: take a quart of small ale, half a pound of alum; then put these into a pan or pipkin, and your hair into it with them; then put it upon a fire, and let it boil softly for half an hour, and then take out your hair, and let it dry; and having so done, then take a bottle of water, and put into it two handfuls of marigolds, and cover it with a tile, or what you think fit, and set it again on the fire, where it is to boil again softly for half an hour, about which time the scum will turn yellow; then put into it

When you use the fly, you will find it necessary to continue your line to a greater degree of fineness: in order to which, supposing the line to be eight yards in length, fasten a piece of three or four twisted links, tapering till it becomes of the size of a fine grass: and to the end of this fix your hook link, which should be either of very fine grass, or silk-worm gut. A week's practice will enable a learner to throw one of these lines; and he may lengthen it, by a yard at a time, at the greater end, till he can throw fifteen yards neatly, till when, he is to reckon himself but a novice.

For the colour, you must be determined by that of the river you fish in: but I have found that a line of the colour of pepper and salt, when mixed, will suit any water.

Many inconveniences attend the use of twisted (open) hairs for your hook-line; see part ii. chap. v. Silk-worm gut is both fine and very strong; but then it is apt to fray; though this may, in some measure, be prevented by waxing it well.

Indian, or sea-grass, makes excellent hook-lines; and though some object to it, as being apt to grow brittle, and to kink in using, with proper management it is the best material for the purpose yet known, especially if ordered in the following manner:

Take as many, of the finest you can get, as you please: put them into any vessel; and pour therein the scummed fat of a pot, wherein fresh, but by no means salt meat has been boiled: when they have lain three or four hours, take them out one by one, and stripping the grease off with your finger and thumb, (but do not wipe them,) stretch each grass as long as it will yield, coil them up in rings, and lay them by; and you will find them become near as small, full as round, and much stronger than the best single hairs you can get. To preserve them moist, keep them in a piece of bladder well oiled; and before you use them, let them soak half an hour in water; or, in your walk to the river side, put a length of it into your mouth.

If your grass is coarse, it will fall heavily into the water, and scare away the fish, on which account gut has the advantage. But, after all, if your grass be fine and round, it is the best thing you can use.

* These recipes are far from being scientifically chemical; but fewer improvements have been introduced into hair-staining than any other art. — J. R.

half a pound of copperas, beaten small, and with it the hair that you intend to colour; then let the hair be boiled softly till half the liquor be wasted, and then let it cool three or four hours, with your hair in it: and you are to observe, that the more copperas you put into it the greener it will be; but doubtless the pale green is best. But if you desire yellow hair, which is only good when the weeds rot, then put in the more marigolds; and abate most of the copperas, or leave it quite out, and take a little verdigris instead of it.

This for colouring your hair.

And as for painting your rod, which must be in oil, you must first make a size with glue and water, boiled together until the glue be dissolved, and the size of a lye colour: then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush, or pencil, whilst it is hot: that being quite dry, take white lead, and a little red lead, and a little coal black, so much as altogether will make an ash colour; grind these altogether with linseed oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a brush or pencil: this do for the ground of any colour to lie upon wood.

For a green, take pink and verdigris, and grind them together in linseed oil, as thin as you can well grind it; then lay it smoothly on with your brush, and drive it thin: once doing, for the most part, will serve, if you lay it well; and if twice, be sure your first colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second.*

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothach; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience — a misery

* The painting of the rod is not for mere ornament, but to preserve it from being soaked with moisture, or rendered brittle by becoming too dry. — J. R.

that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; * and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence; and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want;

* This is a very inaccurate comparison: the silk-worm does not consume herself by spinning her own bowels, but, out of a reservoir of silk gum on each side of the throat, spins a warm covering for protection during the torpidity preceding a change of state. — J. R.

though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember, that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well! this wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St Matthew's Gospel; for he there says, "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but, in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness: and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in Holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common; let not us forget to praise him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises: but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul,—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And, therefore, my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of;

a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, (which may be said to be the third blessing,) neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and, if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings,—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart, which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

Venator. Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget.

BOWERBANKS, TOTTENHAM.

And pray let 's now rest ourselves in this sweet shady arbour, which Nature herself has woven with her own fine finger; it is such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbriar, jessamine, and myrtle, and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the sun's violent heat, and from the approaching shower. And being sat down, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which, all put together, make a

drink like nectar; indeed, too good for any body but us anglers. And so, master, here is a full glass to you of that liquor; and, when you have pledged me, I will repeat the verses which I promised you: it is a copy printed amongst some of Sir Henry Wotton's, and doubtless made either by him or by a lover of angling. Come, master, now drink a glass to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my repetition; it is a description of such country recreations as I have enjoyed since I had the happiness to fall into your company.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd Sardonic smiles* are glosing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery.
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty;
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You 'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here 's no fantastic mask nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no entrapping baits,
To hasten too, too hasty fates,
Unless it be
The fond credulity

* Feigned, or forced smiles, from the word Sardon, the name of an herb, resembling smallage, and growing in Sardinia, which being eaten by men, contracts the muscles, and excites laughter, even to death. Vide *Erasmi Adagia tit. Risus.*

Of silly fish, which (worldling like) still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy, 'less among
The birds, for price of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving Negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek:
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Bless'd silent groves, oh, may you be,
For ever, mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains;
Which we may every year
Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

Piscator. Trust me, scholar, I thank you heartily for these verses; they be choicely good, and doubtless made by a lover of angling. Come now, drink a glass to me, and I will requite you with another very good copy: it is a farewell to the vanities of the world, and some say written by Sir Harry Wotton, who, I told you, was an excellent angler. But let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possessed with happy thoughts at the time of their composure:

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame 's but a hollow echo — gold, pure clay —
Honour, the darling but of one short day —
Beauty, th' eye 's idol, but a damask'd skin —
State, but a golden prison, to live in,
And torture free-born minds — embroider'd trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins —
And blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill —
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke —
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind —

I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free —
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud —
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass, —
Rich, hated — wise, suspected — scorn'd, if poor —
Great, fear'd — fair, tempted — high, still envied more:
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair, — poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir —
Would beauty's queen entitle me the fair —
Fame speak me fortune's minion — could I "vie
Angels" with India* — with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs — be called "great master,"
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster —
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives, —
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever Fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure!

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves!
Now, the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book, now, shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears;
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect a holy melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger, then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.

Venator. Well, master, these verses be worthy to keep a room in every man's memory. I thank you for them; and I thank you for your many instructions, which (God willing) I will not forget. And as St Austin, in his *Confessions*, (book

* An angel is a piece of coin, value ten shillings. The words to "vie angels" are a metonomy, and signify to "compare wealth." In the old ballad of *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, a competition of this kind is introduced: a young knight, about to marry the beggar's daughter, is dissuaded from so unequal a match by some gentlemen, his relations, who urge the poverty of her father; the beggar challenges them to "drop angels" with him, and fairly empties the purses of them all.

The neighbourhood of Bethnal Green is seldom without a public house with a sign representing the Beggar, and the dissuaders of the match, dropping gold; the young woman, and the knight, her lover, standing between them.

iv. chap. 3) commemorates the kindness of his friend Verecundus, for lending him and his companion a country house, because there they rested and enjoyed themselves, free from the troubles of the world: so, having had the like advantage, both by your conversation and the art you have taught me, I ought ever to do the like; for, indeed, your company and discourse have been so useful and pleasant, that, I may truly say, I have only lived since I enjoyed them and turned angler, and not before. Nevertheless, here I must part with you, here in this now sad place where I was so happy as first to meet you: but I shall long for the ninth of May; for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time; which will pass away with me as tediously as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless, I will make it as short as I can, by my hopes and wishes: and, my good master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured so much for being philosophers, as to honour philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning angling, and I will endeavour to do so; and to live like those many worthy men, of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution. And as a pious man advised his friend, that, to beget mortification, he should frequent churches, and view monuments and charnel-houses, and then and there consider how many dead bones time had piled up at the gates of death: so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows, by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose: and so, "let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." And let the blessing of St Peter's Master be with mine.

Piscator. And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling.

"STUDY TO BE QUIET."—1 Thess. iv. 11.

END OF PART I.

It is imagined that the several descriptions of River Fish, contained in the foregoing pages, are abundantly sufficient for the information of any mere angler. But those who are curious to know the essential differences between the various species, are hereby recommended to a work entitled *Ichthyographia*, s. *Historia Piscium*, by Francis Willoughby, Esq. fol. Oxon. 1686; and to a posthumous work of that learned man and excellent naturalist, the Rev. Mr John Ray, entitled *Synopsis Methodica Avium et Piscium*, published by Dr Derham, in octavo, 1713.

And whereas, in page 194, &c. n. it is hinted, that the history of aquatic insects is but little known; and this stupendous branch of natural science is well worthy of farther investigation; the reader is hereby directed to the perusal of the *Life of the Ephemeron*, an insect little differing from our green and gray drake, translated from the Low Dutch of Dr Swammerdam, by Dr Edward Tyson, London, quarto, 1681. And for his farther information on this subject, we have added, as the first number of the Appendix to this work, a translation of a Synopsis of these creatures, drawn out from the observations of the above Mr Willoughby, and exhibited in Mr Ray's *Methodus Insectorum*, mentioned by Dr Derham in his *Physico-Theology*, page 234.*

It is not for the improvement of angling alone, that the above authors are referred to: the study of the works of nature is the most effectual way to open and enlarge the mind, and excite in us the affections of reverence and gratitude towards that Being whose wisdom and goodness are discernible in the structure of the meanest reptile. Farther, "The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and, with a gross rusticity, admire his works: those highly magnify him, whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration." — *Religio Medici*, sec. 13.

* The fullest and plainest account, for the use of general readers, of every species of insects, hitherto published in English, may be found in *Insect Architecture, Insect Transformations, Insect Miscellanies, and Alphabet of Insects.* — J. R.

THE

COMPLETE ANGLER;

OR,

CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

PART SECOND.

BEING

INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ANGLE FOR A TROUT OR GRAYLING, IN A CLEAR STREAM.

Qui mihi non credit, faciat licet ipse periclum :
Et fuerit scriptis æquior ille meis

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

Charles Cotton, Esq. was descended from an honourable family of the town and county of Southampton. His grandfather was Sir George Cotton, knight; and his grandmother, Cassandra, the heiress of a family named Mac-Williams: the issue of their marriage were, a daughter named Cassandra, who died unmarried, and a son named Charles, who, settling at Ovingden in the county of Sussex, married Olive, the daughter of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston, in the county of Derby, knight, half brother to Philip the first Earl of Chesterfield, and ancestor of the present Earl of Harrington, and by her had issue Charles, the author of the ensuing dialogues.

Of the elder Charles we learn, from unquestionable authority, that he was, even when young, a person of distinguished parts and accomplishments; for in the enumeration of those eminent persons whom Mr Hyde, afterward the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, chose for his friends and associates, while a student of the law, we find Mr Cotton mentioned, together with Ben Jonson, Mr Selden, Mr John Vaughan, afterward Lord Chief Justice, Sir Kenelm Digby, Mr Thomas May, the translator of Lucan, and Thomas Carew, the poet. The characters of these several persons are exhibited, with the usual elegance and accuracy of their

author, in the *Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon*, written by himself, and lately published. That of Mr Cotton here follows:

"Charles Cotton was a gentleman born to a competent fortune; and so qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those who had been best bred. His natural parts were very great, his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation; the superstructure of learning not raised to a considerable height; but having passed some years in Cambridge, and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument; so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with him, to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man in the court or out of it appeared a more accomplished person: all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression on his mind; which, being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been, and gave his best friends cause to have wished he had not lived so long."

The younger Mr Cotton was born on the 28th day of April, 1630; and having, as we must suppose, received such a school education as qualified him for a university, he was sent to Cambridge, where also his father had studied; he had for his tutor Mr Ralph Rawson, once a fellow of Brazennose college, Oxford, but who had been ejected from his fellowship by the Parliament visitors, in 1648. This person he has gratefully celebrated in a translation of an *Ode of Johannes Secundus*.

What was the course of his studies, whether they tended to qualify him for either of the learned professions, or to furnish him with those endowments of general learning and polished manners which are requisite in the character of a

gentleman, we know not: it is, however, certain, that in the university he improved his knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics, and became a perfect master of the French and Italian languages.

But whatever were the views of his father in placing him at Cambridge, we find not that he betook himself, in earnest, to the pursuit of any lucrative profession: it is true, that in a poem of his writing, he hints that he had a smattering of the law, which he had gotten

> —— More by practice than reading:
> By sitting o' the bench, while others were pleading.

But it is rather probable, that, returning from the university to his father's, he addicted himself to the lighter kinds of study, and the improvement of a talent in poetry, of which he found himself possessed, and also that he might travel abroad; for, in one of his poems,* he says he had been at Roan. His father having married a lady of a Derbyshire family, and she being the daughter and heiress of Edward Beresford, of Beresford and Enson in Staffordshire, and of Bentley in the county of Derby, it may be presumed, that the descent of the family seat at Beresford to her, might have been the inducement with her husband to remove with his family from their first settlement at Ovingden, to Beresford, near Ashbourne in Derbyshire, and in the neighbourhood of the Dove, a river that divides the counties of Derby and Stafford, and of which the reader will be told so much hereafter.

And here we may suppose the younger Mr Cotton, tempted by the vicinity of a river plentifully stored with fish of the best kinds, to have chosen angling for his recreation; and looking upon it to be, what Walton rightly terms it, "an art," to have applied himself to the improvement of that branch of it, fishing with an artificial fly. To this end he made himself acquainted with the nature of aquatic insects, with the forms and colours of the several flies that are found on or near rivers, the times of their appearance and departure, and the methods of imitating them with furs, silks, feathers, and other materials: in all which researches he exercised such patience, industry, and ingenuity, and succeeded so well, that having, in the following dialogues,

* *The Wonders of the Peak.*

communicated to the public the result of his experience, he must be deemed the great improver of this elegant recreation, and a benefactor to his posterity.

There is reason to think, that, after his leaving the university, he was received into his father's family; for we are told that his father, being a man of bright parts, gave him themes and authors whereon to exercise his judgment and learning, even to the time of his entering into the state of matrimony;* the first fruit of which exercises was, as it seems, his *Elegy on the gallant Lord Derby*.†

In 1656, being then twenty-six years of age, and before any patrimony had descended to him, or he had any visible means of subsisting a family, he married a distant relation, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorp, in the county of Nottingham, knight.‡ The distress in which this step might have involved him was averted by the death of his father, in 1658, an event that put him into possession of the family estate: but from the character of his father, as given by Lord Clarendon, it cannot be supposed but that it was struggling with lawsuits, and laden with encumbrances.

The great Lord Falkland was wont to say, that he "pitied unlearned gentlemen in rainy weather." Mr Cotton might possibly entertain the same sentiment; for, in this situation, we find that his employments were, study, for his delight and improvement, and fishing, for his recreation and health; for each of which several employments we may suppose he chose the fittest times and seasons.

In 1660 he published *A Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty*, a prose pamphlet, in folio, a copy of which is preserved in the library at the British Museum.

In 1663 he published the *Moral Philosophy of the Stoics*, translated from the French of Monsieur de Vaix, president of the Parliament of Provence, in obedience, as the preface informs us, to a command of his father, doubtless with a view to his improvement in the science of morality: and this, notwithstanding the book had been translated by Dr James, the first keeper of the Bodleian library, above threescore years before.

His next publication was *Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie, being the first book of Virgil's Æneis, in English burlesque*, 8vo. 1664. Concerning which, and also the fourth book, translated

* Oldy's *Life*, xii. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. xiii.

by him, and afterward published, it may be sufficient to say, that, for degrading sublime poetry into doggrel, Scarron's example is no authority; and that were the merit of this practice greater than many men think it, those who admire the wit, the humour, and the learning of Hudibras, cannot but be disgusted at the low buffoonery, the forced wit, and the coarseness and obscenity of the *Virgil Travestie*; and yet the poem has its admirers, is commended by Sir John Suckling, in his *Session of the Poets*, and has passed fourteen editions.

To say the truth, the absurdity of that species of the mock epic, which gives to princes the manners of the lowest of their inferiors, has never been sufficiently noticed. In the instance before us, how is the poet embarrassed, when he describes Dido as exercising regal authority, and at the same time employed in the meanest of domestic offices; and Æneas, a person of royal descent, as a clown, a commander, and a common sailor! In the other kind of burlesque, namely, where the characters are elevated, no such difficulty interposes; grant but to Don Quixote and Sancho, to Hudibras and Ralpho, the stations which Cervantes and Butler have respectively assigned them, and all their actions are consistent with their several characters.

Soon after, he engaged in a more commendable employment,—a translation of the *History of the Life of the Duke d'Espernon*, from 1598, where D'Avila's history ends, to 1642, in twelve books, in which undertaking he was interrupted by an appointment to some place or post, which he hints at in the preface, but did not hold long; as also by a sickness that delayed the publication until 1670, when the book came out in a folio volume, with a handsome dedication to Dr Gilbert Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury.

In the same year, being the fortieth of his age, and having been honoured with a captain's commission in the army, he was drawn, by some occasion of business or interest, to visit Ireland, which event he has recorded, with some particular circumstances touching the course of his life, in a burlesque poem called *A Voyage to Ireland*, carelessly written, but abounding in humorous description, as will appear by the following extract therefrom:—

> A guide I had got, who demanded great vails
> For conducting me over the mountains of Wales;
> Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is:
> Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges;

And yet, for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest:
It certainly was the most ugly of jades;
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-gall'd withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall:
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair,
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail.
Now, such as the beast was, e'en such was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider,
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat.
E'en such was my guide, and his beast: let them pass,
The one for a horse, and the other an ass.

In this poem, he relates, with singular pleasantry, that, at Chester, coming out of church, he was taken notice of by the mayor of the city, for his rich garb, and particularly a gold belt that he then wore; and by him invited home to supper, and very hospitably entertained.

In the same year, and also the year after, more correctly, he published a translation of the tragedy entitled *Les Horaces*, i. e. The Horatii, from the French of Pierre Corneille; and, in 1674, the *Fair One of Tunis*, a novel, translated also from the French; as also a translation of the *Commentaries* of Blaise de Montluc, marshal of France, a thrasonical gascon, (as Lord Herbert has shewn, in his *History of Henry VIII.*,) far better skilled in the arts of flight than of battle.

In 1675, Mr Cotton published two little books,—*The Planter's Manual, being Instructions for cultivating all sorts of Fruit Trees*, octavo; and a burlesque of sundry select dialogues of Lucian, with the title of *Burlesque upon Burlesque, or the Scoffer scoffed*, duodecimo, which has much the same merit as the *Virgil Travestie*.

Angling having been the favourite recreation of Mr Cotton for many years before this, we cannot but suppose that the publication of such a book as the *Complete Angler* of Mr Walton had attracted his notice, and probably excited in him a desire to become acquainted with the author; and that, setting aside other circumstances, the advantageous situation of Mr Cotton, near the finest Trout river in the kingdom, might conduce to beget a great intimacy between them. For certain it is, that before the year 1676 they were united by the closest ties of friendship;

Walton, as also his son, had been frequent visitants to Mr Cotton, at Beresford; who, for the accommodation of the former, no less than of himself, had erected a fishing-house on the bank of the river, with a stone in the front thereof, containing a cypher that incorported the initials of both their names.

These circumstances, together with a formal adoption, by Walton, of Mr Cotton for his son, that will be explained in its place, were doubtless the inducements with the latter to the writing of a second part of the *Complete Angler*, and therein to explain more fully the art of fishing either with a natural or an artificial fly, as also the various methods of making the latter. The book, as the author assures us, was written in the short space of ten days; and first came abroad, with the fifth edition of the first part, in the above year, 1676, and ever since the two parts have been considered as one book.

The second part of the *Complete Angler* is, apparently, an imitation of the first. It is a course of dialogues, between the author, shadowed under the name of Piscator, and a Traveller, the very person distinguished in the first part by the name of Venator, and whom Walton of a hunter had made an angler:* in which, besides the instructions there given, and the beautiful scenery of a wild and romantic country therein displayed, the urbanity, courtesy, and hospitality of a well bred country gentleman, are represented to great advantage.

This book might be thought to contain a delineation of the author's character; and dispose the reader to think that he was delighted with his situation, content with his fortunes, and, in short, one of the happiest of men: but his next publication speaks a very different language; for living in a country that abounds, above all others in this kingdom, in rocks, caverns, and subterraneous passages (objects that, to some minds, afford more delight than stately woods and fertile plains, rich enclosures, and other the milder beauties of rural nature,) he seems to have been prompted by no other than a sullen curiosity to explore the secrets of that nether world; and surveying it rather with wonder than philosophical delight, to have given way to his disgust, in a description of the dreary and terrific scenes around and beneath him, in a poem (written, as it is said, in emulation

* Vide part ii. chap. i.

of Hobbes's *De Mirabilibus Pecci*,) entitled *The Wonders of the Peak*. This he first published in 1681; and afterward, with a new edition of the *Virgil Travestie* and the *Burlesque of Lucian*.

The only praise of this poem is the truth of the representations therein contained; for it is a mean composition, inharmonious in the versification, and abounding in expletives. Of the spirit in which it is written, a judgment may be formed from the following lines, part of the exordium :—

> Durst I expostulate with Providence,
> I then should ask wherein the innocence
> Of my poor undesigning infancy,
> Could Heaven offend to such a black degree,
> As for th' offence to damn me to a place
> Where nature only suffers in disgrace ?

and these other, equally splenetic :—

> Environ'd round with nature's shames and ills,
> Black heaths, wild rocks, black crags, and naked hills.

So far was Mr Cotton from thinking, with the Psalmist, "that his lot was fallen in a fair ground, or that he had a goodly heritage."

But a greater, and to the world a more beneficial employment, at this time solicited his attention. The old translation of Montaigne's Essays, by the "resolute" John Florio, as he styled himself, was become obsolete, and the world was impatient for a new one. Mr Cotton not only understood French with a critical exactness, but was well acquainted with the almost barbarous dialect in which that book is written: and the freedom of opinion, and the general notions of men and things, which the author discovers, perhaps falling in with Mr Cotton's sentiments of human life and manners, he undertook, and, in 1685, gave to the world, in a translation of that author, in three volumes, 8vo. one of the most valuable books in the English language; in short, a translation that, if it does not (and many think it does in some respects) transcend, is yet nothing inferior to the original. And, indeed, little less than this is to be inferred from the testimony of the noble marquis to whom it is dedicated, who concludes a letter of his to Mr Cotton with this elegant encomium: "Pray believe, that he who can translate such an author, without doing him wrong, must not only make me glad, but proud of being his very humble servant, HALIFAX."

These are the whole of Mr Cotton's writings, published in his lifetime. Those that came abroad after his decease, were *Poems on several Occasions*, 8vo. 1689, a bookseller's publication, tumbled into the world without preface, apology, or even correction, that will be spoken of hereafter; and a translation from the French of the *Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis*, published in 1694, by his son, Mr Beresford Cotton, and by him dedicated to the then Duke of Ormond, as having been undertaken, and completed, at the request of the old duke, his grace's grandfather.

It is too much to be feared, that the difficulties he laboured under, and, in short, the straitness of his circumstances, were the reasons that induced Mr Cotton to employ himself in writing; and, in that, so much more in translation than original composition. For, first, by the way, they are greatly mistaken, who think that the business of writing for booksellers is a new occupation; it is known, that Greene, Peacham, and Howel, for a great part of their lives subsisted almost wholly by it; though perhaps Mr Cotton is the first instance of a gentleman by descent, and the inheritor of a fair estate, being reduced by a sad necessity to write for subsistence. But, secondly, whether through misfortune, or want of economy, or both, it may be collected from numberless passages in his writings, that Mr Cotton's circumstances were narrow; his estates encumbered with mortgages; and his income less than sufficient for its maintenance in the part and character of a gentleman: why, else, those querulous exclamations against the clamour of creditors, the high rate of interest, and the extortion of usurers, that so frequently occur in his poems? From which several particulars, it seems a natural, and, at the same time, a melancholy inference, that he was—not to say an author—a translator, probably, for hire; but, certainly, by profession.

It is, of all employments, one of the most painful, to enumerate the misfortunes and sufferings of worthy and deserving men; and, most so, of such as have been distinguished for their natural or acquired endowments: but truth, and the laws of biographical history, oblige all that undertake that kind of writing, to relate as well the adverse, as the prosperous events in the lives of those whom they mean to celebrate; else, we would gladly omit to say, that Mr Cotton was, during the whole of his life, involved in difficulties. Lord Clarendon says of his father, that "He

was engaged in lawsuits, and had wasted his fortune :" and it cannot be supposed but that his son inherited, in some degree, the vexation and expense of uncertain litigation, together with the paternal estate ; and might, finally, be divested of great part of it : farther we may suppose, that the easiness of his nature, and a disposition to oblige others, amounting even to imbecility, laid him open to the arts of designing men, and gave occasion to those complaints of ingratitude and neglect which we meet with in his eclogues, odes, and other of his writings.

It is true, that he was never reduced by necessity to alienate the family estate : nor were his distresses uniformly extreme ; but they were at times severely pungent.* It is said, that the numerous pecuniary engagements into which he had entered, drew upon him the misfortune of personal restraint ; and that, during his confinement in one of the city prisons, he inscribed, on the wall of his apartment therein, these affecting lines :—

A prison is a place of care,
Wherein no one can thrive,
A touchstone sure to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.†

And to aggravate these his afflictions, he had a wife whom he appears to have tenderly loved, and of whom, in an ironical poem, entitled the *Joys of Marriage*, he speaks thus handsomely :—

Yet with me, 'tis out of season,
To complain thus without reason,
Since the best and sweetest fair
Is allotted to my share :
But, alas ! I love her so,
That my love creates my woe ;
For if she be out of humour,
Straight, displeased I do presume her,
And would give the world to know
What it is offends her so ;

* It is said that he used to secrete himself in a cave near Beresford Hall, when pursued by the unrelenting hand of a bailiff at the suit of his creditors, and that his food was carried to him by a faithful female dependant.

† It is not very probable that Cotton was the author of these lines. They were found inscribed on the wall of the *Hall* of the Old Tolbooth, or common Prison of Edinburgh, with the following stanza additional :

Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of jades and thieves,
And honest men among. — S.

Or if she be discontented,
Lord! how am I then tormented!
And am ready to persuade her
That I have unhappy made her;
But if sick, then I am dying,
Meat and med'cine both defying.

This lady, the delight of his heart, and the partner of his sorrows, he had the misfortune to lose; but in what period of his life is not certain.

We might flatter ourselves, that his sun set brighter than it rose; for his second marriage, which was with the Countess Dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of fifteen hundred a-year, and survived him, might suggest a hope that he might have been thereby enabled to extricate himself out of the greatest of his difficulties; and, in reality, to enjoy that tranquillity of mind which he describes with so much feeling in the *Stanzes Irreguliers:* but this supposition seems to be contradicted by a fact, which the act of administration of his effects, upon his decease, discloses, namely, that the same was granted "to Elizabeth Bludworth, his principal creditrix; the Hon. Mary Countess Dowager of Ardglass, his widow, Beresford Cotton, Esq., Olive Cotton, Catherine Cotton, Jane Cotton, and Mary Cotton, his natural and lawful children, first renouncing."

The above act, bearing date the 12th day of September, 1687, fixes, perhaps, within a few days, the day of his death; and describes him as having lived in the parish of St James, Westminster: it also ascertains his issue, which were all by his first lady.

There is a tradition current in his neighbourhood, that he had, by some sarcastic expression in his writings, so offended an aunt of his, that she revoked a clause in her will, whereby she had bequeathed to him an estate of five hundred pounds a-year: but as two unlikely circumstances must concur to render such a report credible,—great imprudence in himself, and want of charity in her; and there is no such offensive passage to be found in any of his writings,—we may presume the tradition to be groundless.

Of the future fortunes of his descendants, little is known, save that, to his son, Beresford Cotton, was given a company in a regiment of foot, raised by the Earl of Derby for the service of King William; and that one of his daughters became the wife of that eminent divine, Dr George

Stanhope, dean of Canterbury, who, from his name, the same with that of Mr Cotton's mother, is conjectured to have been distantly allied to the family.

The above are the most remarkable particulars that at this time are recoverable of the life of Mr Cotton. His moral character is to be collected, and indeed does naturally arise, out of the several sentiments contained in his writings; more especially those in the *Collection of his Poems* above mentioned, which, consisting of all such verses of his as the publishers could get together,—as, namely, Eclogues, Odes, and Epistles to his Friends, and Translations from Ausonius, Catullus, Martial, Mons. Maynard, Corneille, Benserade, Guarini, and others,—if perused with a severe and indiscriminating eye, may perhaps be thought to reflect no great credit on his memory; for many of them are so inexcusably licentious, as to induce a suspicion that the author was but too well practised in the vices of the town: and yet it may be said of the book, that it contains the only good poems he ever wrote.

It is true that, for the looseness of his writings, and, if we may judge by them, of his manners, he deserves censure: but, at the same time, it is to be noted, that he was a warm and steady friend, and a lover of such as he thought more worthy than himself; of which last quality, his attachment to Mr Walton affords the clearest proof.

Nor did it derogate from the character of honest old Izaak, to contract and cherish an intimacy with one who, being of the cavalier party, might have somewhat of the gallant, not to say the rake, in him, and be guilty of some of those practices which it was the employment of Izaak's life and writings to discountenance. Mr Cotton was both a wit and a scholar; of an open, cheerful, and hospitable temper; endowed with fine talents for conversation, and the courtesy and affability of a gentleman; and was, withal, as great a proficient in the art, as a lover of the recreation, of angling; these qualities, together with the profound reverence which he uniformly entertained for his father, Walton, could not but endear him to the good old man, whose charitable practice it was, to resolve all the deviations from that rule of conduct which he had prescribed himself, not into vicious inclination, but error.

But notwithstanding this creditable connection, and the qualities above ascribed to him, Mr Cotton's moral character must appear very ambiguous to any one that shall reflect

on the subjects by him chosen for the exercise of his poetical talent,—a burlesque of an epic poem—a version of the most licentious of Lucian's dialogues — and a ludicrous delineation of some of the most stupendous works of nature, — in all which we meet with such foul imagery, such obscene allusions, such offensive descriptions, such odious comparisons, such coarse sentiment, and such filthy expression, as could only proceed from a polluted imagination, and tend to excite loathing and contempt.

On the other hand, there are, in his *Poems on several Occasions*, verses, to ladies in particular, of so courtly and elegant a turn, that, bating their incorrectness, they might vie with many of Waller and Cowley:* others there are, that bespeak him to have had a just sense of honour, loyalty, and moral rectitude; as do these that follow, penned by him with a view to preserve the memory of a deceased friend:†

Virtue, in those good times that bred good men,
No testimony craved of tongue or pen;
No marble columns nor engraven brass,
To tell the world that such a person was;
For then each pious act, to fair descent,
Stood for the worthy owner's monument:
But in this change of manners and of states,
Good names, though writ in marble, have their fates;
Such is the barbarous and irreverent rage
That arms the rabble of this impious age.
Yet may this happy stone, that bears a name
Such as no bold survivor dares to claim,

* It is not only for their courtly and elegant turn that the verses of Charles Cotton ought to be praised, — there is such a delightful flow of feeling and sentiment, so much of the best parts of our nature mixed up in them, and so much fancy displayed, that one of our most distinguished living poets has adduced several passages of his *Ode upon Winter*, for a general illustration of the characteristics of fancy. "The middle part of this Ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as a 'palsied king,' and yet a military monarch, advancing for conquest with his army, the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of fanciful comparisons, which indicate, on the part of the poet, extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling." This recommendation from the hand of Wordsworth, will make the reader anxious to become acquainted with a volume, "which, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which the poet lived," ought yet to form a part of all future collections of English poetry.

† On a monument of Robert Port, Esq. in the church of Ilam, in the county of Stafford.

To ages yet unborn, unblemish'd stand,
Safe from the stroke of an inhuman hand.
Here, reader! here a poet's sad relics lie,
To teach the careless world mortality;
Who while he mortal was, unrivall'd stood,
The crown and glory of his ancient blood;
Fit for his prince's and his country's trust;
Pious to God, and to his neighbour just;
A loyal husband to his latest end,
A gracious father and a faithful friend;
Beloved he lived, and died o'ercharged with years,
Fuller of honour than of silver hairs.
And, to sum up his virtues, this was he
Who was what all we should, but cannot be.

To this it may be added, that in sundry parts of his writings, and even in his poems, the evidences of piety in the author are discernible: among them is a paraphrase on that noble and sublime hymn, the eighth Psalm. And in the poem entitled *Stanzes Irreguliers*, are the following lines:—

Dear Solitude! the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend;
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

And lastly, in the following book, he, in the person of Piscator, thus utters his own sentiment of a practice which few that love fishing, and have a sense of decorum, not to say of religion, would in these days of licence forbear! "A worm is so sure a bait at all times that, excepting in a flood, I would I had laid a thousand pounds that I did not kill fish, more or less, with it, winter or summer, every day in the year; those days always excepted that upon a more serious account always ought so to be:"* whence it is but just to infer, that the delight he took in fishing was never a temptation with him to profane the Sabbath.

The inconsistences above pointed out, we leave the perusers of his various writings to reconcile; with this remark, that he must have possessed a mind well stored with ideas, and habituated to reflections, who could write such verses as immediately follow this account, and, in many respects, have been an amiable man, whom Walton could choose for his friend, and adopt for his son.—J. H.

* Note — Chap. xi.

TO

MY MOST WORTHY FATHER AND FRIEND,

MR IZAAK WALTON, THE ELDER.

SIR, — Being you were pleased, some years past, to grant me your free leave to do what I have here attempted; and observing you never retract any promise when made in favour of your meanest friends, I accordingly expect to see these following particular directions for the taking of a Trout, to wait upon your better and more general rules for all sorts of angling. And though mine be neither so perfect, so well digested, nor indeed so handsomely couched, as they might have been, in so long a time as since your leave was granted, yet I dare affirm them to be generally true: and they had appeared, too, in something a neater dress, but that I was surprised with the sudden news of a sudden new edition of your *Complete Angler;* so that, having but a little more than ten days' time to turn me in, and rub up my memory, (for in truth, I have not, in all this long time, though I have often thought on 't, and almost as often resolved to go presently about it,) I was forced, upon the instant, to scribble what I here present you, which I have also endeavoured to accommodate to your own method. And, if mine be clear enough for the honest brothers of the angle readily to understand, (which is the only thing I aim at,) then I have my end; and shall need to make no farther apology; a writing of this kind not requiring (if I were master of any such thing) any eloquence to set it off or recommend it; so that if you, in your better judgment, or kindness rather, can allow it passable for a thing of this nature, you will then do me honour if the cipher fixed and carved in the front of my little fishing-house may be here explained: and to permit me to attend you in public, who, in private, have ever been, am, and ever resolve to be,

SIR,

Your most affectionate son and servant,

CHARLES COTTON.

BERESFORD,
10*th of March*, 1675-6.

TO

MY MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

SIR,

YOU now see I have returned you your very pleasant and useful discourse of *The Art of Fly Fishing*, printed just as it was sent me; for I have been so obedient to your desires, as to endure all the praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And when I have thanked for them, as the effects of an undissembled love, then, let me tell you, sir, that I will really endeavour to live up to the character you have given of me, if there were no other reason, yet for this alone, that you, that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my sake, suffer by a mistake in your judgment.

And, sir, I have ventured to fill a part of your margin, by way of paraphrase, for the reader's clearer understanding the situation both of your fishing-house, and the pleasantness of that you dwell in. And I have ventured also to give him a *Copy of Verses* that you were pleased to send me, now some years past, in which he may see a good picture of both; and so much of your own mind, too, as will make any reader, that is blessed with a generous soul, to love you the better. I confess, that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold: if you do, I will say so too; and so far commute for my offence, that, though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon; for I would die in your favour, and till then will live,

SIR,

Your most affectionate Father, * and Friend,

IZAAK WALTON.

LONDON, *April* 29, 1676.

* It was a practice with the pretended masters of the Hermetic science, to adopt favourite persons for their sons, to whom they imparted their secrets. Ashmole, in his *Diary*, p. 25, says, "Mr Backhouse told me, I must now needs be his son, because he had communicated so many secrets to me." And a little after, p. 27, 'My father Backhouse, lying sick in Fleet street, told me, in syllables, the true matter of the philosopher's stone, which he bequeathed to me as a legacy." See more of this practice, and of the tremendous solemnities with which the secret was communicated, in Ashmole's *Theat. Chem. Brit.* p. 440.

And, in imitation of this practice, Ben Jonson adopted several persons his sons, to the number of twelve or fourteen; among whom were Cartwright, Randolph, and Alexander Brome. And it should seem, by the text, that Walton followed the above mentioned examples, by adopting Cotton for his son.

THE RETIREMENT.

STANZES IRREGULIERS, TO MR IZAAK WALTON.

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves, and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read and meditate and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty,
And with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd, industriously to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle water all compared with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
And, from the vales, to view the noble heights above!
O my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat,
And all anxieties, my safe retreat;
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society,
E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place,
(Which most men in discourse disgrace,)
Live but undisturb'd and free!
Here, in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old; *
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

C. C.

* This he did not; for he was born 1630, and died in 1687. See the Account of his Life prefixed.

THE

COMPLETE ANGLER.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

A CONFERENCE BETWEEN A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, A PROFICIENT IN FLY FISHING, AND A TRAVELLER.

PISCATOR JUNIOR, AND VIATOR.

Piscator. You are happily overtaken, sir: may a man be so bold as to inquire how far you travel this way?

Viator. Yes, sure, sir, very freely; though it be a question I cannot very well resolve you, as not knowing myself how far it is to Ashborn, where I intend to-night to take up my inn.

Piscator. Why then, sir, seeing I perceive you to be a stranger in these parts, I shall take upon me to inform you, that from the town you last came through, called Brelsford,* it is five miles; and you are not yet above half a mile on this side.

Viator. So much! I was told it was but ten miles† from Derby, and methinks I have rode almost so far already.

Piscator. Oh, sir, find no fault with large measure of good land, which Derbyshire abounds in, as much as most counties of England.

Viator. It may be so; and good land, I confess, affords a pleasant prospect: but, by your good leave, sir, large measure of foul way is not altogether so acceptable.

Piscator. True, sir; but the foul way serves to justify the fertility of the soil, according to the proverb, "There is good land where there is foul way:" and is of good use to inform you of the riches of the country you are come into, and of its continual travel and traffic to the country town you came from;

* Brailsford. † Thirteen miles is the true distance. — J. R.

which is also very observable by the foulness of its road, and the loaden horses you meet every where upon the way.

Viator. Well, sir! I will be content to think as well of your country as you would desire. And I shall have a great deal of reason both to think and to speak very well of you, if I may obtain the happiness of your company to the forementioned place, provided your affairs lead you that way, and that they will permit you to slack your pace, out of complacency to a traveller utterly a stranger in these parts, and who am still to wander farther out of my own knowledge.

Piscator. Sir, you invite me to my own advantage. And I am ready to attend you, my way lying through that town; but my business, that is, my home, some miles beyond it: however, I shall have time enough to lodge you in your quarters, and afterward to perform my own journey. In the mean time, may I be so bold as to inquire the end of your journey.

Viator. 'Tis into Lancashire, sir; and about some business of concern to a near relation of mine; for I assure you, I do not use to take so long journeys as from Essex upon the single account of pleasure.

Piscator. From thence, sir! I do not then wonder you should appear dissatisfied with the length of the miles, and the foulness of the way: though I am sorry you should begin to quarrel with them so soon; for believe me, sir, you will find the miles much longer, and the way much worse, before you come to your journey's end.

Viator. Why, truly, sir! for that I am prepared to expect the worst; but methinks the way is mended since I had the good fortune to fall into your good company.

Piscator. You are not obliged to my company for that, but because you are already past the worst, and the greatest part of your way to your lodging.

Viator. I am very glad to hear it, both for the ease of myself and my horse; but especially, because I may then expect a freer enjoyment of your conversation: though the shortness of the way will, I fear, make me lose it the sooner.

Piscator. That, sir, is not worth your care: and I am sure you deserve much better for being content with so ill company. But we have already talked away two miles of your journey; for, from the brook before us, that runs at the foot of this sandy hill, you have but three miles to Ashborn.

Viator. I meet, every where in this country, with these little brooks; and they look as if they were full of fish: have they not Trouts in them?

Piscator. That is a question which is to be excused in a stranger, as you are: otherwise, give me leave to tell you, it would seem a kind of affront to our country, to make a doubt

of what we pretend to be famous for, next, if not before, our malt, wool, lead, and coal; for you are to understand, that we think we have as many fine rivers, rivulets, and brooks, as any country whatever; and they are all full of Trouts, and some of them the best (it is said) by many degrees, in England.

Viator. I was first, sir, in love with you; and now shall be so enamoured of your country, by this account you give me of it, as to wish myself a Derbyshire man, or, at least, that I might live in it: for you must know I am a pretender to the angle, and, doubtless, a Trout affords the most pleasure to the angler of any sort of fish whatever; and the best Trouts must needs make the best sport; but this brook, and some others I have met with upon this way, are too full of wood for that recreation.

Piscator. This, sir! why this, and several others like it, which you have passed, and some that you are like to pass, have scarce any name amongst us; but we can shew you as fine rivers, and as clear from wood, or any other encumbrance to hinder an angler, as any you ever saw; and for clear beautiful streams, Hantshire itself, by Mr Izaak Walton's good leave, can shew none such, nor, I think, any country in Europe.

Viator. You go far, sir, in the praise of your country rivers, and, I perceive, have read Mr Walton's *Complete Angler*, by your naming of Hantshire; and, I pray, what is your opinion of that book?

Piscator. My opinion of Mr Walton's book is the same with every man's that understands any thing of the art of angling,—that it is an excellent good one, and that the forementioned gentleman understands as much of fish and fishing as any man living. But I must tell you, farther, that I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him; and, in him, to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had: nay, I shall yet acquaint you farther, that he gives me leave to call him father, and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted son.

Viator. In earnest, sir, I am ravished to meet with a friend of Mr Izaak Walton's, and one that does him so much right in so good and true a character: for I must boast to you, that I have the good fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the same manner as I do with you—that he was my master, who first taught me to love angling, and then to become an angler—and, to be plain with you, I am the very man deciphered in his book under the name of "Venator;" for I was wholly addicted to the chase, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion.

Piscator. Sir, I think myself happy in your acquaintance; and, before we part, shall entreat leave to embrace you. You have said enough to recommend you to my best opinion; for my

father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men, which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me.

Viator. You speak like a true friend, and, in doing so, render yourself worthy of his friendship. May I be so bold as to ask your name?

Piscator. Yes, surely, sir; and, if you please, a much nicer question: my name is ———, and I intend to stay long enough in your company, if I find you do not dislike mine, to ask yours too. In the meantime, (because we are now almost at Ashborn,) I shall freely and bluntly tell you, that I am a brother of the angle too, and, peradventure, can give you some instructions how to angle for a Trout in a clear river, that my father Walton himself will not disapprove, though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember them, when you and he sat discoursing under the sycamore tree. And, being you have already told me whither your journey is intended, and that I am better acquainted with the country than you are, I will heartily and earnestly entreat you will not think of staying at this town, but go on with me six miles farther to my house, where you shall be extremely welcome; it is directly in your way, we have day enough to perform our journey, and, as you like your entertainment, you may there repose yourself a day or two, or as many more as your occasions will permit, to recompense the trouble of so much a longer journey.

Viator. Sir, you surprise me with so friendly an invitation, upon so short acquaintance; but how advantageous soever it would be to me, and that my haste, perhaps, is not so great but it might dispense with such a divertisement as I promise myself in your company, yet I cannot, in modesty, accept your offer, and must therefore beg your pardon: I could otherwise, I confess, be glad to wait upon you, if upon no other account but to talk of Mr Izaak Walton, and to receive those instructions you say you are able to give me for the deceiving a Trout, in which art I will not deny but that I have an ambition to be one of the greatest deceivers; though I cannot forbear freely to tell you, that I think it hard to say much more than has been read to me upon that subject.

Piscator. Well, sir, I grant that, too; but you must know, that the variety of rivers require different ways of angling: however, you shall have the best rules I am able to give, and I will tell you nothing I have not made myself as certain of, as any man can be in thirty years' experience, (for so long I have been a dabbler in that art;) and that, if you please to stay a few days, you shall, in a very great measure, see made good to you.

But of that hereafter: and now, sir, if I am not mistaken, I have half overcome you; and that I may wholly conquer that modesty of yours, I will take upon me to be so familiar as to say, you must accept my invitation; which, that you may the more easily be persuaded to do, I will tell you, that my house stands upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for Trouts and Grayling in England,—that I have lately built a little fishing house upon it, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine, twisted in cipher—that you shall lie in the same bed he has sometimes been contented with, and have such country entertainment as my friends sometimes accept, and be as welcome, too, as the best friend of them all.

Viator. No doubt, sir, but my master Walton found good reason to be satisfied with his entertainment in your house; for you who are so friendly to a mere stranger, who deserves so little, must needs be exceeding kind and free to him who deserves so much.

Piscator. Believe me, no: and such as are intimately acquainted with that gentleman, know him to be a man who will not endure to be treated like a stranger. So that his acceptation of my poor entertainment has ever been a pure effect of his own humility and good nature, and nothing else. But, sir, we are now going down the Spittle Hill into the town; and, therefore, let me importune you suddenly to resolve, and most earnestly not to deny me.

Viator. In truth, sir, I am so overcome by your bounty, that I find I cannot, but must render myself wholly to be disposed by you.

Piscator. Why, that's heartily and kindly spoken, and I as heartily thank you. And, being you have abandoned yourself to my conduct, we will only call and drink a glass on horseback at the Talbot, and away.

Viator. I attend you. But what pretty river is this, that runs under this stone bridge? has it a name?

Piscator. Yes, it is called Henmore;* and has in it both Trout and Grayling; but you will meet with one or two better anon. And so soon as we are past through the town, I will endeavour, by such discourse as best likes you, to pass away the time till you come to your ill quarters.

Viator. We can talk of nothing with which I shall be more delighted than of rivers and angling.

* At that time it was commonly so called, because it flowed through Henmoor; but its proper name is Schoo Brook. See a singular contest regarding the right of fishing in this brook, as reported in Burrows, 2279. Richard Hayne, Esq. of Ashborn, *v.* Uriah Corden, Esq. of Clifton.

Piscator. Let those be the subjects then. But we are now come to the Talbot—what will you drink, sir—ale or wine?

Viator. Nay, I am for the country liquor, Derbyshire ale, if you please; for a man should not, methinks, come from London to drink wine in the Peak.

Piscator. You are in the right: and yet, let me tell you, you may drink worse French wine in many taverns in London than they have sometimes at this house. What, ho! bring us a flagon of your best ale.—And now, sir, my service to you: a good health to the honest gentleman you know of, and you are welcome into the Peak.

Viator. I thank you, sir, and present you my service again, and to all the honest brothers of the angle.

Piscator. I'll pledge you, sir: so, there's for your ale, and farewell. Come, sir, let us be going, for the sun grows low, and I would have you look about you as you ride; for you will see an odd country, and sights that will seem strange to you.

CHAPTER II.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCIPAL RIVERS IN DERBYSHIRE. VIATOR LODGES AT PISCATOR'S HOUSE.

Piscator, jun. So, sir, now we have got to the top of the hill out of town, look about you, and tell me how you like the country.

Viator. Bless me! what mountains are here! are we not in Wales?*

Piscator. No, but in almost as mountainous a country: and yet these hills, though high, bleak, and craggy, breed and feed good beef and mutton above ground, and afford good store of lead within.

Viator. They had need of all those commodities to make amends for the ill landscape: but I hope our way does not lie over any of these, for I dread a precipice.

Piscator. Believe me, but it does; and down one especially, that will appear a little terrible to a stranger; though the way is passable enough, and so passable that we who are natives of these mountains, and acquainted with them, disdain to alight.

Viator. I hope, though, that a foreigner is privileged to use his own discretion, and that I may have the liberty to intrust my neck to the fidelity of my own feet, rather than to those of my horse, for I have no more at home.

* It is very well for an Essex man to take for mountains, hills not much higher than the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, or Shooter's Hill at Woolwich.—J. R.

Piscator. 'Twere hard else. But, in the meantime, I think 'twere best, while this way is pretty even, to mend our pace, that we may be past that hill I speak of, to the end your apprehension may not be doubled for want of light to discern the easiness of the descent.

Viator. I am willing to put forward as fast as my beast will give me leave, though I fear nothing in your company. But what pretty river is this we are going into?

Piscator. Why this, sir, is called Bently Brook,* and is full of very good Trout and Grayling, but so encumbered with wood in many places, as is troublesome to an angler.

Viator. Here are the prettiest rivers, and the most of them, in this country that ever I saw: do you know how many you have in the country?

Piscator. I know them all, and they were not hard to reckon, were it worth the trouble: but the most considerable of them I will presently name you. And to begin where we now are, for you must know we are now upon the very skirts of Derbyshire, we have, first, the river Dove, that we shall come to by and by, which divides the two counties of Derby and Stafford for many miles together, and is so called from the swiftness of its current, and that swiftness occasioned by the declivity of its course, and by being so strained in that course betwixt the rocks, by which (and those very high ones) it is, hereabout, for four or five miles, confined into a very narrow stream; a river that from a contemptible fountain, which I can cover with my hat, by the confluence of other rivers, rivulets, brooks, and rills, is swelled, before it falls into Trent, a little below Eggington, where it loses the name, to such a breadth and depth as to be in most places navigable, were not the passage frequently interrupted with fords and weirs; and has as fertile banks as any river in England, none excepted. And this river, from its head for a mile or two, is a black water, as all the rest of the Derbyshire rivers of note originally are, for they all spring from the mosses; but is in a few miles' travel so clarified by the addition of several clear and very great springs, bigger than itself, which gush out of the limestone rocks, that before it comes to my house, which is but six or seven miles from its source, you will find it one of the purest crystalline streams you have seen.†

* A narrow swift stream, two miles beyond Ashbourn, in the present high road, and considerably nearer to it in the old road.

† Between Beresford Hall and Ashbourn lies Dove Dale, whose crested cliffs and swift torrents are again noticed by Mr Cotton, in his *Wonders of the Peak.* Through this singularly deep valley the Dove runs for about two miles, changing its course, its motion, and its appearance perpetually, never less than ten, and rarely so many as twenty yards in width, making a continued noise by rolling over or falling among loose stones. The rocks which form its sides are heaved up in enormous piles, sometimes connected

Viator. Does Trent spring in these parts?

Piscator. Yes, in these parts; not in this county, but somewhere towards the upper end of Staffordshire, I think not far from a place called Trentham; and thence runs down, not far from Stafford, to Wolsly Bridge, and washing the skirts and purlieus of the forest of Needwood, runs down to Burton in the same county: thence it comes into this, where we now are, and running by Swarkston and Dunnington, receives Derwent at Wildon; and so to Nottingham; thence, to Newark; and, by Gainsborough, to Kingston-upon-Hull, where it takes the name of Humber, and thence falls into the sea; but that the map will best inform you.

Viator. Know you whence this river Trent derives its name?

Piscator, No, indeed; and yet I have heard it often discoursed upon: when some have given its denomination from the forenamed Trentham, though that seems rather a derivative from it: others have said it is so called from thirty rivers that fall into it, and there lose their names; which cannot be, neither, because it carries that name from its very fountain, before any other rivers fall into it: others derive it from thirty several sorts of fish that breed there; and that is the most likely derivation: but be it how it will, it is doubtless one of the finest rivers in the world, and the most abounding with excellent Salmon, and all sorts of delicate fish.

Viator. Pardon me, sir, for tempting you into this digression; and then proceed to your other rivers, for I am mightily delighted with this discourse.

Piscator. It was no interruption, but a very seasonable question; for Trent is not only one of our Derbyshire rivers, but the chief of them, and into which all the rest pay the tribute of their names, which I had, perhaps, forgot to insist upon, being got to the other end of the county, had you not awoke my memory. But I will now proceed. And the next river of note, for I will take them as they lie eastward from us, is the river Wye; I say of note, for we have two lesser betwixt us and it, namely Lathkin and Bradford, of which Lathkin is, by many degrees, the purest and most transparent stream that I ever yet saw, either at home or abroad, and breeds, it is said, the reddest and the best Trouts in England: but neither of these are to be reputed rivers, being no better

with each other, and sometimes detached; some perforated in natural cavities, others adorned with foliage, with here and there a tall rock, having nothing to relieve the bareness of its appearance but a mountain ash flourishing at the top. The grandeur of its scenery is probably unrivalled in England. — H.

It is utterly ridiculous to talk of the "grandeur" of Dove Dale. My impression, on visiting it in 1817, was, that it is prettily romantic — on so small a scale, that it might almost be artificially imitated. — J. R.

than great springs. The river Wye, then, has its source near unto Buxton, a town some ten miles from hence, famous for a warm bath, and which you are to ride through in your way to Manchester; a black water, too, at the fountain, but, by the same reason with Dove, becomes very soon a most delicate clear river, and breeds admirable Trout and Grayling, reputed by those who, by living upon its banks, are partial to it, the best of any: and this, running down by Ashford, Bakewell, and Hadden, at a town a little lower, called Rowesly, falls into Derwent, and there loses its name.* The next in order is Derwent, a black water too, and that not only from its fountain, but quite through its progress, not having these crystal springs to wash and cleanse it which the two forementioned have, but abounds with Trout and Grayling, such as they are, towards its source, and with Salmon below. And this river, from the upper and utmost part of this county, where it springs, taking its course by Chatsworth, Darley, Matlock, Derby, Burrow Ash, and Awberson, falls into Trent, at a place called Wildon; and there loses its name. The east side of this county of Derby is bounded by little inconsiderable rivers, as Awber, Eroways, and the like, scarce worth naming, but Trouty too; and farther we are not to inquire. But, sir, I have carried you, as a man may say, by water, till we are now come to the descent of the formidable hill I told you of, (at the foot of which runs the river Dove, which I cannot but love above all the rest;) and therefore prepare yourself to be a little frightened.

Viator. Sir, I see you would fortify me, that I should not shame myself; but I dare follow where you please to lead me. And I see no danger yet; for the descent, methinks, is thus far green, even, and easy.

Piscator. You will like it worse presently, when you come to the brow of the hill: and now we are there, what think you?

* By this it appears, that there are two rivers in England that bear the name of Wye: the former Wye, occasionally mentioned, part i. p. 124, n. 127, 129, n. and elsewhere in this work, has, as well as the Severn, its head in the Plynlimmon hill, on the borders of Montgomery and Cardiganshire; from whence, as its Latin name, Vaga, imports, wandering through part of Brecknockshire, it, near the Hay, enters Herefordshire, and at Mordiford, within four miles of Hereford, receives the Lug; from thence, passing on to Ross, it enters Monmouthshire, and falls into the Severn below Chepstow.

It abounds with that small species of fish called Last-springs, (for which, see page 129, n.) and also with Grayling.

And here it may be necessary to remark, that the names of Avon, Ouse, Stoure, and some others, are common to many rivers in England, as that of Dulas is to numbers in Wales. See *Notes on the Polyolbion*, song the sixth.

Viator. What do I think? why, I think it the strangest place that ever, sure, men and horses went down; and that, if there be any safety at all, the safest way is to alight.

Piscator. I think so too, for you who are mounted upon a beast not acquainted with these slippery stones: and though I frequently ride down, I will alight too to bear you company, and to lead you the way. And, if you please, my man shall lead your horse.

Viator. Marry, sir! and thank you too: for I am afraid I shall have enough to do to look to myself: and, with my horse in my hand, should be in a double fear, both of breaking my neck, and my horse's falling on me, for it is as steep as a penthouse.

Piscator. To look down from hence it appears so, I confess: but the path winds and turns, and will not be found so troublesome.

Viator. Would I were well down though! Hoist thee! there 's one fair 'scape! these stones are so slippery I cannot stand! yet again! I think I were best lay my heels in my neck and tumble down.

Piscator. If you think your heels will defend your neck, that is the way to be soon at the bottom. But give me your hand at this broad stone, and then the worst is past.

Viator. I thank you, sir, I am now past it, I can go myself. What 's here? the sign of a bridge? Do you use to travel with wheelbarrows in this country?

Piscator. Not that I ever saw, sir: why do you ask that question?

Viator. Because, this bridge certainly was made for nothing else: why! a mouse can hardly go over it: it is not two fingers broad.

Piscator. You are pleasant, and I am glad to see you so; but I have rid over the bridge many a dark night.

Viator. Why, according to the French proverb, and it is a good one, among a great many of worse sense and sound that language abounds in, *Ce que Dieu garde, est bien garde,* They whom God takes care of, are in safe protection: but, let me tell you, I would not ride over it for a thousand pounds, nor fall off it for two: and yet I think I dare venture on foot, though if you were not by to laugh at me, I should do it on all four.

Piscator. Well, sir, your mirth becomes you, and I am glad to see you safe over, and now you are welcome into Staffordshire.

Viator. How, Staffordshire! What do I there, trow? there is not a word of Staffordshire in all my direction.

Piscator. You see you are betrayed into it, but it shall be in order to something that will make amends: and it is but an ill mile or two out of your way.

Viator. I believe all things, sir, and doubt nothing. Is this your beloved river Dove? It is clear and swift indeed, but a very little one.

Piscator. You see it here at the worst: we shall come to it anon again, after two miles riding, and so near as to lie upon the very banks.

Viator. Would we were there once: but I hope we have no more of these Alps to pass over.

Piscator. No, no, sir, only this ascent before you, which you see is not very uneasy, and then you will no more quarrel with your way.

Viator. Well, if ever I come to London, of which many a man there, if he were in my place, would make a question, I will sit down and write my travels; and, like Tom Coriate, *

* Tom Coriate lived in the reign of King James the First, and, as Wood calls him, was the whetstone of all the wits of that age; and, indeed, the allusions to him, and to the singular oddness of his character, are numberless. He travelled almost over Europe on foot, and, in that tour, walked nine hundred miles with one pair of shoes, which he got mended at Zurich. Afterwards he visited Turkey, Persia, and the Great Mogul's dominions, travelling in so frugal a manner, that, as he tells his mother, in a letter to her, in his ten months' travels, between Aleppo and the Mogul's court, he spent but three pounds sterling, living remarkably well for about two-pence sterling a-day; and of that three pounds he elsewhere says, he was cozened of no less than ten shillings sterling by certain Christians of the Armenian nation; so that, indeed, he spent but fifty shillings in his ten months' travels. In these his travels, he attained to great proficiency both in the Persian and Indostan languages: in the former, he made and pronounced an oration to the Great Mogul; and his skill in the latter he took occasion to manifest in the following very signal instance: In the service of the English ambassador, then resident, was a woman of Indostan, a laundress, whose frequent practice it was to scold, brawl, and rail, from sunrising to sunset. This formidable shrew did Coriate one day undertake to scold with, in her own language; and succeeded so well in the attempt, that, by eight of the clock in the morning, he had totally silenced her, leaving her not a word to speak. See *A Voyage to East India*, by Edward Terry, chaplain to Sir Thomas Row, ambassador to the Great Mogul, 12mo. 1655.

Farther, it appears that he was a zealous champion for the Christian religion against the Mahometans and Pagans, in the defence whereof, he sometimes risked his life. In Turkey, when a priest, as the custom is, was proclaiming from a mosque tower that Mahomet was a true prophet, Tom, in the fury of his zeal, and in the face of the whole city, told the priest "he lied," and "that his prophet was an impostor;" and at a city called Moltan, in the East Indies, he in public disputed with a Mahometan, who had called him Giaur, or infidel, in these words: "But I pray thee, tell me, thou Mahometan! dost thou, in sadness, call me Giaur?"—"That I do," quoth he.—"Then," quoth he, "in very sober sadness, I retort that shameful word in thy throat, and tell thee plainly, that I am a Mussulman, and thou art a Giaur." He concludes thus: "Go to, then, thou false believer! since, by thy injurious imputation laid on me, in that thou callest me Giaur, thou hast provoked me to speak thus. I pray thee, let this mine answer be a warning for thee not to scandalize me in the like manner any more; for the Christian religion, which I profess, is so dear and tender

print them at my own charge. Pray what do you call this hill we came down?

Piscator. We call it Hanson Toot.

Viator. Why, farewell, Hanson Toot! I 'll no more on thee: I 'll go twenty miles about first. Puh! I sweat that my shirt sticks to my back.

Piscator. Come, sir, now we are up the hill; and now how do you?

Viator. Why, very well, I humbly thank you, sir, and warm enough, I assure you. What have we here — a church?

ASTONFIELD CHURCH.

As I'm an honest man, a very pretty church. Have you churches in this country, sir?

unto me, that neither thou, nor any other Mahometan, shall, scot free, call me Giaur, but that I shall quit you with an answer much to the wonder of those Mahometans. Dixi."

He died of the flux, occasioned by drinking sack at Surat, in 1617, having published his European travels in a quarto volume, which he called his *Crudities;* and to this circumstance the passage in the text is a manifest allusion. See *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. col. 422; Purchase's *Pilgrim*, part i. book 4, chap. 17; Coriate's *Letter from the Court of the Great Mogul*, quarto, 1616; and, above all, Terry's *Voyage*, before cited, the author whereof was, as he himself asserts, his chamber-fellow, or tent-mate, in East India.

Piscator. You see we have: but had you seen none, why should you make that doubt, sir?

Viator. Why, if you will not be angry, I'll tell you,—I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom.

Piscator. Come! come! we'll reconcile you to our country before we part with you, if shewing you good sport with angling will do it.

Viator. My respect to you, and that together, may do much, sir; otherwise, to be plain with you, I do not find myself much inclined that way.

Piscator. Well, sir, your raillery upon our mountains has brought us almost home; and look you where the same river of Dove has again met us to bid you welcome, and to invite you to a dish of Trouts to-morrow.

Viator. Is this the same we saw at the foot of Penmen Maure? It is a much finer river here.

Piscator. It will appear yet much finer to-morrow.—But look you, sir, here appears the house, that is now like to be your inn, for want of a better.

Viator. It appears on a sudden, but not before 'twas look'd for; it stands prettily, and here's wood about it too, but so young, as appears to be of your own planting.

Piscator. It is so; will it please you to alight, sir? And now permit me, after all your pains and dangers, to take you in my arms, and to assure you, that you are infinitely welcome.

Viator. I thank you, sir, and am glad, with all my heart, I am here; for, in downright truth, I am exceeding weary.

Piscator. You will sleep so much the better; you shall presently have a light supper, and to bed.—Come, sirs, lay the cloth, and bring what you have presently, and let the gentleman's bed be made ready in the meantime in my father Walton's chamber. And now, sir, here is my service to you; and, once more, welcome!

Viator. I marry, sir, this glass of good sack has refreshed me. And I'll make as bold with your meat; for the trot has got me a good stomach.

Piscator. Come, sir, fall to then; you see my little supper is always ready when I come home, and I'll make no stranger of you.

Viator. That your meal is so soon ready, is a sign your servants know your certain hours, sir; I confess I did not expect it so soon: but now it is here, you shall see I will make myself no stranger.

Piscator. Much good do your heart! and I thank you for that friendly word: and now, sir, my service to you in a cup of More-Lands ale; for you are now in the More-Lands, but within a spit and a stride of the Peak. Fill my friend his glass.

Viator. Believe me, you have good ale in the More-Lands, far better than that at Ashborn.

Piscator. That it may soon be! for Ashborn has (which is a kind of riddle) always in it, the best malt and the worst ale in England.* Come, take away, and bring us some pipes and a bottle of ale, and go to your own suppers. Are you for this diet, sir?

Viator. Yes, sir, I am for one pipe of tobacco; and I perceive yours is very good by the smell.

Piscator. The best I can get in London, I assure you.† But, sir, now you have thus far complied with my designs, as to take

* This seems to be something contradictory to what is formerly stated. A friend informs me that at this time Ashborn ale is quite famous in the northern and inland counties.—J. R.

† It should seem by what Walton says, chap. x. that he was a smoker: and the reader sees, by the passage in the text, that Piscator, by whom we are to understand Cotton himself, is so curious as to have his tobacco from London.

Smoking, or, as the phrase was, *taking tobacco*, was, in Queen Elizabeth's and her successor's time, esteemed the greatest of all foppery. Ben Jonson, who mortally hated it, has numberless sarcasms against smoking and smokers; all which are nothing, compared to those contained in that work of our King James the First, *A Counter-blast to Tobacco.* Nor was the ordinary conversation of this monarch less fraught with reasons and invectives against the use of that weed, as will appear from the following saying of his, extracted from *A Collection of Witty Apothegms, delivered by him and others, at several times, and on sundry occasions*, published in duodecimo, 1671.

"That tobacco was the lively image and pattern of hell; for that it had, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained, to wit. First, it was a smoke—so are the vanities of this world. Secondly, It delighteth them who take it—so do the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, It maketh men drunken, and light in the head—so do the vanities of the world—men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, He that taketh tobacco saith he cannot leave it, it doth bewitch him—even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them, they are for the most part so enchanted with them. And, farther, besides all this, It is like hell in the very substance of it, for it is a stinking loathsome thing, and so is hell. And, farther, his majesty professed that, were he to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes: 1. A pig; 2. A pole of ling and mustard; and 3. A pipe of tobacco for digesture."

In a poem, printed anno 1619, written by Samuel Rowley, I meet with the following humorous lines, uttered by two good fellows, lovers of drinking and tobacco, and, since that time, printed on a London tobacconist's paper:

> I am as dry as ever was March dust;
> I have one groat, and I will spend it just;
> O honest fellow! if that thou say'st so,
> Lo! here 's my groat, and my tobacco too

I conclude this note on smoking, which, by this time, may have made the reader laugh, with the mention of a fact that may go near to make him weep, which the people of Herefordshire have by tradition. In that county, to signify the last, or concluding, pipe that any one means to smoke at a sitting, they use the term, a Kemble pipe, alluding to a man of the name of Kemble, who, in the cruel persecution under that merciless bigot Queen Mary, being condemned for heresy, in his walk of some miles from the prison to the stake, amidst a crowd of weeping friends, with the tranquillity and fortitude of a primitive martyr, smoked a pipe of tobacco!

a troublesome journey into an ill country, only to satisfy me; how long may I hope to enjoy you?

Viator. Why, truly, sir, as long as I conveniently can; and longer, I think, you would not have me.

Piscator. Not to your inconvenience, by any means, sir: but I see you are weary, and therefore I will presently wait on you to your chamber, where, take counsel of your pillow, and to-morrow resolve me. Here, take the lights; and pray, follow them, sir. Here you are like to lie; and now I have shewed you your lodging, I beseech you, command any thing you want, and so I wish you good rest.

Viator. Good night, sir.

CHAPTER III.

CONFERENCE, CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF MR COTTON'S FISHING HOUSE, WITH HIS APOLOGY FOR WRITING A SUPPLEMENT TO WALTON'S BOOK.

Piscator, junior. Good morrow, sir: what! up and dressed so early?

Viator. Yes, sir, I have been dressed this half hour; for I rested so well, and have so great a mind either to take, or to see a Trout taken in your fine river, that I could no longer lie a-bed.

Piscator. I am glad to see you so brisk this morning, and so eager of sport: though I must tell you, this day proves so calm, and the sun rises so bright, as promises no great success to the angler; but, however, we 'll try, and, one way or other, we shall, sure, do something. What will you have to your breakfast, or what will you drink this morning?

Viator. For breakfast I never eat any, and for drink I am very indifferent; but if you please to call for a glass of ale, I 'm for you: and let it be quickly, if you please, for I long to see the little fishing house you spoke of, and to be at my lesson.

Piscator. Well, sir, you see the ale is come without calling; for though I do not know yours, my people know my diet, which is always one glass as soon as I am dressed, and no more, till dinner: and so my servants have served you.

Viator. My thanks! And now, if you please, let us look out this fine morning.

Piscator. With all my heart. Boy, take the key of my fishing house, and carry down those two angle-rods in the hall window thither, with my fish pannier, pouch, and landing net; and stay you there till we come. Come, sir, we 'll walk after,

where, by the way, I expect you should raise all the exceptions against our country you can.

Viator. Nay, sir, do not think me so ill-natured nor so uncivil; I only made a little bold with it last night to divert you, and was only in jest.

Piscator. You were then in as good earnest as I am now with you: but had you been really angry at it, I could not blame you; for, to say the truth, it is not very taking at first sight. But, look you, sir, now you are abroad, does not the sun shine as bright here as in Essex, Middlesex, or Kent, or any of your southern counties?

Viator. 'Tis a delicate morning, indeed, and I now think this a marvellous pretty place.

Piscator. Whether you think so or no, you cannot oblige me more than to say so; and those of my friends who know my humour, and are so kind as to comply with it, usually flatter me that way. But look you, sir, now you are at the brink of the hill, how do you like my river, the vale it winds through, like a snake, and the situation of my little fishing house?

Viator. Trust me, 'tis all very fine; and the house seems, at this distance, a neat building.

Piscator. Good enough for that purpose. And here is a bowling-green, too, close by it; so, though I am myself no very good bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own pleasure, but that I have also some regard to other men's. And now, sir, you are come to the door: pray walk in, and there we 'll sit, and talk as long as you please.

Viator. Stay, what 's here over the door? "Piscatoribus Sacrum."* Why, then, I perceive I have some title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worst. And here, below it, is the cipher, too, you spoke of, and 'tis prettily contrived. Has my master Walton ever been here to see it, for it seems new built?†

* There is, under this motto, the cipher mentioned in pages 299 and 312. And some part of the fishing house has been described; but the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it, cannot, unless Sir Philip Sidney, or Mr Cotton's father, were again alive to do it. — I. W.

† I have been favoured with an accurate description of this fishing house, by a person who, being in that country, with a view to oblige me, went to see it. The account he gave of it is, that it is of stone, and the room inside a cube of fifteen feet; that it is paved with black and white marble, and that in the middle is a square black marble table, supported by two stone feet. The room is wainscoted with curious mouldings that divide the panels up to the ceiling. In the larger panels are represented, in painting, some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the farther corner, on the left, is a fire-place, with a chimney; on the right, a large beaufet, with folding-doors, whereon are the portraits of Mr Cotton, with a boy-servant, and Walton, in the dress of the time. Underneath is a cupboard, on the door whereof the figures of a Trout and of a Grayling are well portrayed. The edifice is at this time

Piscator. Yes, he saw it cut in the stone before it was set up, but never in the posture it now stands; for the house was but building when he was last here, and not raised so high as the arch of the door. And I am afraid he will not see it yet; for he has lately writ me word, he doubts his coming down this summer, which, I do assure you, was the worst news he could possibly have sent me.

Viator. Men must sometimes mind their affairs, to make more room for their pleasures. And 'tis odds he is as much displeased with the business that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But I am the most pleased with this little house, of any thing I ever saw: it stands in a kind of peninsula, too, with a delicate clear river about it. I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without; but, by your leave, I'll try.—Why, this is better and better! fine lights, finely wainscoted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table and all in the middle!

Piscator. Enough, sir, enough; I have laid open to you the part where I can worst defend myself, and now you attack me there. Come, boy, set two chairs; and whilst I am taking a pipe of tobacco, which is always my breakfast, we will, if you please, talk of some other subject.

Viator. None fitter, then, sir, for the time and place, than those instructions you promised.

Piscator. I begin to doubt, by something I discover in you, whether I am able to instruct you or no; though, if you are really a stranger to our clear northern rivers, I still think I can: and, therefore, since it is yet too early in the morning at this time of the year, to-day being but the seventh of March, to cast a fly upon the water, if you will direct me what kind of fishing for a Trout I shall read you a lecture on, I am willing and ready to obey you.

Viator. Why, sir, if you will so far oblige me, and that it may not be too troublesome to you, I would entreat you would run through the whole body of it; and I will not conceal from you, that I am so far in love with you, your courtesy, and pretty More-Land seat, as to resolve to stay with you long enough by intervals, for I will not oppress you, to hear all you can say upon that subject.

Piscator. You cannot oblige me more than by such a promise: and, therefore, without more ceremony, I will begin to tell you, that my father Walton having read to you before, it

(1784) in but indifferent condition; the paintings, and even the wainscoting, in many places, being much decayed. — H.

Mr Bagster, who visited it in 1814, found it much dilapidated, the windows unglazed, and the wainscot and pavement gone, but the cipher still legible. — J. R.

would look like a presumption in me (and, peradventure, would do so in any other man,) to pretend to give lessons for angling after him, who, I do really believe, understands as much of it at least as any man in England, did I not preacquaint you, that I am not tempted to it by any vain opinion of myself, that I am able to give you better directions; but having, from my childhood, pursued the recreation of angling in very clear rivers, truly, I think, by much (some of them, at least,) the clearest in this kingdom, and the manner of angling here with us, by reason of that exceeding clearness, being something different from the method commonly used in others, which, by being not near so bright, admit of stronger tackle, and allow a nearer approach to the stream, I may peradventure give you some instructions, that may be of use, even in your own rivers, and shall bring you acquainted with more flies, and shew you how to make them, and with what dubbing, too, than he has taken notice of in his *Complete Angler*.

Viator. I beseech you, sir, do; and if you will lend me your steel, I will light a pipe the while, for that is commonly my breakfast in a morning, too.

CHAPTER IV.

OF ANGLING FOR TROUT OR GRAYLING.

Piscator, junior. WHY then, sir, to begin methodically, as a master in any art should do, (and I will not deny, but that I think myself a master in this,) I shall divide angling for Trout or Grayling into these three ways: at the top, at the bottom, and in the middle. Which three ways, though they are all of them, (as I shall hereafter endeavour to make it appear,) in some sort, common to both those kinds of fish; yet are they not so generally and absolutely so, but that they will necessarily require a distinction, which, in due place, I will also give you.

That which we call angling at the top, is with a fly; at the bottom, with a ground-bait; in the middle, with a Minnow or ground-bait.

Angling at the top is of two sorts: with a quick-fly, or with an artificial fly.

That we call angling at the bottom, is also of two sorts: by hand, or with a cork or float.

That we call angling in the middle, is also of two sorts: with a Minnow for a Trout, or with a ground-bait for a Grayling.

Of all which several sorts of angling, I will, if you can have the patience to hear me, give you the best account I can.

Viator. The trouble will be yours, and mine the pleasure and the obligation; I beseech you, therefore, to proceed.

Piscator. Why, then, first for fly-fishing.

CHAPTER V.

OF FLY-FISHING.

Piscator, junior. FLY-FISHING, or fishing at the top, is, as I said before, of two sorts; with a natural and living fly, or with an artificial and made fly.

First, then, of the natural fly; of which we generally use but two sorts, and those but in the two months of May and June only; namely, the green-drake and the stone-fly: though I have made use of a third, that way, called the camlet-fly, with very good success, for Grayling, but never saw it angled with by any other, after this manner, my master only excepted, who died many years ago, and was one of the best anglers that ever I knew.

These are to be angled with with a short line, not much more than half the length of your rod, if the air be still; or with a longer very near or all out as long as your rod, if you have any wind to carry it from you. And this way of fishing we call daping, dabbing, or dibbing;* wherein you are always to have your line flying before you up or down the river, as the wind serves, and to angle as near as you can to the bank of the same side whereon you stand, though where you see a fish rise near you, you may guide your quick fly over him, whether in the middle, or on the contrary side; and if you are pretty well out of sight, either by kneeling, or the interposition of a bank or bush, you may almost be sure to raise, and take him too, if it be presently done; the fish will otherwise peradventure be removed to some other place,† if it be in the still deeps, where he is always in the motion, and roving up and down to look for prey, though, in a stream, you may always almost, especially if there be a good stone near, find him in the same place.‡ Your line ought, in this case, to be three good hairs next the hook; both by reason you are, in this kind of angling, to expect the

* See in chap. vii. May, art. 11, directions how to bait with the green drake-fly.

† It may be considered almost the invariable habit of a fish, particularly Trout, to swim away from the spot where it has risen at a fly, so that the caution in the text is not far from correct. — J. R.

‡ As the bird termed the fly-catcher has always a favourite post from which to spring upon flies on the wing, and hence it is called the *post bird* in Kent, so Trouts have usually a favourite stone to lie near in a river; and if you kill a Trout in such a haunt, his place will probably be soon supplied with another. — J. R.

biggest fish, and also that, wanting length to give him line after he is struck, you must be forced to tug for it: to which I will also add, that not an inch of your line being to be suffered to touch the water in dibbing, it may be allowed to be the stronger. I should now give you a description of those flies, their shape and colour; and then, give you an account of their breeding; and withal, shew you how to keep and use them: but shall defer that to their proper place and season.

Viator. In earnest, sir, you discourse very rationally of this affair, and I am glad to find myself mistaken in you; for, in plain truth, I did not expect so much from you.

Piscator. Nay, sir, I can tell you a great deal more than this: and will conceal nothing from you. But I must now come to the second way of angling at the top; which is with an artificial fly, which also I will shew you how to make before I have done; but, first, shall acquaint you, that, with this, you are to angle with a line longer by a yard and a half, or sometimes two yards, than your rod: and with both this and the other in a still day, in the steams, in a breeze that curls the water, in the still deeps, where (excepting in May and June, that the best Trouts will lie in shallow streams to watch for prey, and even then too) you are like to hit the best fish.*

For the length of your rod, you are always to be governed by the breadth of the river you shall choose to angle at: and for a Trout river, one of five or six yards long is commonly enough; and longer (though never so neatly and artificially made) it ought not to be, if you intend to fish at ease: and if otherwise, where lies the sport?

Of these, the best that ever I saw are made in Yorkshire, which are all of one piece, that is to say, of several, six, eight, ten, or twelve pieces, so neatly pieced and tied together with fine thread below and silk above, as to make it taper like a switch, and to ply with a true bent to your hand, and these too are light, being made of fir wood for two or three lengths nearest to the hand, and of other wood nearer to the top, that a man might very easily manage the longest of them that ever I saw, with one hand. And these, when you have given over angling for a season, being taken to pieces, and laid up in some dry place, may afterward be set together again in their former postures, and will be as straight, sound, and good as the first hour they were made, and being laid in oil and colour, according to your master Walton's direction, will last many years.†

The length of your line, to a man that knows how to handle

* For fishing with two or more flies, see note on next page.

† The great objection to rods in many pieces is, that they are not sufficiently pliant; and no angler, who is as near his station as Mr Cotton was to the Dove, should think of such a pieced rod as he describes. — J. R.

his rod, and to cast it, is no manner of encumbrance, except in woody places, and in landing of a fish, which every one that can afford to angle for pleasure has somebody to do for him. And the length of line is a mighty advantage to the fishing at distance; and to fish fine and far off is the first and principal rule for Trout angling.*

Your line in this case should never be less, nor ever exceed two hairs next to the hook; for one (though some, I know, will pretend to more art than their fellows) is, indeed, too few, the least accident, with the finest hand, being sufficient to break it: but he that cannot kill a Trout of twenty inches long with two, in a river clear of wood and weeds, as this and some others of ours are, deserves not the name of an angler.†

Now, to have your whole line as it ought to be, two of the first lengths nearest the hook should be of two hairs a-piece; the next three lengths above them of three; the next three above them of four; and, so of five, and six, and seven, to the very top: by which means, your rod and tackle will, in a manner, be taper from your very hand to your hook; your line will fall much better and straighter, and cast your fly to any certain place to which the hand and eye shall direct it, with less weight and violence, that would otherwise circle the water, and fright away the fish.

In casting your line, do it always before you, ‡ and so that

* An artist may easily throw twelve yards of line with one hand; and with two he may as easily throw eighteen.

† See the direction for your rod and line, in the notes on chap. xxi. part i

‡ Till you are a proficient, every throw will go near to cost you a hook: therefore practise for some time without one. — H.

Management of the line, when fishing either with one fly, or two or more flies. When you have fixed your rod properly with your winch thereon, [see part i. p. 121, note, describing winch and rings,] and brought your line from it through the rings of your rod, loop on to it, by the strongest end, your foot-length, which should be about three yards and a half long, made of good, strong, single silkworm gut, well tied, and the knots neatly whipped, running (very little) finer towards the bottom end, at which place there must be a neatly whipped loop: then take your end-fly, or stretcher, which should be made with one or two lengths of good level gut, full as fine, or a little finer, than the bottom link of your foot-length, tied and whipped neatly together, and looped nicely at the end: loop this to the end of your gut length; and then, your drop-fly just above a knot, where whipped, about a yard from the end fly, to hang from the line, not more than two or three inches. If you choose to fish for more, keep them all about the same distance. And observe, that if your droppers be larger than, or even as large as, your stretcher, you will not be able to throw a good line: but a beginner should never use more than one fly.

When thus prepared, let out the line, about *half as long again* as the rod; and holding the rod properly in one hand, and the line, just above the fly, in the other, give your rod a motion from right to left: and as you move the rod backwards, in order to throw out the line, dismiss the line from your hand at the same time: and try several throws at this length. Then let out more line, and try that; still using more and more, till you can manage any length needful; but about nine yards is quite sufficient

your fly may first fall upon the water, and as little of your line with it as is possible: though, if the wind be stiff, you will then of necessity, be compelled to drown a good part of your line, to keep your fly in the water. And in casting your fly you must aim at the farther, or nearer bank, as the wind serves your turn, which also will be with and against you, on the same side, several times in an hour, as the river winds in its course, and you will be forced to angle up and down by turns accordingly, but are to endeavour, as much as you can, to have the wind evermore on your back. And always be sure to stand as far off the bank as the length will give you leave, when you throw to the contrary side: though when the wind will not permit you so to do, and that you are constrained to angle on the same side whereon you stand, you must then stand on the very brink of the river, and cast your fly at the utmost length of your rod and line, up or down the river, as the gale serves.

It only remains, touching your line, to inquire whether your two hairs next to the hook are better twisted or open? And for that I should declare, that I think the open way the better, because it makes less show in the water, but that I have found an inconvenience, or two, or three, that have made me almost weary of that way; of which, one is, that, without dispute, they are not so strong open as twisted; another, that they are not easily to be fastened of so exact an equal length in the arming that the one will not cause the other to bag, by which means a man has but one hair upon the matter to trust to; and the last is, that these loose flying hairs are not only more apt to catch upon every twig or bent they meet with, but moreover, the hook, in falling upon the water, will, very often, rebound and fly back betwixt the hairs, and there stick (which, in a rough water especially, is not presently to be discerned by the

for a learner to practise with. And observe, that in raising your line, in order to throw it again, you should wave the rod a little round your head, and not bring it directly backwards: nor must you return the line too soon, nor until it has streamed its full length behind you, or you will certainly whip off your end fly. There is great art in making your line fall light on the water, and shewing the flies well to the fish. The best way that I can direct is, that when you have thrown out your line, contriving to let it fall lightly and naturally, you should raise your rod gently, and by degrees; sometimes with a kind of gentle tremulant flourish, which will bring the flies on a little towards you; still letting them go down with the stream, but never draw them against it, for it is unnatural; and before the line comes too near you, throw out again. When you see a fish rise at a natural fly, throw about a yard above him, but not directly over his head; and let your fly (or flies) move gently towards him, which will shew it to him in a more natural form, and tempt him the more to take it. Experience and observation alone, however, can make an angler a complete adept in the art, so as to enable him to throw his fly behind bushes and trees, into holes, under banks, and other places mentioned as the Trout's haunts, and where the best fish are to be found.—Taylor's *Art of Angling.*

angler,) so as the point of the hook shall stand reversed; by which means your fly swims backward, makes a much greater circle in the water, and, till taken home to you and set right, will never raise any fish, or, if it should, I am sure, but by a very extraordinary chance, can hit none.*

Having done with both these ways of fishing at the top, the length of your rod and line, and all, I am next to teach you how to make a fly; and, afterwards, of what dubbing you are to make the several flies I shall hereafter name to you.

In making a fly, then, which is not a hackle, or palmer-fly, (for of those, and their several kinds, we shall have occasion to speak every month in the year,) you are, first, to hold your hook fast betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand, with the back of the shank upwards, and the point towards your finger's end; then take a strong small silk of the colour of the fly you intend to make, wax it well with wax of the same colour, to which end you are always, by the way, to have wax of all colours about you, and draw it betwixt your finger and thumb to the head of the shank; and then whip it twice or thrice about the bare hook, which, you must know, is done, both to prevent slipping, and also that the shank of the hook may not cut the hairs of your towght, which sometimes it will otherwise do. Which being done, take your line, and draw it likewise betwixt your finger and thumb, holding the hook so fast, as only to suffer it to pass by, until you have the knot of your towght almost to the middle of the shank of your hook, on the inside of it; then whip your silk twice or thrice about both hook and line, as hard as the strength of the silk will permit. Which being done, strip the feather for the wings proportionable to the bigness of your fly, placing that side downwards which grew uppermost before upon the back of the hook, leaving so much only as to serve for the length of the wing of the point of the plume lying reversed from the end of the shank upwards: then whip your silk twice or thrice about the root end of the feather, hook, and towght; which being done, clip off the root end of the feather close by the arming, and then whip the silk fast and firm about the hook and towght, until you come to the bend of the hook, but not farther, as you do at London, and so make a very unhandsome, and, in plain English, a very unnatural and shapeless fly. Which being done, cut away the end of your towght, and fasten it. And then take your dubbing which is to make the body of your fly, as much as you think convenient, and holding it lightly, with your hook, betwixt the finger and

* This and the other inconveniences mentioned in this paragraph, are effectually avoided by the use of fine grass, or gut, of about half a yard long, next the hook. See notes on chap. xxi. part i.

thumb of your left hand, take your silk with the right, and twisting it betwixt the finger and thumb of that hand, the dubbing will spin itself about the silk, which when it has done, whip it about the armed hook backward, till you come to the setting on of the wings. And then take the feather for the wings, and divide it equally into two parts, then turn them back towards the bend of the hook, the one on the one side, and the other on the other of the shank; holding them fast in that posture betwixt the fore finger and thumb of your left hand; which done, warp them so down as to stand and slope towards the bend of the hook; and having warped up to the end of the shank, hold the fly fast betwixt the finger and thumb of your left hand, and then take the silk betwixt the finger and thumb of your right hand; and, where the warping ends, pinch or nip it with your thumb nail, against your finger, and strip away the remainder of your dubbing from the silk: and then with the bare silk, whip it once or twice about; make the wings to stand in due order; fasten, and cut it off. After which, with the point of a needle, raise up the dubbing gently from the warp; twitch off the superfluous hairs of your dubbing; leave the wings of an equal length—your fly will never else swim true—and the work is done. And this way of making a fly, which is certainly the best of all other, was taught me by a kinsman of mine, one Captain Henry Jackson, a near neighbour, an admirable fly-angler, by many degrees the best fly-maker that ever I yet met with.* And now that I have told you how a fly is to be made, you shall presently see me make one, with which you may peradventure take a Trout this morning, notwithstanding the unlikeliness of the day; for it is now nine of the clock, and fish will begin to rise, if they will rise to-day. I will walk along by you, and look on. And, after dinner, I will proceed in my lecture of fly-fishing.

Viator. I confess I long to be at the river; and yet I could sit here all day to hear you: but some of the one, and some of the other, will do well; and I have a mighty ambition to take a Trout in your river Dove.

Piscator. I warrant you shall: I would not, for more than I will speak of, but you should, seeing I have so extolled my river to you: nay, I will keep you here a month, but you shall have one day of good sport before you go.

Viator. You will find me, I doubt, too tractable that way; for, in good earnest, if business would give me leave, and that if it were fit, I could find in my heart to stay with you for ever.

* There needs nothing more to be said of these directions, than that hundreds have, by means of them alone, become excellent fly makers. For making a palmer, or hackle, see the notes on chap. vii.

Piscator. I thank you, sir, for that kind expression. And, now, let me look out my things to make this fly.

CHAPTER VI.

FISHING AT THE TOP CONTINUED. FARTHER DIRECTIONS FOR FLY MAKING. TIME WHEN THE GRAYLING IS IN SEASON. ROCK IN PIKE POOL.

Piscator, junior. Boy! come, give me my dubbing bag here presently; and now, sir, since I find you so honest a man, I will make no scruple to lay open my treasure before you.

Viator. Did ever any one see the like! what a heap of trumpery is here! certainly never an angler in Europe has his shop half so well furnished as you have.

Piscator. You, perhaps, may think now, that I rake together this trumpery, as you call it, for show only, to the end that such as see it (which are not many, I assure you,) may think me a great master in the art of angling: but let me tell you, here are colours, as contemptible as they seem here, that are very hard to be got, and scarce any one of them which, if it should be lost, I should not miss, and be concerned about the loss of it too, once in the year. But, look you, sir, amongst all these I will choose out these two colours only; of which, this is bear's hair; this darker, no great matter what, but I am sure I have killed a great deal of fish with it; and with one or both of these, you shall take Trout or Grayling this very day, notwithstanding all disadvantages, or my art shall fail me.

Viator. You promise comfortably, and I have a great deal of reason to believe every thing you say: but I wish the fly were made, that we were at it.

Piscator. That will not be long in doing: and pray observe then. You see, first, how I hold my hook; and thus I begin. Look you, here are my first two or three whips about the bare hook; thus I join hook and line; thus I put on my wings; thus I twirl and lap on my dubbing; thus I work it up towards the head; thus I part my wings; thus I nip my superfluous dubbing from my silk; thus fasten; thus trim and adjust my fly. And there's a fly made: and now, how do you like it?

Viator. In earnest, admirably well; and it perfectly resembles a fly;* but we about London make the bodies of our flies both

* If so, it is more than ever I saw any artificial angler's fly do, which, to use Shakespeare's term, imitate Nature abominably; but though noways like natural flies, (and this is not, it would appear, of the slightest importance,) they certainly catch fish as if they were. — J. R.

much bigger and longer, so long as even almost to the very beard of the hook.

Piscator. I know it very well, and had one of those flies given me by an honest gentleman, who came with my father Walton to give me a visit; which (to tell you the truth) I hung in my parlour window to laugh at: but, sir, you know the proverb, "They who go to Rome must do as they at Rome do;" and, believe me, you must here make your flies after this fashion, or you will take no fish. Come, I will look you out a line, and you shall put it on and try it. — There, sir, now I think you are fitted; and now beyond the farther end of the walk you shall begin: I see, at that bend of the water above, the air crisps the water a little: knit your line first here, and then go up thither, and see what you can do.

Viator. Did you see that, sir?

Piscator. Yes, I saw the fish: and he saw you too, which made him turn short. You must fish farther off, if you intend to have any sport here; this is no New River, let me tell you. That was a good Trout, believe me: did you touch him?

Viator. No, I would I had, we would not have parted so. Look you, there was another: this is an excellent fly.

Piscator. That fly, I am sure, would kill fish, if the day were right: but they only chew at it, I see, and will not take it.* Come, sir, let us return back to the fishing-house: this still water, I see, will not do our business to-day: you shall now, if you please, make a fly yourself,† and try what you can do in the streams with that: and I know a Trout taken with a fly of your own making, will please you better than twenty with one of mine. Give me that bag again, sirrah: look you sir, there is a hook, towght, silk, and a feather for the wings: be doing with those, and I will look you out a dubbing that I think will do.

Viator. This is a very little hook.

Piscator. That may serve to inform you, that it is for a very little fly, and you must make your wings accordingly; for as

* When a fish is thus observed to play, as it were, with the fly, I think he is probably doubtful of its smell; and I have often succeeded in making them bite in such cases, by putting a cadis bait or other insect on the fly hook. — J. R.

† To make a fly is so essential, that he hardly deserves the name of an angler who cannot do it. There are many who will go to a tackle shop, and tell the master of it, as Dapper does Subtle in the Alchymist, that they *want a fly;* for which they have a thing put into their hands that would pose a naturalist to find resemblance for; though, when particular directions have been given, I have known them excellently made by the persons employed by the fishing-tackle makers in London. But do thou, my honest friend, learn to make thy own flies; and be assured, that in collecting and arranging the materials, and imitating the various shapes and colours of these admirable creatures, there is little less pleasure than even in catching fish.

the case stands, it must be a little fly, and a very little one too, that must do your business. Well said! believe me, you shift your fingers very handsomely. I doubt I have taken upon me to teach my master. So, here's your dubbing now.

Viator. This dubbing is very black.

Piscator. It appears so in hand; but step to the door, and hold it up betwixt your eye and the sun, and it will appear a shining red: let me tell you, never a man in England can discern the true colour of a dubbing any way but that; and, therefore, choose always to make your flies on such a bright sunshine day as this, which also you may the better do, because it is worth nothing to fish in. Here, put it on; and be sure to make the body of your fly as slender as you can. Very good! upon my word, you have made a marvellous handsome fly.

Viator. I am very glad to hear it; 'tis the first that ever I made of this kind in my life.

Piscator. Away, away! You are a doctor at it: but I will not commend you too much, lest I make you proud. Come, put it on; and you shall now go downward to some streams betwixt the rocks, below the little foot bridge you see there, and try your fortune. Take heed of slipping into the water as you follow me under this rock. So, now you are over: and now throw in.

Viator. This is a fine stream indeed. There 's one! I have him.

Piscator. And a precious catch you have of him; pull him out! I see you have a tender hand. This is a diminutive gentleman; e'en throw him in again, and let him grow till he be more worthy your anger.

Viator. Pardon me, sir; all's fish that comes to the hook with me now. Another.

Piscator. And of the same standing.

Viator. I see I shall have good sport now. Another! and a Grayling. Why, you have fish here at will.

Piscator. Come, come, cross the bridge, and go down the other side, lower, where you will find finer streams and better sport, I hope, than this. Look you, sir, here is a fine stream now. You have length enough; stand a little farther off, let me entreat you; and do but fish this stream like an artist, and peradventure a good fish may fall to your share. How now! what! is all gone?

Viator. No, I but touch'd him; but that was a fish worth taking.

Piscator. Why, now, let me tell you, you lost that fish by your own fault, and through your own eagerness and haste; for you are never to offer to strike a good fish, if he does not strike himself, till first you see him turn his head after he has taken

your fly, and then you can never strain your tackle in the striking, if you strike with any manner of moderation. Come, throw in once again, and fish me this stream by inches; for, I assure you, here are very good fish—both Trout and Grayling lie here; and at that great stone on the other side, 'tis ten to one, a good Trout gives you the meeting.

Viator. I have him now; but he is gone down towards the bottom. I cannot see what he is, yet he should be a good fish by his weight: but he makes no great stir.

Piscator. Why, then, by what you say, I dare venture to assure you 'tis a Grayling, who is one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world; and the bigger he is, the more easily taken. Look you, now you see him plain; I told you what he was. Bring hither that landing-net, boy. And now, sir, he is your own; and, believe me, a good one—sixteen inches long I warrant him—I have taken none such this year.

Viator. I never saw a Grayling before look so black.

Piscator. Did you not? why, then let me tell you, that you never saw one before in right season: for then a Grayling is very black about his head, gills, and down his back, and has his belly of a dark gray, dappled with black spots, as you see this is; and I am apt to conclude, that from thence he derives his name of Umber.* Though I must tell you, this fish is past his prime, and begins to decline, and was in better season at Christmas than he is now. But move on, for it grows towards dinner time; and there is a very great and fine stream below, under that rock, that fills the deepest pool in all the river, where you are almost sure of a good fish.

Viator. Let him come, I'll try a fall with him. But I had thought that the Grayling had been always in season with the Trout, and had come in and gone out with him.

Piscator. Oh, no! assure yourself a Grayling is a winter fish, but such a one as would deceive any but such as know him very well indeed; for his flesh, even in his worst season, is so firm, and will so easily calver, that, in plain truth, he is very good meat at all times: but in his perfect season, (which, by the way, none but an overgrown Grayling will ever be,) I think him so good a fish, as to be little inferior to the best Trout that ever I tasted in my life.

Viator. Here's another skipjack; and I have raised five or six more at least whilst you were speaking. Well, go thy way, little Dove! thou art the finest river that ever I saw, and the fullest of fish. Indeed, sir, I like it so well, that I am afraid you will be troubled with me once a-year, so long as we two live.

* Others say, that the name, Umber, signifying "Shadow," is given, because the fish swims so fast as to pass like a shadow.—J. R.

Piscator. I am afraid I shall not, sir: but were you once here a May or a June, if good sport would tempt you, I should then expect you would sometimes see me; for you would then say it were a fine river indeed, if you had once seen the sport at the height.

Viator. Which I will do, if I live, and that you please to give me leave. There was one, and there another.

Piscator. And all this in a strange river, and with a fly of your own making! Why, what a dangerous man are you?

Viator. I, sir! but who taught me? and as Dametas says by his man Dorus, so you may say by me, —

> If my man such praises have,
> What then have I that taught the knave? *

But what have we got here? a rock springing up in the middle of the river! this is one of the oddest sights that ever I saw.

Piscator. Why, sir, from that Pike † that you see standing up there distant from the rock, this is called Pike Pool. And young Mr Izaak Walton was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape, in black and white, in a blank book I have at home, as he has done several prospects of my house also, which I keep for a memorial of his favour, and will shew you when we come up to dinner.

Viator. Has young master Izaak Walton been here, too?

Piscator. Yes, marry has he, sir, and that again and again, too; and in France since, and at Rome, and at Venice, and I can 't tell where; but I intend to ask him a great many hard questions so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next month. In the meantime, sir, to come to this fine stream at the head of this great pool, you must venture over these slippery cobbling stones. Believe me, sir, there you were nimble, or else you had been down. But now you are got over, look to yourself; for, on my word, if a fish rise here, he is like to be such a one as will endanger your tackle. How now!

* Sidney's *Arcadia.*

† It is a rock, in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove, and not far from Mr Cotton's house, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St Paul's church before it was burnt.* And this Dove being opposed by one of the highest of them, has, at last, forced itself a way through it; and after a mile's concealment, appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition, running through the most pleasant valleys and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of. — W.

* About the height of some hundred feet, as it appeared to me in 1817; but I only measured it by the eye. — J. R.

Viator. I think you have such command here over the fishes, that you can raise them by your word, as they say conjurors can do spirits, and afterward make them do what you bid them; for here's a Trout has taken my fly,—I had rather have lost a crown. What luck's this! he was a lovely fish, and turned up a side like a Salmon.

Piscator. Oh, sir, this is a war where you sometimes win, and must sometimes expect to lose. Never concern yourself for the loss of your fly; for ten to one I teach you to make a better.—Who's that calls?

Servant. Sir, will it please you to come to dinner?

Piscator. We come. You hear, sir, we are called: and now take your choice, whether you will climb this steep hill before you, from the top of which you will go directly into the house, or back again, over these stepping stones, and about by the bridge.

Viator. Nay, sure the nearest way is best; at least my stomach tells me so; and I am now so well acquainted with your rocks that I fear them not.

Piscator. Come, then, follow me. And so soon as we have dined, we will down again to the little house, where I will begin, at the place I left off, about fly-fishing, and read you another lecture; for I have a great deal more to say upon that subject.

Viator. The more the better; I could never have met with a more obliging master, my first excepted. Nor such sport can all the rivers about London ever afford, as is to be found in this pretty river.

Piscator. You deserve to have better: both because I see you are willing to take pains, and for liking this little so well; and better I hope to shew you before we part.

CHAPTER VII.

FISHING AT THE TOP. FLIES FOR THE MONTHS OF JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, AND PART OF MAY; INCLUDING UNDER MAY, PARTICULAR DIRECTIONS FOR BAITING WITH THE GREEN DRAKE.

Viator. Come, sir, having now well dined, and being again set in your little house, I will now challenge your promise, and entreat you proceed in your instruction for fly-fishing: which, that you may be the better encouraged to do, I will assure you, that I have not lost, I think, one syllable of what you have told me; but very well retain all your directions, both for the rod,

line, and making a fly, and now desire an account of the flies themselves.

Piscator. Why, sir, I am ready to give it you, and shall have the whole afternoon to do it in, if nobody come in to interrupt us; for you must know, (besides the unfitness of the day,) that the afternoons, so early in March, signify very little to angling with a fly, though with a Minnow, or a worm, something might, I confess, be done.

To begin, then, where I left off:—My father Walton tells us but of twelve artificial flies to angle with at the top, and gives their names; of which some are common with us here; and I think I guess at most of them by his description, and I believe they all breed and are taken in our rivers, though we do not make them either of the same dubbing or fashion. And it may be in the rivers about London, which I presume he has most frequented, and where it is likely he has done most execution, there is not much notice taken of many more: but we are acquainted with several others here, though perhaps I may reckon some of his by other names too; but if I do, I shall make you amends by an addition to his catalogue. And although the forenamed great master in the art of angling—for so in truth he is—tells you that no man should, in honesty, catch a Trout till the middle of March, yet I hope he will give a man leave sooner to take a Grayling, which, as I told you, is in the dead months in his best season: and do assure you (which I remember by a very remarkable token) I did once take, upon the sixth day of December, one, and only one, of the biggest Graylings, and the best in season, that ever I yet saw or tasted; and do usually take Trouts too, and with a fly, not only before the middle of this month, but almost every year in February, unless it be a very ill spring indeed; and have sometimes in January, so early as New-year's tide, and in frost and snow, taken Grayling in a warm sunshine day for an hour or two about noon; and to fish for him with a grub, it is then the best time of all.

I shall therefore begin my fly-fishing with that month, (though, I confess, very few begin so soon, and that such as are so fond of the sport as to embrace all opportunities can rarely in that month find a day fit for their purpose,) and tell you, that, upon my knowledge, these flies, in a warm sun, for an hour or two, in the day, are certainly taken.

JANUARY.

1. A red brown, with wings of the male of a mallard, almost white; the dubbing of the tail of a black long-coated cur, such as they commonly make muffs of; for the hair on the tail of such a dog dyes, and turns to a red brown, but the hair of a

smooth-coated dog of the same colour will not do, because it will not dye, but retains its natural colour.* And this fly is taken in a warm sun, this whole month through.

2. There is also a very little bright dun gnat, as little as can possibly be made, so little as never to be fished with, with above one hair next the hook; and this is to be made of a mixed dubbing of marten's fur, and the white of a hare's scut, with a very white and small wing; and it is no great matter how fine you fish, for nothing will rise in this month but a Grayling; and of them I never, at this season, saw any taken with a fly, of above a foot long, in my life: but of little ones about the bigness of a smelt, in a warm day, and a glowing sun, you may take enough with these two flies; and they are both taken the whole month through.

FEBRUARY.

1. Where the red brown of the last month ends, another, almost of the same colour, begins with this: saving that the dubbing of this must be of something a blacker colour, and both of them warpt on with red silk. The dubbing that should make this fly, and that is the truest colour, is to be got off the black spot of a hog's ear: not that a black spot in any part of the hog will not afford the same colour, but that the hair in that place is, by many degrees, softer, and more fit for the purpose. His wing must be as the other, [1. in January;] and this kills all this month, and is called the lesser red-brown.

2. This month, also, a plain hackle,† or palmer-fly, made with a rough black body, either of black spaniel's fur, or the whirl of an ostrich feather, and the red hackle of a capon over all, will kill, and, if the weather be right, make very good sport.

3. Also a lesser hackle, with a black body also, silver twist over that, and a red feather over all, will fill your pannier, if the month be open, and not bound up in ice and snow, with very good fish; but, in case of a frost and snow, you are to angle only with the smallest gnats, browns, and duns you can make; and with those are only to expect Graylings no bigger than sprats.

4. In this month, upon a whirling round water, we have a great hackle, the body black, and wrapped with a red feather of a capon untrimmed; that is, the whole length of the hackle

* The dubbing is to be warped on as No. 1. in February, *infra*.

† The author is now in the month of February; during which are taken, the plain hackle, which we should recommend to be made of black ostrich herl, warped, or tied down, to the dubbing with red silk, and a red cock's hackle over all.

staring out, (for we sometimes barb the hackle-feather short all over, sometimes barb it only a little, and sometimes barb it close underneath,) leaving the whole length of the feather on the top or back of the fly, which makes it swim better, and, as occasion serves, kills very great fish.

5. We make use, also, in this month, of another great hackle, the body black, and ribbed over with gold twist, and a red feather over all; which also does great execution.*

6. Also a great dun, made with dun bear's hair, and the wings of the gray feather of a mallard near unto his tail; which is absolutely the best fly can be thrown upon a river this month, and with which an angler shall have admirable sport.

7. We have also this month the great blue dun, the dubbing of the bottom of bear's hair next to the roots, mixed with a little blue camlet; the wings, of the dark gray feather of a mallard.

8. We have also this month a dark brown, the dubbing of a brown hair off the flank of a brended cow; and the wings of the gray drake's feather.

And note, that these several hackles, or palmer-flies, are some for one water and one sky, and some for another: and according to the change of those, we alter their size and colour. And note also that, both in this and all other months of the year, when you do not certainly know what fly is taken, or cannot see any fish to rise, you are then to put on a small hackle, if the water be clear, or a bigger, if something dark, until you have taken one; and, then thrusting your finger through his gills, to pull out his gorge, which, being opened with your knife, you will then discover what fly is taken, and may fit yourself accordingly.†

* Gold twist hackle; the same dubbing, warping, and hackle; with gold twist.

. These hackles are taken chiefly from nine to eleven in the morning, and from one to three in the afternoon. They will do for any month in the year, and upon any water.

† You may also observe, that the fish never rise eagerly and freely at any sort of fly, until that kind come to the water's side; for though I have often, at the first coming in of some flies, (which I judged they loved best,) gotten several of them, yet I could never find that they did much, if at all, value them, until those sorts of flies began to flock to the river's side, and were to be found on the trees and bushes there in great numbers. — *Venables*, p. 15.

When you first come to the river in the morning, with your rod beat upon the bushes or boughs which hang over the waters; and by their falling upon the waters, you will see what sorts of flies are there in greatest numbers; if divers sorts, and equal in number, try them all, and you will quickly find which they most desire. Sometimes they change their fly (but it 's not very usual) twice or thrice in one day; but, ordinarily, they seek not for another sort of fly, till they have, for some days, even glutted themselves with a former kind, which is commonly when those flies die and go out. — *Ibid.* p. 16.*

* Both these extracts from *Venables* are founded upon the notion that the fish can discriminate the species of flies, than which nothing can be more unfounded, for the angler's flies are not like any species. — J. R.

For the making of a hackle, or palmer-fly, my father Walton has already given you sufficient direction.*

* But, with Mr Cotton's good leave, he has not, nor has any author that I know of, unless we are to take that for a palmer which Walton has given directions for making, part i. p. 108, which I can never do till I see what I have never yet seen, namely, caterpillars with wings. Rejecting, therefore, wings as unnatural and absurd, supposing you would make the plain hackle, or palmer, which are terms of the same import, the method of doing it is as follows, viz.

Hold your hook in a horizontal position, with the shank downwards, and the bent of it between the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand; and, having a fine bristle and other materials lying by you, take half a yard of fine red marking silk, well waxed, and with your right hand give it four or five turns about the shank of the hook, inclining the turns to the right hand: when you are near the end of the shank, turn it into such a loop as you are hereafter directed to make for fastening off, and draw it tight, leaving the ends of the silk to hang down at each end of the hook. Having singed the end of your bristle, lay the same along on the inside of the shank of the hook, as low as the bent, and whip four or five times round; then singeing the other end of the bristle to a fit length, turn it over to the back of the shank, and, pinching it into a proper form, whip down and fasten off, as before directed, which will bring both ends of the silk into the bent. After you have waxed your silk again, take three or four strands of an ostrich feather, and holding them and the bent of the hook as at first directed, the feathers to your left hand, and the roots in the bent of your hook, with that end of the silk which you just now waxed, whip them three or four times round, and fasten off: then turning the feathers to the right, and twisting them and the silk with your fore-finger and thumb, wind them round the shank of the hook, still supplying the short strands with new ones, as they fail, till you come to the end, and fasten off. When you have so done, clip off the ends of the feathers, and trim the body of the palmer small at the extremities, and full in the middle, and wax both ends of your silk, which are now divided, and lie at either end of the hook.

Lay your work by you; and, taking a strong bold hackle, with fibres about half an inch long, straighten the stem very carefully, and, holding the small end between the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand, with those of the right stroke the fibres the contrary way to that which they naturally lie; and taking the hook, and holding it as before, lay the point of the hackle into the bent of the hook, with the hollow (which is the palest) side upwards, and whip it very fast to its place: in doing whereof, be careful not to tie in many of the fibres; or, if you should chance to do so, pick them out with the point of a very large needle.

When the hackle is thus made fast, the utmost care and nicety is necessary in winding it on; for if you fail in this, your fly is spoiled, and you must begin all again: to prevent which, keeping the hollow or pale side to your left hand, and, as much as possible, the side of the stem down on the dubbing, wind the hackle twice round; and holding fast what you have so wound, pick out the loose fibres which you may have taken in, and make another turn; then lay hold of the hackle with the third and fourth fingers of your left hand, with which you may extend it while you disengage the loose fibres as before.

In this manner proceed till you come to within an eighth of an inch of the end of the shank, where you will find an end of silk hanging; and by which time you will find the fibres at the great end of the hackle something discomposed; clip these off close to the stem, and with the end of your middle finger press the stem close to the hook, while, with the fore-finger of your right hand, you turn the silk into a loop; which, when you have twice put over the end of the shank of the hook, loop and all, your work is safe.

Then wax that end of the silk which you now used, and turn it over as before, till you have taken up nearly all that remained of the hook, observing to lay the turns neatly side by side; and, lastly, clip off the

MARCH.

For this month you are to use all the same hackles and flies with the other; but you are to make them less.

1. We have, besides, for this month, a little dun, called a whirling dun,* (though it is not the whirling dun indeed, which is one of the best flies we have;) and for this, the dubbing must be of the bottom fur of a squirrel's tail; and the wing, of the gray feather of a drake.

2. Also a bright brown; the dubbing either of the brown of a spaniel, or that of a red cow's flank, with a gray wing.

3. Also a whitish dun, made of the roots of camel's hair, and the wings, of the gray feather of a mallard.

4. There is also for this month a fly called the thorntree fly; the dubbing, an absolute black, mixed with eight or ten hairs

ends of the silk. Thus you will have made a bait that will catch Trout of the largest size, in any water in England.

It is true, the method above described will require some variation in the case of gold and silver twist palmers; in the making whereof, the management of the twist is to be considered as another operation; but this variation will suggest itself to every reader, as will also the method of making those flies, contained in the notes, that have hackle under the wings; which else we should have added to Cotton's directions for making a fly, which he gives Viator in the fishing-house. See chap. v.

* *Great whirling dun.* Dub with fox-cub's or squirrel's fur, well mixed with about a sixth part of the finest hog's wool; warp with pale orange wings, very large, taken from the quill feather of a ruddy hen; the head to be fastened with ash-coloured silk; a red cock's hackle, at full length, may be wrapped under the wings, and a turn or two lower towards the tail.

This is a killing fly, and is to be seen rising out of the hedges in most Trout rivers, late in the evening, seldom before sunset, and continues on the water till midnight, or after. It is found in most of the warm months; but kills chiefly in a blustering, warm evening, from the middle of May to the end of July.

The directions of Mr Cotton for making flies are to be considered as the very basis and foundation of that art, no author before him having ever treated the subject so copiously and accurately as he has done: what improvements have been made since his time have been handed about in manuscript lists, but have hardly ever been communicated to the public.

A reverend, worthy, and ingenious friend of mine, a lover of angling, who has practised that and the art of fly-making these thirty years, and is the gentleman mentioned in the note, p. 194, has generously communicated to me the result of his many years' experience, in a list of a great number of flies not mentioned by Cotton, with some variations in the manner of making those described in the text. And as to these deviations, it is hoped they will be considered as improvements; since I am authorized to say, that the above gentleman has, in the making of flies, made it a constant rule to follow nature.

Part of this list is, for very obvious reasons, wrought into the form of notes on that of Mr Cotton; and the rest, with another very valuable catalogue, composed by a north country angler, and communicated to me by the same gentleman, make Nos. II. and III. of the Appendix.

The reader will there also find No. IV. a *List of Flies*, formerly published in the *Angler's Vade Mecum*, so often referred to in the course of this work: and though the flies therein contained are said to be chiefly of use in stony, I have tried some of them, especially the duns, in other rivers, and found them to be excellent.

of Isabella-coloured* mohair; the body as little as can be made; and the wings, of a bright mallard's feather. An admirable fly, and in great repute amongst us for a killer.

5. There is, besides this, another blue dun;† the dubbing of which it is made being thus to be got. Take a small tooth-comb, and with it comb the neck of a black grayhound, and the down that sticks in the teeth will be of the finest blue that ever you saw. The wings of this fly can hardly be too white; and he is taken about the tenth of this month, and lasteth till the four-and-twentieth.

6. From the tenth of this month also, till towards the end, is taken a little black gnat. The dubbing, either of the fur of a black water-dog, or the down of a young black water-coot; the wings, of the male of a mallard as white as may be; the body as little as you can possibly make it, and the wings as short as his body.

7. From the sixteenth of this month also to the end of it, we use a bright brown; the dubbing for which is to be had out of a skinner's lime-pits, and of the hair of an abortive calf, which the lime will turn to be so bright, as to shine like gold; for the wings of this fly, the feather of a brown hen is best. Which fly is also taken till the tenth of April.

APRIL.

All the same hackles and flies that were taken in March will be taken in this month also, with this distinction only concerning the flies, that all the browns be lapped with red silk, and the duns with yellow.

* Isabella, Spezie di colore che partecipa del bianco e del giallo. Altieri's *Dictionary*. A kind of whitish yellow, or, as some say, buff colour a little soiled.

How it came by this name will appear from the following anecdote, for which I am obliged to a very ingenious and learned lady. The Archduke Albertus, who had married the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip the Second, King of Spain, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry, in the year 1602, having determined to lay siege to Ostend, then in possession of the heretics, his pious princess, who attended him in that expedition, made a vow that, till it was taken, she would never change her clothes. Contrary to expectation, as the story says, it was three years before the place was reduced, in which time her Highness's linen had acquired the above mentioned hue.

† Blue, or violet dun. Dub with the roots of a fox cub's tail, and a very little blue-violet worsted; warp with pale yellow silk; wing, of the pale part of a starling's feather. This fly is taken from eight to eleven, and from one to three.

This fly, which is also called the ash-coloured dun, and blue dun, is produced from a cadis; it is so very small, that the hook, known at the shops by the size No. 9, is full big enough for it, if not too big. The shape of the fly is exactly the same with that of the green drake. So early in the year as February, they will drop on the water before eight in the morning; and Trouts of the largest size, as well as small ones, will rise at them very eagerly.

1. To these a small bright brown, made of a spaniel's fur, with a light gray wing, in a bright day, and a clear water, is very well taken.

2. We have, too, a little* dark brown; the dubbing of that colour, and some violet camlet mixed; and the wing, of the gray feather of a mallard.

3. From the sixth of this month to the tenth, we have also a fly called the violet-fly, made of a dark violet stuff; with the wings of the gray feather of a mallard.

4. About the twelfth of this month comes in a fly called the whirling dun,† which is taken every day, about the mid time of day, all this month through, and, by fits, from thence to the end of June; and is commonly made of the down of a fox-cub, which is of an ash colour at the roots next the skin, and ribbed about with yellow silk; the wings of the pale gray feather of a mallard.

5. There is also a yellow dun:‡ the dubbing of camel's hair, and yellow camlet, or wool, mixed; and a white gray wing.

6. There is also this month another little brown, besides that mentioned before, made with a slender body; the dubbing of dark brown and violet camlet, mixed, and a gray wing; which, though the direction for the making be near the other, is yet another fly, and will take when the other will not, especially in a bright day and a clear water.

7. About the twentieth of this month comes in a fly called the horse-flesh fly; the dubbing of which is a blue mohair, with pink-coloured and red tammy mixed, a light coloured wing, and a dark brown head. This fly is taken best in an evening, and kills from two hours before sunset till twilight, and is taken the month through.

* *Dark brown.* Dub with the hair of a dark brown spaniel, or calf, that looks ruddy by being exposed to wind and weather; warp with yellow; wing, dark starling's feather. Taken from eight to eleven. This is a good fly, and to be seen in most rivers; but so variable in its hue, as the season advances, that it requires the closest attention to the natural fly to adapt the materials for making it artificially, which is also the case with the violet, or ash coloured dun. When this fly first appears, it is nearly of a chocolate colour, from which, by the middle of May, it has been observed to deviate to almost a lemon colour. Northern anglers call it, by way of eminence, the dark brown; others call it the four-winged brown: it has four wings, lying flat on its back, something longer than the body, which is longish, but not taper. This fly must be made on a smallish hook, namely, No. 8, or 9.

† *Little whirling dun.* The body, fox cub, and a little light ruddy brown mixed: warp with gray, or ruddy silk; a red hackle under the wing; wing of a land-rail, or ruddy brown chicken, which is better. This is a killing fly in a blustering day, as the great whirling dun is in the evening, and late at night.

‡ *Yellow dun.* Dub with a small quantity of pale yellow crewel, mixed with fox-cub down from the tail, and warp with yellow; wing, of a palish starling's feather. Taken from eight to eleven, and from two to four. See more of the yellow dun in the Appendix, No. IV.

MAY.

And now, sir, that we are entering into the month of May, I think it requisite to beg not only your attention, but also your best patience, for I must now be a little tedious with you, and dwell upon this month longer than ordinary, which, that you may the better endure, I must tell you, this month deserves and requires to be insisted on, forasmuch as it alone, and the next following, afford more pleasure to the fly angler than all the rest; and here it is that you are to expect an account of the green-drake and stone-fly, promised you so long ago, and some others that are peculiar to this month, and part of the month following, and that, though not so great either in bulk or name, do yet stand in competition with the two before named, and so that it is yet undecided amongst the anglers to which of the pretenders to the title of the May-fly it does properly and duly belong. Neither dare I, where so many of the learned in this art of angling are got in dispute about the controversy, take upon me to determine; but I think I ought to have a vote amongst them, and, according to that privilege, shall give you my free opinion, and, peradventure, when I have told you all, you may incline to think me in the right.

Viator. I have so great a deference to your judgment in these matters, that I must always be of your opinion; and the more you speak, the faster I grow to my attention, for I can never be weary of hearing you upon this subject.

Piscator. Why, that 's encouragement enough: and now, prepare yourself for a tedious lecture; but I will first begin with the flies of less esteem, (though almost any thing will take a Trout in May,) that I may afterwards insist the longer upon those of greater note and reputation. Know, therefore, that the first fly we take notice of in this month, is called

1. The turkey-fly; the dubbing ravelled out of some blue stuff, and lapped about with yellow silk; the wings of a gray mallard's feather.

2. Next, a great hackle, or palmer-fly, with a yellow body, ribbed with gold twist, and large wings, of mallard's feather dyed yellow, with a red capon's hackle over all.

3. Then a black fly; the dubbing of a black spaniel's fur, and the wings of a gray mallard's feather.

4. After that, a light brown, with a slender body; the dubbing twirled upon small red silk, and raised with the point of a needle, that the ribs, or rows of silk, may appear through the wings of the gray feather of a mallard.

5. Next, a little dun; the dubbing of a bear's dun whirled upon yellow silk; the wings, of the gray feather of a mallard.

6. Then a white gnat, with a pale wing, and a black head.

7. There is also, this month, a fly called the peacock-fly; the body made of a whirl of a peacock's feather, with a red head; and wings, of a mallard's feather.

8. We have then another very killing fly, known by the name of the dun-cut; * the dubbing of which is a bear's dun, with a little blue and yellow mixed with it; a large dun wing, and two horns at the head, made of the hairs of a squirrel's tail.

9. The next is the cow-lady, a little fly; † the body, of a peacock's feather; the wing, of a red feather, or strips of the red hackle of a cock.

10. We have then the cow-dung fly; the dubbing, light brown and yellow mixed; the wing, the dark gray feather of a mallard. And note that, besides these above mentioned, all the same hackles and flies, the hackles only brighter, and the flies smaller, that are taken in April, will also be taken this month, as also all browns and duns; and now I come to my stone-fly and green-drake, which are the matadores for Trout and Grayling, and, in their season, kill more fish in our Derbyshire rivers, than all the rest, past and to come, in the whole year besides.

But first, I am to tell you, that we have four several flies which contend for the title of the May-fly, namely, the green-drake, the stone-fly, the black-fly, and the little yellow May-fly.

And all these have their champions and advocates to dispute and plead their priority; though I do not understand why the two last named should — the first two having so manifestly the advantage, both in their beauty, and the wonderful execution they do in their season.

11. Of these, the green-drake comes in about the twentieth of this month, or betwixt that and the latter end, (for they are sometimes sooner and sometimes later, according to the quality of the year,) but never well taken till towards the end of this month and the beginning of June. The stone-fly comes much sooner, so early as the middle of April, but is never well taken till towards the middle of May, and continues to kill much longer than the green-drake stays with us, so long as to the end almost of June; and, indeed, so long as there are any of them to be seen upon the water; and sometimes, in an artificial fly, and late at night, or before sunrise in the morning, longer.

Now, both these flies, and I believe many others, though I think not all, are certainly and demonstratively bred in the very rivers where they are taken; our cadis or cod-bait, which lie

* Dun-cut. Dub with bear's cub fur, and a little yellow and green crewel; warp with yellow or green: wing, of a land-rail. Towards the eveuing of a showery day, this is a great killer.

† Not a fly exactly, though it has wings, but the little roundish, reddish beetle, with black spots, otherwise called a lady-bird, (*Cocoinella.*) — J. R.

under stones at the bottom of the water, most of them turning into those two flies,* and being gathered in the husk, or crust, near the time of their maturity, are very easily known and distinguished, and are of all other the most remarkable, both for their size, as being of all other the biggest, (the shortest of them being a full inch long or more,) and for the execution they do, the Trout and Grayling being much more greedy of them than of any others; and, indeed, the Trout never feeds fat, nor comes into his perfect season, till these flies come in.

Of these the green-drake never discloses from his husk till he be first there grown to full maturity, body, wings, and all; and then he creeps out of his cell, but with his wings so crimped and ruffled, by being pressed together in that narrow room, that they are for some hours totally useless to him; by which means he is compelled either to creep upon the flags, sedges, and blades of grass, (if his first rising from the bottom of the water be near the banks of the river,) till the air and sun stiffen and smooth them; or if his first appearance above water happen to be in the middle, he then lies upon the surface of the water, like a ship at hull, (for his feet are totally useless to him there, and he cannot creep upon the water as the stone-fly can,) until his wings have got stiffness to fly with, if by some Trout or Grayling he be not taken in the interim, (which ten to one he is,) and then his wings stand high, and closed exact upon his back, like the butterfly, and his motion in flying is the same.† His body is in some of a paler, in others, of a darker yellow, (for they are not all exactly of a colour,) ribbed with rows of green, long, slender, and growing sharp towards the tail, at the end of which he has three long small whisks of a very dark colour, almost black, and his tail turns up towards his back like a mallard, from whence, questionless, he has his name of the green-drake. These (as I think I told you before) we commonly dape or dibble with; and having gathered great store of them into a long draw box, with holes in the cover to give them air, (where also they will continue fresh and vigorous a night or more,) we take them out thence by the wings, and bait them thus upon the hook. We first take one, (for we commonly fish with two of them at a time,) and putting the point of the hook into the thickest part of his body, under one of his wings, run it directly through, and out at the other side, leaving him spitted cross upon the hook; and then taking the other, put him on after the same manner,

* This is a mistake. The stone-fly (*Phryganea*) alone is from the cadis worm. The green-drake (*Ephemera*) being from a grub that feeds indeed under water, not in an artificial case like the other, but in a hole dug in the bank, or under the shelter of loose weeds.—J. R.

† This is correct,—a circumstance rare enough, as we have already seen in this work, when either Walton or Cotton venture upon natural history.—J. R.

but with his head the contrary way; in which posture they will live upon the hook, and play with their wings, for a quarter of an hour or more; but you must have a care to keep their wings dry, both from the water, and also that your fingers be not wet when you take them out to bait them, for then your bait is spoiled.

Having now told you how to angle with this fly alive, I am now to tell you next how to make an artificial fly, that will so perfectly resemble him,* as to be taken in a rough windy day, when no flies can lie upon the water, nor are to be found about the banks and sides of the river, to a wonder; and with which you shall certainly kill the best Trout and Grayling in the river.

The artificial green-drake,† then is made upon a large hook, the dubbing camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the soft down that is combed from a hog's bristles, and yellow camlet, well mixed together; the body long, and ribbed about with green silk, or rather yellow, waxed with green wax: the whisks of the tail of the long hairs of sables, or fitchet, and the wings of the white-gray feather of a mallard, dyed yellow, which also is to be dyed thus:

Take the root of a barbary tree, and shave it, and put to it woody viss, with as much alum as a walnut, and boil your feathers in it with rain water, and they will be of a very fine yellow.

I have now done with the green-drake, excepting to tell you, that he is taken at all hours, during his season,‡ whilst there is any day upon the sky; and with a made fly I once took, ten days after he was absolutely gone, in a cloudy day, after a shower, and in a whistling wind, five and thirty very great Trouts and Graylings, betwixt five and eight of the clock in the evening, and had no less than five or six flies, with three good hairs apiece, taken from me, in despite of my heart, besides.

12. I should now come next to the stone-fly, but there is another gentleman in my way, that must of necessity come in between, and that is the gray-drake, which in all shapes and dimensions is perfectly the same with the other, but almost quite of another colour, being of a paler, and more livid yellow, and green, and ribbed with black quite down his body, with black

* The resemblance is not much nearer, I should say, than Hamlet's cloud to a camel, or a whale. — J. R.

† *Green drake, or May fly.* The body of seal's fur, or yellow mohair, a little fox-cub down, and hog's wool, or light brown from a Turkey carpet, mixed; warp with pale yellow, or red cock's hackle, under the wings; wings, of a mallard's feather, dyed yellow: three wisks in his tail from a sable muff. Taken all day, but chiefly from two to four in the afternoon.

‡ The fly will be taken or not according to the colour of the water, or of the sky, not the season. — J. R.

shining wings, and so diaphanous and tender, cobweb-like, that they are of no use for daping; but come in, and are taken after the green-drake, and in an artificial fly kill very well, which fly is thus made:* The dubbing of the down of a hog's bristles and black spaniel's fur mixed, and ribbed down the body with black silk; the whisks, of the hairs of the beard of a black cat; and the wings, of the black gray feather of a mallard.

And now I come to the stone-fly; but I am afraid I have already wearied your patience; which, if I have, I beseech you freely tell me so. and I will defer the remaining instructions for fly angling till some other time.

Viator. No, truly, sir, I can never be weary of hearing you. But if you think fit, because I am afraid I am too troublesome, to refresh yourself with a glass and a pipe, you may afterwards proceed, and I shall be exceedingly pleased to hear you.

Piscator. I thank you, sir, for that motion; for, believe me, I am dry with talking,: here, boy! give us here a bottle and a glass; and, sir, my service to you, and to all our friends in the south.

Viator. Your servant, sir; and I'll pledge you as heartily; for the good powdered beef I ate at dinner, or something else, has made me thirsty.

CHAPTER VIII.

FISHING AT THE TOP CONTINUED. FLIES FOR THE END OF MAY, AND FOR THE FOLLOWING MONTHS TILL DECEMBER; CONTAINING, UNDER MAY, INSTRUCTIONS WHEN TO DAPE WITH THE STONE-FLY.

Viator. So, sir, I am now ready for another lesson, so soon as you please to give it me.

Piscator. And I, sir, as ready to give you the best I can. Having told you the time of the stone-fly's coming in, and that he is bred of a cadis in the very river where he is taken,† I am next to tell you that,

13. This same stone-fly has not the patience to continue in his crust, or husk, till his wings be full grown; but as soon as

* *Gray-drake.* The body, of an absolute white ostrich feather; the end of the body towards the tail, of peacock's herl; warping, of an ash colour, with silver twist and black hackle; wing, of a dark gray feather of a mallard. A very killing fly, especially towards the evening, when the fish are glutted with the green-drake.

† Chap. vii. Num. 11.*

* It is an old and foolish notion among anglers, that fish will only take the sorts of maggots bred in the rivers where they live. If so, they would never take grasshoppers, crickets, and earth worms, much less artificial flies. —J. R.

ever they begin to put out, that he feels himself strong, (at which time we call him a jack,) squeezes himself out of prison, and crawls to the top of some stone, where, if he can find a chink that will receive him, or can creep betwixt two stones, the one lying hollow upon the other, (which, by the way, we also lay so purposely to find them,) he there lurks till his wings be full grown; and there is your only place to find him, (and from thence doubtless he derives his name;) though, for want of such convenience, he will make shift with the hollow of a bank, or any other place where the wind cannot come to fetch him off. His body is long, and pretty thick, and as broad at the tail almost as in the middle: his colour á very fine brown, ribbed with yellow, and much yellower on the belly than the back: he has two or three whisks also at the tag of his tail, and two little horns upon his head: his wings, when full grown, are double, and flat down his back, of the same colour, but rather darker than his body, and longer than it, though he makes but little use of them; for you shall rarely see him flying, though often swimming and paddling with several feet he has under his belly, upon the water, without stirring a wing. But the drake will mount steeple-height into the air; though he is to be found upon flags and grass too, and indeed every where, high and low, near the river; there being so many of them in their season as, were they not a very inoffensive insect, would look like a plague: and these drakes (since I forgot to tell you before, I will tell you here) are taken by the fish to that incredible degree that, upon a calm day, you shall see the still deeps continually all over circles by the fishes rising, who will gorge themselves with those flies till they purge again out of their gills: * and the Trouts are at that time so lusty and strong, that one of eight or ten inches long will then more struggle and tug, and more endanger your tackle, than one twice as big in winter. But pardon this digression.

This stone-fly, then, we dape or dibble with as with the drake, but with this difference, that whereas the green-drake is common both to stream and still, and to all hours of the day, we seldom dape with this but in the streams, (for in a whistling wind a made-fly, in the deep, is better,) and rarely, but early and late, it not being so proper for the mid time of the day; though a great Grayling will then take it very well in a sharp stream, and, here and there, a Trout, too, but much better towards eight, nine, ten, or eleven, of the clock at night, at which time, also, the best fish rise, and the later the better, provided you can see your fly; and when you cannot, a made

* I have caught a Trout so full of them that, in taking him off the hook, I have pressed out of his throat a lump of them as big as a walnut.

fly will murder, which is to be made thus: the dubbing, of bear's dun, with a little brown and yellow camlet very well mixed, but so placed that your fly may be more yellow on the belly and towards the tail, underneath, than in any other part; and you are to place two or three hairs of a black cat's beard on the top of the hook, in your arming, so as to be turned up when you warp on your dubbing, and to stand almost upright, and staring one from another; and note, that your fly is to be ribbed with yellow silk; and the wings long, and very large, of the dark gray feather of a mallard.

14. The next May-fly is the black-fly; made with a black body, of the whirl of an ostrich feather, ribbed with silver twist, and the black hackle of a cock over all; and is a killing fly, but not to be named with either of the other.

15. The last May-fly (that is of the four pretenders*) is the little yellow May-fly; in shape exactly the same with the green-drake, but a very little one, and of as bright a yellow as can be seen; which is made of a bright yellow camlet, and the wings of a white gray feather dyed yellow.

16. The last fly for this month, (and which continues all June, though it comes in the middle of May,) is the fly called the camlet-fly, in shape like a moth, with fine diapered or water wings, and with which (as I told you before) I sometimes used to dibble; and Grayling will rise mightily at it. But the artificial fly (which is only in use amongst our anglers) is made of a dark brown shining camlet, ribbed over with a very small light green silk; the wings, of the double gray feather of a mallard; and it is a killing fly for small fish. And so much for May.

JUNE.

From the first to the four-and-twentieth, the green-drake and stone-fly are taken, as I told you before.

1. From the twelfth to the four-and-twentieth, late at night, is taken a fly called the owl-fly;† the dubbing of a white weasel's tail; and a white gray wing.

2. We have then another dun, called the barm-fly, from its yeasty colour. The dubbing of the fur of a yellow dun cat; and a gray wing, of a mallard's feather.

3. We have also a hackle with a purple body, whipped about with a red capon's feather.

* See ante, p. 279.

† *White miller, or owl-fly.* The body of white ostrich herl, white hackle, and silver twist, if you please; wing, of the white feather of a tame duck. Taken from sunset till ten at night, and from two to four in the morning. — H.

The white or pale-coloured moths, such as the ghost-moth, (*Hepialus humuli,*) are called owl-flies by anglers. — J. R.

4. As also a gold twist hackle with a purple body, whipped about with a red capon's feather.

5. To these we have, this month, a flesh-fly; the dubbing of a black spaniel's fur and blue wool mixed, and a gray wing.

6. Also another little flesh-fly; the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather; and the wing, of the gray feather of a drake.

7. We have then the peacock-fly; the body and wing both made of the feather of that bird.

8. There is also the flying-ant, or ant-fly;* the dubbing of brown and red camlet mixed, with a light gray wing.

9. We have likewise a brown gnat; with a very slender body of brown and violet camlet, well mixed, and a light gray wing.

10. And another little black gnat;† the dubbing of black mohair, and a white gray wing.

11. As also a green grasshopper; the dubbing of green and yellow wool mixed, ribbed over with green silk, and a red capon's feather over all.

12. And, lastly, a little dun grasshopper; the body slender, made of a dun camlet, and a dun hackle at the top.

JULY.

First, all the small flies that were taken in June are also taken in this month.

1. We have then the orange-fly;‡ the dubbing of orange wool, and the wing of a black feather.

2. Also a little white dun; the body made of white mohair, and the wing, blue, of a heron's feather.

3. We have likewise this month a wasp-fly; made either of a dark brown dubbing, or else the fur of a black cat's tail, ribbed about with yellow silk; and the wing, of the gray feather of a mallard.

4. Another fly taken this month is a black hackle; the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and a black hackle feather on the top.

5. We have also another, made of a peacock's whirl without wings.

6. Another fly also is taken this month, called the shell-fly; the dubbing of yellow-green Jersey wool, and a little white

* The ant-fly, which is the male or female ant, has four wings; but the artificial fly so called, has only two,—so much for imitation.—J. R.

† *Black gnat.* The body extremely small, of black mohair, spaniel's fur, or ostrich feather; wing, of the lightest part of a starling or mallard's feather. A very killing fly in an evening, after a shower, in rapid rivers, as in Derbyshire or Wales.

‡ *Orange-fly.* The body of raw orange silk, with a red or black hackle; gold twist may be added; warp with orange. Taken when the May-fly is almost over, and also to the end of June, especially in hot gloomy weather.

hog's hair mixed, which I call the palm-fly, and do believe it is taken for a palm, that drops off the willows into the water; for this fly I have seen Trouts take little pieces of moss, as they have swum down the river; by which I conclude that the best way to hit the right colour is to compare your dubbing with the moss, and mix the colours as near as you can.

7. There is also taken, this month, a black blue dun; the dubbing of the fur of a black rabbit mixed with a little yellow; the wings, of the feather of a blue pigeon's wing.

AUGUST.

The same flies with July.

1. Then another ant-fly; the dubbing of the black brown hair of a cow, some red warped in for the tag of his tail, and a dark wing. A killing fly.

2. Next, a fly called the fern-fly;* the dubbing of the fur of a hare's neck, that is of the colour of fern, or bracken, with a darkish gray wing of a mallard's feather. A killer too.

3. Besides these we have a white hackle; the body of white mohair, and warped about with a white hackle-feather; and this is assuredly taken for thistle-down.

4. We have also, this month, a Harry-long-legs;† the body made of bear's dun and blue wool mixed, and a brown hackle feather over all.

Lastly, in this month, all the same browns and duns are taken that were taken in May.

SEPTEMBER.

This month the same flies are taken that are taken in April.

1. To which I shall only add a camel-brown fly, the dubbing pulled out of the lime of a wall, whipped about with red silk; and a darkish gray mallard's feather for the wing.

2. And one other for which we have no name; but it is made of the back hair of a badger's skin, mixed with the yellow softest down of a sanded hog.

OCTOBER.

The same flies are taken this month that were taken in March.

* This is not properly a fly, but a beetle, called the fern, or garden chafer, (*Melalontha horticola.*) — J. R.

† Harry-long-legs. Made of lightish bear's hair, and a dunnish hackle; add a few hairs of light blue mohair, and a little fox-cub down; warp with light gray or pale blue silk; the head large. Taken chiefly in a cloudy windy day. I have formerly, in the rivers near London, had great success, fishing with a long line, and the head of this insect only. — H.

Called the Jenny-spinner in Scotland; the *Pedicia rivosa* of systematic authors. — J. R.

NOVEMBER.

The same flies that were taken in February are taken this month also.

DECEMBER.

Few men angle with the fly this month, no more than they do in January; but yet, if the weather be warm, (as I have known it sometimes in my life to be, even in this cold country, where it is least expected,) then a brown, that looks red in the hand, and yellowish betwixt your eye and the sun, will both raise and kill in a clear water and free from snow-broth: but, at the best, it is hardly worth a man's labour. *

And now, sir, I have done with fly-fishing, or angling at the top, excepting, once more, to tell you, that of all these (and I have named you a great many very killing flies) none are fit to be compared with the drake and stone-fly, both for many and very great fish; and yet there are some days that are by no means proper for the sport. And in a calm you shall not have near so much sport, even with daping, as in a whistling gale of wind, for two reasons, both because you are not so easily discovered by the fish, and also because there are then but few flies that can lie upon the water; for where they have so much choice, you may easily imagine they will not be so eager and forward to rise at a bait, that both the shadow of your body, and that of your rod, nay, of your very line, in a hot calm day, will, in spite of your best caution, render suspected to them: but even then, in swift streams, or by sitting down patiently behind a willow bush, you shall do more execution than at almost any other time of the year, with any other fly: though one may sometimes hit of a day when he shall come home very well satisfied with sport with several other

* Some, in making a fly, work it upon, and fasten it immediately, to the hook-link, whether it be of gut, grass, or hair; others whip on the shank of the hook a stiff hog's bristle bent into a loop: and concerning these methods there are different opinions.

I confess the latter, except for small flies, seems to me the more eligible way: and it has this advantage, that it enables you to keep your flies in excellent order; to do which, string them, each species separately, through the loops, upon a fine piece of catgut, of about seven inches long; and string also thereon, through a large pinhole, a very small ticket of parchment, with the name of the fly written on it: tie the catgut into a ring, and lay them in round flat boxes, with paper between each ring. And when you use them, having a neat loop at the lower end of your hook-link, you may put them on and take them off at pleasure.

In the other way, you are troubled with a great length of hook-link, which, if you put even but few flies together, is sure to tangle, and occasion great trouble and loss of time. And as to an objection which some make to a loop, that the fish see it, and therefore will not take the fly, you may be assured there is nothing in it.

flies. But with these two, the green drake and the stone-fly, I do verily believe, I could, some days in my life, had I not been weary of slaughter, have loaden a lusty boy; and have sometimes, I do honestly assure you, given over upon the mere account of satiety of sport; which will be no hard matter to believe, when I likewise assure you, that with this very fly, I have, in this very river that runs by us, in three or four hours, taken thirty, five-and-thirty, and forty of the best Trouts in the river. What shame and pity is it then, that such a river should be destroyed by the basest sort of people, by those unlawful ways of fire and netting in the night, and of damming, groping, spearing, hanging, and hooking by day; which are now grown so common, that though we have very good laws to punish such offenders, every rascal does it, for aught I see, *impune*.*

To conclude, I cannot now, in honesty, but frankly tell you, that many of these flies I have named, at least so made as we make them here, will peradventure do you no great service in your southern rivers;† and will not conceal from you, but that I have sent flies to several friends in London, that, for aught I could ever hear, never did any great feats with them; and, therefore, if you intend to profit by my instructions, you must come to angle with me here in the Peak; and so, if you please, let us walk up to supper; and to-morrow, if the day be windy, as our days here commonly are, it is ten to one but we shall take a good dish of fish for dinner.

* Not at present with impunity in some parts of Derbyshire, where, I am informed, an unprivileged person is not allowed to go near some of the streams with so much as a walking stick in his hand. — J. R.

† The reader may rest assured, that with some or other of these flies, especially with the palmers or hackles, the great dun, dark brown, early (and late) bright brown, the black gnat, yellow-dun, great whirling-dun, dun-cut, green and gray-drake, camlet-fly, cow-dung-fly little ant-fly, badger-fly, and fern-fly, he shall catch Trout, Grayling, Chub, and Dace, in any water in England or Wales; always remembering that in a strange water he first tries the plain, gold, silver, and peacock hackle. Of the truth of this he need not doubt, when he is told, that in the year 1754, a gentleman, who went into Wales to fish with the flies last above mentioned, made as above is directed, did, in about six weeks' time, kill near a thousand brace of Trout and Grayling, as appeared to him by an account in writing, which he kept of each day's success. In confirmation whereof, and as a proof how the rivers in Wales abound with fish, the reader will find in the Appendix, No. V. a little account, kept by another person, of fish, to an astonishing amount, caught by him, in a series of years, in some of the Welsh rivers; which account was sent by him to Mr Bartholomew Lowe, fishing-tackle maker, in Drury Lane, 24th February, 1766, and is inserted in his own words.

CHAPTER IX.

FLY FISHING IN WINDY WEATHER, BEST IN THE STILL DEEPS.

Piscator. A GOOD day to you, sir; I see you will always be stirring before me.

Viator. Why, to tell you the truth, I am so allured with the sport I had yesterday, that I long to be at the river again; and when I heard the wind sing in my chamber window, could forbear no longer, but leap out of bed, and had just made an end of dressing myself as you came in.

Piscator. Well, I am both glad you are so ready for the day, and that the day is so fit for you. And look you, I have made you three or four flies this morning; this silver twist hackle, this bear's dun, this light brown, and this dark brown, any of which I dare say will do; but you may try them all, and see which does best: only I must ask your pardon that I cannot wait upon you this morning, a little business being fallen out, that for two or three hours will deprive me of your company; but I'll come and call you home to dinner, and my man shall attend you.

Viator. Oh, sir, mind your affairs by all means. Do but lend me a little of your skill to these fine flies, and, unless it have forsaken me since yesterday, I shall find luck of my own, I hope, to do something.

Piscator. The best instruction I can give you, is, that seeing the wind curls the water, and blows the right way, you would now angle up the still deep to-day; for betwixt the rocks where the streams are, you would find it now too brisk; and, besides, I would have you take fish in both waters.

Viator. I'll obey your direction, and so good morning to you. Come, young man, let you and I walk together. But hark you, sir, I have not done with you yet; I expect another lesson for angling at the bottom, in the afternoon.

Piscator. Well, sir, I'll be ready for you.

CHAPTER X.

DIRECTIONS HOW TO DRESS A TROUT AND GRAYLING.

Piscator. OH, sir! are you returned? you have but just prevented me. I was coming to call you.

Viator. I am glad, then, I have saved you the labour.

Piscator. And how have you sped?

Viator. You shall see that, sir, presently; look you, sir,

here are three* brace of Trouts, one of them the biggest but one that ever I killed with a fly in my life; and yet I lost a bigger than that, with my fly to boot; and here are three Graylings, and one of them longer by some inches than that I took yesterday, and yet I thought that a good one too.

Piscator. Why, you have made a pretty good morning's work on't; and now, sir, what think you of our river Dove?

Viator. I think it to be the best Trout river in England; and am so far in love with it, that if it were mine, and that I could keep it to myself, I would not exchange that water for all the land it runs over, to be totally debarred from it.

Piscator. That compliment to the river speaks you a true lover of the art of angling. And now, sir, to make part of amends for sending you so uncivilly out alone this morning, I will myself dress you this dish of fish for your dinner: walk but into the parlour, you will find one book or other, in the window, to entertain you the while: and you shall have it presently.

Viator. Well, sir, I obey you.

Piscator. Look you, sir, have I not made haste?

Viator. Believe me, sir, that you have; and it looks so well, I long to be at it.

Piscator. Fall to then: now, sir, what say you, am I a tolerable cook or no?

Viator. So good a one that I did never eat so good fish in my life. This fish is infinitely better than any I ever tasted of the kind in my life. It is quite another thing than our Trouts about London.

Piscator. You would say so, if that Trout you eat of were in right season: but pray eat of the Grayling, which, upon my word, at this time, is by much the better fish.

Viator. In earnest, and so it is. And I have one request to make to you, which is, that as you have taught me to catch Trout and Grayling, you will now teach me how to dress them as these are dressed, which, questionless, is of all other the best way.

Piscator. That I will, sir, with all my heart; and am glad you like them so well as to make that request. And they are dressed thus:

Take your Trout, wash, and dry him with a clean napkin; then open him, and having taken out his guts, and all the blood, wipe him very clean within, but wash him not; and give him three scotches with a knife to the bone, on one side only. After which take a clean kettle, and put in it as much hard stale beer, (but it must not be dead,) vinegar, and a little white wine and water, as will cover the fish you intend to boil: then throw into the liquor a good quantity of salt, the rind of a lemon, a handful

* Spoke like a South-country man.

of sliced horse-radish root, with a handsome little faggot of rosemary, thyme, and winter savory. Then set your kettle upon a quick fire of wood, and let your liquor boil up to the height before you put in your fish; and then, if there be many, put them in one by one, that they may not so cool the liquor as to make it fall. And whilst your fish is boiling, beat up the butter for your sauce with a ladleful or two of the liquor it is boiling in. And being boiled enough, immediately pour the liquor from the fish: and being laid in a dish, pour your butter upon it; and strewing it plentifully over with shaved horse-radish, and a little pounded ginger, garnish the sides of your dish, and the fish itself, with a sliced lemon or two, and serve it up.*

A Grayling is also to be dressed exactly after the same manner, saving that he is to be scaled, which a Trout never is; and that must be done either with one's nails, or very lightly and carefully with a knife, for fear of bruising the fish. And note, that these kinds of fish, a Trout especially, if he is not eaten within four or five hours after he be taken, is worth nothing.

But come, sir, I see you have dined; and, therefore, if you please, we will walk down again to the little house, and there I will read you a lecture of angling at the bottom.

CHAPTER XI.

OF ANGLING AT THE BOTTOM FOR TROUT OR GRAYLING.

Viator. So, sir, now we are here, and set, let me have my instructions for angling for Trout and Grayling at the bottom; which, though not so easy, so cleanly, nor, as 'tis said, so genteel a way of fishing as with a fly, is yet, if I mistake not, a good holding way, and takes fish when nothing else will.

Piscator. You are in the right, it does so: and a worm is so sure a bait at all times, that, excepting in a flood, I would I had laid a thousand pounds that I killed fish, more or less, with it, winter or summer, every day throughout the year; those days always excepted, that, upon a more serious account, always ought so to be. But not longer to delay you, I will begin and tell you, that angling at the bottom is, also, commonly of two sorts, (and yet there is a third way of angling with a ground-bait, and to very great effect, too, as shall be said hereafter,) namely, by hand, or with a cork or float.

That we call angling by hand, is of three sorts.

* Only very large Trouts should be boiled; the smaller ones are always much better broiled or fried. Lamb gives directions for boiling them in champaign, very similar to the above recipe of Cotton.—J. R.

The first, with a line about half the length of the rod, a good weighty plumb, and three hairs next the hook, which we call a running line, and with one large brandling, or a dew-worm of a moderate size, or two small ones of the first, or any other sort proper for a Trout, of which my father Walton has already given you the names, and saved me a labour, or, indeed, almost any worm whatever; for if a Trout be in the humour to bite, it must be such a worm as I never yet saw, that he will refuse; and if you fish with two, you are then to bait your hook thus: You are, first, to run the point of your hook in at the very head of your first worm, and so down through his body till it be past the knot, and then let it out, and strip the worm above the arming, that you may not bruise it with your fingers, till you have put on the other, by running the point of the hook in below the knot, and upwards through his body towards his head, till it be but just covered with the head; which being done, you are then to slip the first worm down over the arming again, till the knots of both worms meet together.

The second way of angling by hand, and with a running line, is with a line something longer than the former, and with tackle made after this same manner. At the utmost extremity of your line, where the hook is always placed in all other ways of angling, you are to have a large pistol or carbine bullet, into which the end of your line is to be fastened with a peg or pin, even and close with the bullet; and, about half a foot above that, a branch of line, of two or three handfuls long, or more for a swift stream, with a hook at the end thereof, baited with some of the forenamed worms, and, another, half a foot above that, another armed and baited after the same manner, but with another sort of worm, without any lead at all above: by which means you will always certainly find the true bottom in all depths; which with the plumbs upon your line above you can never do, but that your bait must always drag whilst you are sounding, (which in this way of angling must be continually,) by which means you are like to have more trouble, and peradventure worse success. And both these ways of angling at the bottom are most proper for a dark and muddy water, by reason that, in such a condition of the stream, a man may stand as near as he will, and neither his own shadow, nor the roundness of his tackle will hinder his sport.

The third way of angling by the hand with a ground-bait, and by much the best of all other, is, with a line full as long, or a yard and a half longer, than your rod; with no more than one hair next the hook, and for two or three lengths above it; and no more than one small pellet of shot for your plumb; your hook, little; your worms, of the smaller brandlings, very well scoured; and only one upon your hook at a time, which is thus

to be baited : The point of your hook is to be put in at the very tag of his tail, and run up his body quite over all the arming, and still stripped on an inch at least upon the hair ; the head and remaining part hanging downward. And with this line and hook, thus baited, you are evermore to angle in the streams, always in a clear, rather than in a troubled water, and always up the river, still casting out your worm before you with a light one-handed rod, like an artificial fly, where it will be taken, sometimes at the top, or within a very little of the superficies of the water, and almost always before that light plumb can sink it to the bottom ; both by reason of the stream, and also that you must always keep your worm in motion by drawing still back towards you, as if you were angling with a fly. And believe me, whoever will try it, shall find this the best way of all other to angle with a worm, in a bright water especially. But then his rod must be very light and pliant, and very true and finely made, which, with a skilful hand, will do wonders, and in a clear stream is undoubtedly the best way of angling for a Trout or Grayling with a worm, by many degrees, that any man can make choice of, and of most ease and delight to the angler. To which let me add, that if the angler be of a constitution that will suffer him to wade, and will slip into the tail of a shallow stream, to the calf of the leg or the knee, and so keep off the bank, he shall almost take what fish he pleases.

The second way of angling at the bottom is with a cork or float. And that is also of two sorts, — with a worm, or with a grub, or cadis.

With a worm, you are to have your line within a foot, or a foot and a half, as long as your rod ; in a dark water with two, or, if you will, with three, but in a clear water, never with above one hair next the hook, and two or three for four or five lengths above it ; and a worm of what size you please : your plumbs fitted to your cork, your cork to the condition of the river (that is, to the swiftness or slowness of it,) and both, when the water is very clear, as fine as you can ; and then you are never to bait with above one of the lesser sort of brandlings ; or if they are very little ones indeed, you may then bait with two, after the manner before directed.

When you angle for a Trout, you are to do it as deep, that is, as near the bottom as you can, provided your bait do not drag, or, if it do, a Trout will sometimes take it in that posture. If for a Grayling, you are then to fish farther from the bottom ; he being a fish that usually swims nearer to the middle of the water, and lies always loose ; or, however, is more apt to rise than a Trout, and more inclined to rise than to descend even to a ground-bait.

With a grub, or cadis, you are to angle with the same length

of line, or if it be all out as long as your rod, it is not the worse, with never above one hair, for two or three lengths next the hook, and with the smallest cork, or float, and the least weight of plumb you can that will but sink, and that the swiftness of your stream will allow; which also you may help, and avoid the violence of the current, by angling in the returns of a stream, or the eddies betwixt two streams, which also are the most likely places wherein to kill a fish in a stream, either at the top or bottom.

Of grubs for a Grayling, the ash-grub, which is plump, milk-white, bent round from head to tail, and exceeding tender, with a red head, or the dock-worm, or grub of a pale yellow, longer, lanker, and tougher than the other, with rows of feet all down his belly, and a red head also, are the best; * I say, for a Grayling, because although a Trout will take both these, the ash-grub especially, yet he does not do it so freely as the other, and I have usually taken ten Graylings for one Trout with that bait; though, if a Trout come, I have observed that he is commonly a very good one.

These baits we usually keep in bran, in which an ash-grub commonly grows tougher, and will better endure baiting; though he is yet so tender, that it will be necessary to warp in a piece of a stiff hair with your arming, leaving it standing out about a straw-breadth at the head of your hook, so as to keep the grub either from slipping totally off, when baited, or at least down to the point of the hook, by which means your arming will be left wholly naked and bare, which is neither so sightly, nor so likely to be taken; though, to help that (which will, however, very oft fall out) I always arm the hook I design for this bait with the whitest horse hair I can choose; which, itself, will resemble and shine like that bait, and, consequently, will do more good, or less harm, than an arming of any other colour. These grubs are to be baited thus: The hook is to be put in under the head, or chaps, of the bait, and guided down the middle of the belly, without suffering it to peep out by the way, (for then the ash-grub especially will issue out water and milk till nothing but the skin shall remain, and the bend of the hook will appear black through it,) till the point of your hook come so low, that the head of your bait may rest, and stick upon the hair that stands out to hold it, by which means it can neither slip of itself, neither will the force of the stream nor quick pulling out, upon any mistake, strip it off.

Now, the cadis, or cod-bait (which is a sure killing bait, and, for the most part, by much surer than either of the other,) may

* These are both beetle grubs, and any beetle grub will do for this purpose, particularly the grub of the cock-chafer, which is too common.—J. R.

be put upon the hook, two or three together; and is sometimes (to very great effect) joined to a worm, and sometimes to an artificial fly, to cover the point of the hook; but is always to be angled with at the bottom (when by itself especially) with the finest tackle; and is, for all times of the year, the most holding bait of all other whatever, both for Trout and Grayling.

There are several other baits, besides these few I have named you, which also do very great execution at the bottom; and some that are peculiar to certain countries and rivers, of which every angler may in his own place make his own observation; and some others that I do not think fit to put you in mind of, because I would not corrupt you, and would have you, as in all things else I observe you to be a very honest gentleman, a fair angler. And so much for the second sort of angling for a Trout at the bottom.

Viator. But, sir, I beseech you give me leave to ask you one question: Is there no art to be used to worms, to make them allure the fish, and in a manner to compel them to bite at the bait?

Piscator. Not that I know of; or did I know any such secret, I would not use it myself, and therefore would not teach it you. Though I will not deny to you, that in my younger days I have made trial of oil of ospray, oil of ivy, camphor, asafœtida, juice of nettles, and several other devices that I was taught by several anglers I met with, but could never find any advantage by them; and can scarce believe there is any thing to be done that way: though I must tell you, I have seen some men who I thought went to work no more artificially than I, and have yet, with the same kind of worms I had, in my own sight, taken five, and sometimes ten to one.* But we'll let that business alone, if you please; and because we have time enough, and that I would deliver you from the trouble of any more lectures, I will, if you please, proceed to the last way of angling for a Trout or Grayling, which is in the middle; after which I shall have no more to trouble you with.

Viator. 'Tis no trouble, sir, but the greatest satisfaction that can be; and I attend you.

* There can be no doubt of this fact, well known to all anglers, and depending, it should seem, on some peculiar skill. In 1830 I once went out bird's nesting, with three others, and one of these found from ten to one nests with the others, even after they had searched the same bushes.—J. R.

CHAPTER XII.

OF ANGLING IN THE MIDDLE FOR TROUT OR GRAYLING.

Piscator. ANGLING in the middle, then, for Trout or Grayling, is of two sorts; with a Penk, or Minnow, for a Trout; or with a worm, grub, or cadis, for a Grayling.

For the first: It is with a Minnow, half a foot or a foot within the superficies of the water. And as to the rest that concerns this sort of angling, I shall wholly refer you to Mr Walton's direction, who is undoubtedly the best angler with a Minnow in England; only, in plain truth, I do not approve of those baits he keeps in salt,* unless where the living ones are not possibly to be had (though I know he frequently kills with them, and, peradventure, more than with any other; nay, I have seen him refuse a living one for one of them;) and much less for his artificial one; * for though we do it with a counterfeit fly, methinks it should hardly be expected that a man should deceive a fish with a counterfeit fish. Which having said, I shall only add, (and that out of my own experience,) that I do believe a Bull-head, with his gill-fins cut off, at some times of the year especially, to be a much better bait for a Trout than a Minnow, and a Loach much better than that: to prove which I shall only tell you, that I have much oftener taken Trouts with a Bull-head or a Loach, in their throats (for there a Trout has questionless his first digestion) than a Minnow; and that one day especially, having angled a good part of the day with a Minnow, and that in as hopeful a day, and as fit a water as could be wished for that purpose, without raising any one fish, I at last fell to it with the worm, and with that took fourteen in a very short space; amongst all which there was not, to my remembrance, so much as one that had not a Loach or two, and some of them three, four, five, and six Loaches, in his throat and stomach; from whence I concluded, that had I angled with that bait, I had made a notable day's work of it.

But, after all, there is a better way of angling with a Minnow than perhaps is fit either to teach or to practise; to which I shall only add, that a Grayling will certainly rise at, and sometimes take, a Minnow, though it will be hard to be believed by any one who shall consider the littleness of that fish's mouth, very unfit to take so great a bait; but it is affirmed by many that he will sometimes do it, and I myself know it to be true; for though I never took a Grayling so, yet a man of mine once

* See vol. i. p. 99.

did, and within so few paces of me, that I am as certain of it as I can be of any thing I did not see, and, which made it appear the more strange, the Grayling was not above eleven inches long.

I must here also beg leave of your master, and mine, not to controvert, but to tell him, that I cannot consent to his way of throwing in his rod to an overgrown Trout, and afterwards recovering his fish with his tackle: for though I am satisfied he has sometimes done it, because he says so, yet I have found it quite otherwise: and though I have taken with the angle, I may safely say, some thousands of Trouts in my life, my top never snapped, though my line still continued fast to the remaining part of my rod, by some lengths of line curled round about my top, and there fastened, with wax silk, against such an accident, nor my hand never slacked, or slipped by any other chance, but I almost always infallibly lost my fish, whether great or little, though my hook came home again. And I have often wondered how a Trout should so suddenly disengage himself from so great a hook as that we bait with a Minnow, and so deep bearded as those hooks commonly are, when I have seen by the forenamed accidents, or the slipping of a knot in the upper part of the line, by sudden and hard striking, that though the line has immediately been recovered, almost before it could be all drawn into the water, the fish cleared and was gone in a moment. And yet, to justify what he says, I have sometimes known a Trout, having carried away a whole line, found dead three or four days after, with the hook fast sticking in him; but then it is to be supposed he had gorged it, which a Trout will do, if you be not too quick with him when he comes at a Minnow, as sure and much sooner than a Pike: and I myself have also, once or twice in my life, taken the same fish, with my own fly sticking in his chaps, that he had taken from me the day before, by the slipping of a hook in the arming. But I am very confident a Trout will not be troubled two hours with any hook that has so much as one handful of line left behind with it, or that is not struck through a bone, if it be in any part of his mouth only: nay, I do certainly know that a Trout, so soon as ever he feels himself pricked, if he carries away the hook, goes immediately to the bottom, and will there root, like a hog upon the gravel, till he either rub out or break the hook in the middle. And so much for this first sort of angling in the middle for a Trout.

The second way of angling in the middle is with a worm, grub, cadis, or any other ground-bait, for a Grayling; and that is with a cork, and a foot from the bottom, a Grayling taking it much better there than at the bottom, as has been said before; and this always in a clear water, and with the finest tackle.

To which we may also, and with very good reason, add the third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, as a third way of fishing in the middle, which is common to both Trout and Grayling; and, as I said before, the best way of angling with a worm of all other I ever tried whatever.

And now, sir, I have said all I can at present think of concerning angling for a Trout and Grayling, and, I doubt not, have tired you sufficiently: but I will give you no more trouble of this kind whilst you stay, which I hope will be a good while longer.

Viator. That will not be above a day longer; but if I live till May come twelvemonth, you are sure of me again, either with my master Walton or without him; and in the mean-time shall acquaint him how much you have made of me for his sake, and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it.

Piscator. I shall be glad, sir, of your good company at the time you speak of, and shall be loath to part with you now; but when you tell me you must go, I will then wait upon you more miles on your way than I have tempted you out of it, and heartily wish you a good journey.

A SHORT DISCOURSE,

BY WAY OF

POSTSCRIPT,

TOUCHING THE LAWS OF ANGLING.*

My Good Friend,

I cannot but tender my particular thanks to you, for that you have been pleased, by three editions of your *Complete Angler*, freely to dispense your dear-bought experience to all the lovers of that art; and have thereby so excellently vindicated the legality thereof, as to divine approbation, that if I should go about to say more in that behalf, it indeed were to light a candle to the sun. But since all pleasures, though never so innocent in themselves, lose that stamp, when they are either pursued with inordinate affections, or to the prejudice of another, therefore, as to the former, every man ought to endeavour, through a serious consideration of the vanity of worldly contentments, to moderate his affections thereunto, whereby they may be made of excellent use, as some poisons allayed are in physic; and, as to the latter, we are to have recourse to the known laws, ignorance whereof excuseth no man, and therefore, by their directions, so to square our actions, that we hurt no man, but keep close to that golden rule, "To do to all men as we would ourselves be done unto."

Now, concerning the art of angling, we may conclude, sir, that as you have proved it to be of great antiquity, so I find it favoured by the laws of this kingdom; for where provision is made by our statutes, primo Elizabeth, cap. 17, against taking fish by nets that be not of such and such a size there set down, yet those law-makers had so much respect to anglers, as to except them, and leave them at liberty to catch as big as they could, and as little as they would catch. And yet, though this apostolical recreation be simply in itself lawful, yet no man can go upon another man's ground to fish without his licence, but that he is a trespasser. But if a man have a licence to enter into a close or ground for such a space of time, there, though he practise angling all that time, he is not a trespasser, because his fishing is no abuse of his

* This Discourse was first published with, and was printed at the end of, the third edition of Walton's book: but, as the subject matter of it relates as well to Cotton's part as the other, it was thought proper to transpose it.

licence: but this is to be understood of running streams, and not of ponds, or standing pools; for in case of a pond, or standing pool, the owner thereof hath a property in the fish, and they are so far said to be his, that he may have trespass for the fish against any one that shall take them without his licence, though it be upon a common, or adjoining to the King's highway, or adjoining to another man's ground, who gives licence. But in case of a river, where one or more have *liberia piscaria* only, it is otherwise; for there the fishes are said to be *feræ naturâ;* and the taking of them with an angle is not trespass, for that no man is said to have a property in them till he have caught them; and then it is a trespass for any to take them from him. But this is not to be understood of fishes confined to a man's own ground, by gates or otherwise, so that they cannot pass away, but may be taken out or put in at pleasure; for in that case the party hath a property in them, as in the case of a standing pool.

But where any one hath *separalis piscaria*, as in Child and Greenhill's case in Trin. 15, Car. I, in the King's Bench, there it seemeth that the fish may be said to be his, because no man else may take them whilst they are within his several fishing. Therefore what is meant by a several fishing is necessary to be considered. And though the difference between a free fishing and a several fishing be often treated of in the ancient books of the law; and some opinions will have the difference to be great, and others small, or nothing at all, yet the certainest definition of a several fishing is, "Where one hath the royalty, and owneth the ground on each side of the water;" which agreeth with Sir William Calthorp's case, where an action was brought by him against another for fishing in his several fishing, &c.; to which the defendant pleaded, that the place wherein the trespass was supposed to be done, contained ten perches of land in length, and twenty perches in breadth, which was his own freehold at the time when the trespass was supposed to be done, and that he fished there as was lawful for him to do; and this was adjudged a good plea by the whole court: and, upon argument in that very case, it was agreed, that no man could have a several fishing but in his own soil, and that free fishing may be in the soil of another man, which was all agreed unto by Littleton, our famous English lawyer. So that from all this may be drawn this short conclusion, that if the angler take care that he offend not with his feet, there is no great danger of his hands.

But there are some covetous rigid persons, whose souls hold no sympathy with those of the innocent anglers, having either got to be lords of royalties, or owners of lands adjoining to rivers; and these do, by some apted clownish nature and education for the purpose, insult and domineer over the innocent angler, beating him, breaking his rod, or at least taking it from him,* and sometimes imprisoning his person as

* There is no reading this passage without figuring to one's imagination the poor, humble, patient angler, standing still and defenceless, while the merciless lord of the manor is laying on him with a stick, perhaps the butt of his own rod, or a worse weapon. I will not dispute with the author, whether the meekness and submission of the poor fisher upon this occasion are very becoming or not: but this sort of passive valour is rather to be admired than imitated. Yet has the angler his remedy, as the reader will see a few lines below.

if he were a felon. Whereas a true bred gentleman scorns those spider-like attempts, and will rather refresh a civil stranger at his table, than warn him from coming on his ground upon so innocent an occasion. It would therefore be considered how far such furious drivers are warranted by the law, and what the angler may in case of such violence, do in defence of himself. If I come upon another man's ground without his licence, or the licence of the law, I am a trespasser, for which the owner may have an action of trespass against me: and if I continue there after warning to depart by the owner, or his servant thereunto authorized, the owner, or his servant by his command, may put me off by force, but not beat me but in case of resistance by me, for then I, by resisting, make the assault; but if he beat me, I not resisting, in that case he makes the assault, and I may beat him in defence of myself, and to free myself from his violence.* And in case I shall leave my rod behind in his ground, he may take it *damage feasant*, but he can neither take it from my person by force, nor break it, but he is a trespasser to me; which seems clear by the case of Reynell and Champernoon,† where Reynell brought an action of trespass against Champernoon for taking and cutting his nets. The defendant justified, for that he was seized in fee of a several fishing; and that the plaintiff, with others, endeavoured to row upon his water, and with the nets to catch his fish; and that, for the safeguard of his fishing, he took and cut the nets and oars: to which plea the plaintiff demurred, and then it was adjudged by the whole court, that he could not by such colour cut the nets and oars; and judgment was thereupon given for the plaintiff.

Doubtless our forefathers well considered, that man to man was a wolf,‡ and therefore made good laws to keep us from devouring one another; and, amongst the rest, a very good statute was made in the three-and-fortieth year of Queen Elizabeth, whereby it is provided, that in personal actions in the courts at Westminster, (being not for land or battery,) when it shall appear to the judges (and be so by them signified) that the debt or damages to be recovered amount not to the sum of forty shillings, or above, the said judges shall award to the plaintiff no more costs than damages, but less, at their discretion.

And now, with my acknowledgment of the advantage I have had, both by your friendship and your book, I wish nothing may ever be that looks like an alteration in the first, nor any thing in the last, unless, by reason of the useful pleasure of it, you had called it the Arcadia of Angling, for it deserves that title; and I would deserve the continuance of your friendship.

* Agreeable to the rule contained in this barbarous distich:

Res dare pro rebus, pro verbis verba solemus,
Pro bufis bufas, pro trufis reddere trufas.

Things must be recompenst with things, buffets with blowes,
And words with words, and taunts with mocks and mowes.
DALTON'S *Country Justice*, chap. 72.

† Mich. 7. Car. 1. Cro. Car. 228.

‡ A melancholy truth so universally acknowledged as to have given occasion to the proverb, "Homo homini lupus." Vide Erasmi *Adagia*.

CONTINUATION OF THE DISCOURSE BY SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Since the writing the foregoing *Discourse*, the laws of this country, relative to fish and fishing, have undergone such alterations as would alone justify an addition to it: but as it has, of late, been objected to all laws that assign an exclusive right in any of the creatures of God to particular ranks or orders of men, that they savour of barbarism, and are calculated to serve the purposes of tyranny and ambition, it was thought necessary to trace the matter farther back, and shew from whence laws of this kind derive their force. And though it is not imagined that speculative arguments will operate upon men of licentious principles, yet, as the general tenor of this work supposes the angler to be endued with reason, and under the dominion of conscience, it may not be amiss to state the obligation he is under to an observance of such laws, and to point out to him the several instances where he cannot pursue his recreation without the risk of his quiet.

Property is universally allowed to be founded on occupancy, the very notion of which implies industry, or some act in the occupant of which no stranger has a right to avail himself: he that first took possession of an uncultivated tract of land, provided it was no more than necessary for the subsistence of himself and his family, became thereby the proprietor of such land.

Mr Locke illustrates this doctrine by an elegant instance: "The water running in the fountain," says he, "is every one's, but that in the pitcher is his who draws it." *On Government*, book ii. chap. v. sect 29.

And, if this reasoning be admitted in the case of land, which is ranked among the immoveable objects of property, it is much stronger in favour of things moveable, the right of which is at once claimed, and fortified by an actual possession and separation from that common mass in which they were originally supposed to exist.

But, notwithstanding the innumerable appropriations which, in the present civilized state of the world, appear to have been made, there are many things which may yet be said to be in common, and in a state of natural liberty; in this class we may rank creatures *feræ naturâ*, beasts of chase, many kinds of fowl, and all fish. The fisherman in Plautus admits, that none of the fish were his while they remained in their proper element, and insists only in his right to those which he had caught. *Rudens*, act iv. scene 3. And both the Jewish and Roman lawyers assert, that wild beasts and fish belong only to those who take them.*

This notion has led many persons to imagine that, even now, there subsists a general community of these creatures; and that, at this day, every one has a right to take them to his own use, wherever he finds them. Not to insist, that if all men promiscuously were permitted the exercise of this right, it would be of very little benefit to any, it

* Seld. De Jure Nat. et Gent. juxta Discip. Ebræor. lib. iv. cap. 4 Instit. lib. ii. tit. i. "De rerum divisione et acquirendo earum Dominio." However, this is to be understood only in cases wherein there is no law to forbid it. Grot. De Jure Belli ac Pacis, lib. ii. cap. 2. sect. 5.

may suffice to say, that there are few civilized countries that have not found it necessary, either for promoting some public good, or averting some public mischief, to control it by express prohibitions; and how far such prohibitions are deemed lawful and binding on the consciences of those on whom they are imposed, will appear by consulting the authorities on the margin. * And it is worth noting, that laws made to prohibit the taking of creatures *feræ naturâ*, by persons unqualified, do not take from a man any thing which is his own; but they barely forbid the use of certain methods of acquisition, which the law of nature might, perhaps, allow of. Puffendorf, *de Jure Nat. et Gent.* lib. iv. cap. 6. sec. 6.†

Agreeable to the principles here laid down, we find that the laws of most countries, at least of this, have assigned the property in the creatures in question to particular persons. Thus to royal fish, which are Whales and Sturgeons, the king is entitled by his prerogative;‡ and the property of fish in rivers, or, at least, a right to take them, is, in many places, given to corporations; as, with us, the fishery of the river Thames is granted to the city of London; and the townsmen of Hungerford, in Berkshire, claim a right of fishing in that part of the river Kennet, called their common water, under a grant from John of Gaunt, who, we may suppose, derived it from the crown: § but in most instances fish belong to the owner of the soil.

These principles being recognized, and property once settled, it is easy to see the necessity and the justice of fencing it with positive laws. Accordingly, in this country, judicial determinations have, from time to time, been made, ascertaining the rights of persons to fisheries; and these, together with the several statutes enacted to prevent the destruction of fish, compose the body of laws relating to fish and fishing: the former, by way of supplement to the foregoing *Discourse*, are here laid down, and the latter will be referred to.

The property which the common law gives in river fish uncaught, is of that kind which is called special, or qualified property: which see defined by Lord Coke, in his *Reports*, part vii. fo. 17, b. and is derived out of the right to the place or soil where such fish live: so that supposing them, at any given instant, to belong to one person, whenever they resort to the soil or water of another, they become his property, and so *in infinitum*.

And to prove that this notion of a fluctuating or transitory property is what the law allows, we need only apply it to the case of the water

* Puffendorf, De jure Nat. et Gent. lib. iv. cap. 6. sect. 6. Gudelin, De Jure novissimo, lib. ii. cap. 2. D. lib. xli. tit. 2. "De acquirend. vel. admittend. Possess." See also Garcilasso de la Vega, Comm. Reg. lib. vi. cap. 6; where it is said, that in Peru, hunting, by the inferior sort, is prohibited, lest, says the author, "men betaking themselves to the pleasure of the field, should delight in a continued course of sports, and so neglect the necessary provision and maintenance of their families."

† See also Arnold. Vinn. ad sect. 13. De Rer. Divis. and Ziegler on Grotius, lib. ii. cap. ii. sect. 5.

‡ 7 Coke, 16. The case of swans.

§ The townsmen of Hungerford have a horn, holding about a quart, the inscription whereon affirms it to have been given by John of Gaunt, with the Rial-fishing, (so it is therein expressed,) in a certain part of the river. Gibs. *Camden*, 166.

in a river; which is so constantly passing from the soil of one to another, that no man can, in strictness, be said to go twice to the same river; and yet, by a grant of any quantity of land covered with water, which is the only legal designation of a river, not only a certain tract of the river, but the fish contained in it, shall pass. See Coke *on Littleton*, 4. a.

In the *Register*, a very ancient law book, we find two writs relating to fish: the one, for the unlawful taking of fish in a several fishery, and the other, in a free fishery. And of these in their order.

A several fishery is that which a man is entitled to in respect of his being the owner of the soil, and is what no one can have in the land of another, unless by special grant or prescription: and whoever shall fish in such a several fishery, without a licence, is liable to an action of trespass, in which the plaintiff may well demand "wherefore, in the plaintiff's several fishery, the defendant was fishing, and his fishes took," &c. for though the fish be *feræ naturâ*, yet being taken in the water of the owner of the river, they are said to be his fish, without saying in his soil, or water, 3d Coke's *Reports*, 553. Child and Greenhill's case: but he must set forth the nature and number of the fish taken, 5 Coke's *Reports*, 35. Playter's case, and 3d Coke, 18.

A free fishery is a right to take fish in the water and soil of another, and is derived out of a several fishery. If one seized of a river, grants, without including the soil, a several fishery, or, which amounts to no more than that, his water, a right of fishing passes, and nothing else. Plowden's *Commentary*, 154, b. Coke *on Littleton*, 4. b. And the word several, in such case, is synonymous with sole, and that in so strict a sense, that by such a grant not only strangers, but even the owner of the soil is excluded from fishing there. Co. Lit. 122, a. And farther, where one prescribes to have a several fishery in a water, which prescription always supposes a grant precedent, the owner of the soil, as much as a stranger, is liable to an action if he fishes there: 2 Roll. 258, the case of Foriston and Catchrode in the Common Pleas. Mich. 29 and 30 Eliz. But here the writ shall vary from that in the case of a several fishery, and demand "wherefore the defendant, in the free fishery of the plaintiff, at N., without the licence and consent of the plaintiff, was fishing," &c. expressing the nature and number of the fish taken: but because the soil does not pass by such a grant, and the fish are *feræ naturâ*, he shall not call them his fish, as in the former instance. See the case of Child and Greenhill, above cited.

The doctrine deducible from these principles is, that that which, united with the soil, would be a several fishery, when severed by grant, though the grant be of a several, or sole, and not of a free fishery, *in terminis*, becomes a free fishery.

There is yet another case that I shall mention, which will give the intelligent reader a clear notion of this matter. A man grants to one, or more, a liberty of fishing:* here nothing but a naked right to

* I find in Dudg. Warw. 1142, *in margine*, an account of the following grant, which for its singularity deserves notice. 31 Hen. III. "Thomas de Clinton, of Aminton, levied a fine to Phil. Marmion, that he and his heirs, his wife, and their heirs, might, when they came to Tamworth, or to their castle at Middleton, fish with a boat any where in his water of Aminton, with one net, called a fleu-net, and a tramil and sayna; for which liberty he gave him six marks of silver."

fish passes, and the remedy against a trespasser is not severed from the soil; the owner whereof, and not the grantee, may maintain an action, and may also fish himself. Co. Lit. 122 a.

As common of fishing may be appendant to land, so also there may be a joint tenancy, or a tenancy in common of a fishery. 1 Inst. 186 b.

Having thus shewn in what cases the angler, in the pursuit of his recreation, may become a trespasser, let us next consider how far he is, by taking fish, in danger of committing larceny; for that the taking fish out of a pond, without the consent of the owner, falls within my Lord Coke's definition of that crime, no one can doubt that reads it. His words are, "Larceny is, the felonious and fraudulent taking and carrying away, by any man or woman, of the mere personal goods of another; neither from the person, nor by night in the house of the owner." 3d. Inst. 107. And a little after, 109, he expressly says, "Larceny may be committed of fishes in a pond."

Now, though to make the taking any personal thing felonious, reason and the law require that the party should do it *animo furandi*, (see Bracton, lib. 3. fol. 150. Fleta lib. 1. cap. 36, which we will suppose no angler to be possessed with,) yet, whether by the word pond, we are to understand ponds at large, is perhaps of some consequence for him to know.

It is a rule in law, that personal goods, and things severed from the freehold, shall go to the executors, and not to the heir.—Wentworth's *Office of an Executor*, chap. 5. And so shall fish in a tank, or the like.—Ibid. But Lord Coke, in his Commentary on Littleton, fol. 8, tells us, that fish in a pond shall go with the inheritance, "Because," says he, "they were at their liberty, and could not be gotten without industry, as by nets or engines."

From hence we may conclude, that fish in ponds cannot be said to be mere personal goods; and then it follows as a consequence, that of such fish larceny cannot be committed: and we may farther conclude, that the word ponds, in the above passage, must mean only stew-ponds, cisterns, or other such small receptacles of fish.

Many wholesome laws have from time to time been enacted, to prevent the destruction of fish; but they are so numerous, that I must refer the reader to the Statutes at large, or to the Abridgment published by a late worthy and learned friend of mine, John Cay, Esq. deceased.

He may also see, a Discourse on the Laws concerning Angling, and for Preservation of Fish, at the end of the Angler's Sure Guide, written, as it seems, by the author of that book, with the learning and accuracy of an able lawyer.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

(Referred to from the end of Part I.)

A SYNOPSIS OF AQUATIC INSECTS, COVERING THEMSELVES WITH CASES.

Water insects that cover themselves with cases, have a case either

- *Immoveable.* being affixed to stones; and have a body either
  - *Round*, with little threads on the sides; or
  - *Flat*, and more compressed, without little threads.
- Or *moveable*, portable and migratory, called "*Phryganea*," *vulg.* "a cad-case," which is furnished with little threads, as well on the back as the sides, by means whereof they adhere firmly to their cases, excepting only their head and feet; with three small protuberances projecting beyond the feet, which they can erect, or put forth at pleasure, to hinder their cases from pressing down on their heads as they creep, and troubling them.

And their cases are either

Straight, having either

- *Straws* aglutinated: and those either
  - *Parallel*, constituting two species; The *greater* being two inches long. The *lesser* and most common, called *straw-worms*.
  - Or *transverse* and shorter, with sometimes small stones and shells intermixed.
- Or *no straws* adhering, but small stones, or fine sand; which are either
  - *Round*, with little worms within, called *cod-bait*,
  - Or *flat* and compressed, either
    - With somewhat larger stones adhering to the sides of the case, but never to the fore or back part of it; whence it necessarily appears flat and compressed.
    - Or with no stones adhering to the sides; but with a case extending on each side into a narrow margin, or border, like wings; and the case is more flat and compressed than the former.
- Or *crooked*, or rather resembling a horn: for the cases of these are crooked, and one extremity is larger, the other less. Of these I have known four different species, viz. the black, large and small; and ash colour, large and small.

All these produce flies with large wings, like those of butterflies. The *nymphæ* of these (which are to spring from those small worms, and which, like tortoises, carry their houses about with them, within which they turn into *nymphæ*, from which *nymphæ* afterwards spring little flies) Dr Swammerdam refers to his fourth order of transmutations, whereas, in my opinion, they belong to the third, because they change their skin twice.

Another translation of this *Synopsis*, too copious to be here inserted, together with many curious particulars concerning aquatic insects, is to found in the *Natural History of Northamptonshire*, by the Rev. John Morton, chap. vii.

No. II.

[Referred to from Part II. p. 275, *note.*]

FEBRUARY. *Peacock Hackle.* Peacock's herl alone, or interchanged with ostrich herl; warping, red silk; red cock's hackle over all. It may be varied by a black cock's hackle and silver twist. Taken chiefly from nine to eleven in the morning, and from one to three in the afternoon.

This, and the several other hackles which we have here and hereafter described, being most tempting baits, should always be first tried when the angler comes to a strange river; and not changed till he has found out, and is certain, what particular fly is upon the water.

MARCH. *Green Peacock Hackle.* Greenish herl of a peacock; warping, green silk; a black hackle over all. Taken from eight to eleven in the morning.

Ash-coloured Dun. Dub with the roots of a fox-cub's tail; warp with pale yellow silk. Wing, of the pale part of a starling's feather. Taken from eight to eleven, and from one to three.

This fly, which is also called the *Violet Dun*, and *Blue Dun*, is to be found on almost every river: some particulars of it have been mentioned in the note, part ii. p. 275; but here follow some observations on it, which deserve to be attended to. It varies much in its colour, according to the season of the year: in March and September it is called, and that very properly, the violet dun, for it has often that hue; and therefore, in the passage above referred to, we have directed the mixing blue-violet crewel with the fox-cub down. In April it assumes a pale ash colour; and in May is of a beautiful lemon colour, both body and wings. In June and July it is blue-black; and from July it insensibly varies, till it becomes of its primitive colour, violet dun, which it never fails to do by September.

APRIL. *Pearl colour*, or *Heron Dun.* Dub with the yellowish, or ash-coloured herl of a heron; warp with ash-coloured silk. Wing, from the short feather of a heron, or from a coot's wing of an ash-colour. Morning and afternoon.

Blue Dun. Dub with the fur of a water-rat; warp with ash-colour. Wing, of a coot's feather. Morning and evening.

MAY. *Silver Twist Hackle.* Dub with the herl of an ostrich feather; warp with dark green, silver twist, and black cock's hackle over all. Taken from nine to eleven, especially in a showery day.

Sooty Dun. Dub with black spaniel's fur, or the herl of an ostrich; warp with green. Wing, the dark part of a land-rail or coot. Taken best in a showery day, as also in April or June.

Light Flaming or Spring Brown. Dub with light brown of a calf; warp with orange colour. Wing, of a pale gray mallard's feather. Taken chiefly before sunset in a warm evening: a good fly.

Although much is said in the first part of the foregoing dialogues, (p. 111,) *of the oak-fly, the author has given but a very superficial description of it, and his directions for making it are extremely imperfect; we would therefore recommend the making it after the natural fly, and that according to the following directions:*

Oak Fly. By some called the ash-fly (by others, erroneously, the hawthorn-fly.) The head, which is large, of an ash colour; the upper part of the body grayish, with two or three hairs of bright brown mixed, and a very little light blue, and sometimes a hair or two of light green; the tail part is grayish mixed with orange; wing, of a mottled brown feather of a woodcock, partridge, or brown hen; hook No. 8 or 9. This is the fly which is seen much in March, April, May, and June, on the body of ash-trees, oaks, willows, and thorns growing near the water, standing with its head downwards. It is an excellent fly, but difficult to imitate, being of many colours, unequally mixed. It takes chiefly in the morning: it does not seem to come from any cadis, for it never drops in great numbers on the water; and the wings are short, and lie flat on the back, like the blue-bottle, or large flesh-fly.

Orange-tawny, Orange-brown, Camlet-fly, Alder-fly, Withy-fly, or Bastard Cadis. Dub with dark brown spaniel's hair, or calf's hair that shines, or barge-sail; warp with deep orange; black hackle under the wing. Wing, of a darkish feather of a mallard or starling. Taken chiefly in a morning, before the green-drake comes upon the water.

Huzzard. Dub with pale lemon-coloured mohair, or ostrich feather dyed yellow; warp with yellow; gold twist and yellow hackle over all. Wing, of a very pale mallard's feather dyed of a lemon colour; the wings large, and longer than the body, lying flat on the back. Taken in a blustering day, before the May-fly comes in: a fly little known, but the most beautiful of the insect species that frequent the water. It is larger than the green-drake; of a beautiful lemon colour, both body and wings, which are four in number, and lie close to its back. It is to be met with in but few rivers, and is therefore esteemed a great curiosity: in those rivers that produce them, they appear in great numbers about the latter end of April; at which time, and afterward, the Trouts rise at them very eagerly. Doubtless this is a true water-fly; it is supposed to be produced from a very large cadis.

Death Drake. The body, one herl of black ostrich and two of peacock; silver twist; black hackle. Wing, of the dark feather of a mallard, of a copper colour. Taken chiefly in an evening, when the May-fly is almost gone.

Yellow Miller, or Owl-Fly. The body of a yellow martern's fur, or ostrich herl dyed buff colour. Wing, of the ruddy feather of a young peacock's wing, or pale brown chicken. Taken from sunset till ten at night, and from two till four in the morning.

JUNE. The May-flies, most of them, as above.

JULY. *Middling Brown.* Made of calf's hair, twisted upon pale yellow silk, for the silk to appear. Wing, of a mallard's feather.

Dark Brown. Warp with red silk, with a deep orange tag at the tail. Wing, of a mallard's feather.

Willow Cricket, or *Small Peacock Fly.* A herl of a green peacock's feather; warp with green silk. Wing, of a starling's feather longer than the body. A morning fly, especially for Grayling in rapid rivers.

Pismire. The body, some few reeves of a cock-pheasant's tail-feather, or ruddy barge-sail, or brown carpet, or old bear's hair,

towards the roots, tanned with the weather; one peacock's herl may be twisted with it: warp with ruddy silk. Wing, the light part of a starling's feather, left longer than the body. A killing fly after an emmet-flight, but not before.

AUGUST. The Pismire through this month; as also the other flies of the last month.

SEPTEMBER. *Large fœtid Light Brown.* The body of light calf or cow's hair, or seal's fur dyed of the colour; warp with ruddy or orange-coloured silk. Wing, of a ruddy brown chicken large and long. A killing fly in a morning. This fly is much upon Hackney river, and is much ruddier there than elsewhere. In the Thames, I have caught with it Dace of the largest size, and in great numbers. Somewhat of its history is given in the notes, p. 195.

No. III.

[Referred to from Part II. p. 275, *note.*]

JANUARY. *Spring Black.* Body, black wool of a sheep's face, with or without a greenish peacock's herl; warp with brown silk. Wing, the gray feather of a mallard.

Second Spring Black. Body, the very blackest part of the darkest hare's scut you can procure; with or without a greenish peacock's herl; warp with ash-coloured silk. Wing, of a fieldfare's feather. This and the other spring black are best taken in bright weather.

Bloa Herl.* Body, black rabbit's scut; black of a hare's scut; greenish peacock's herl; warp with brown silk. Wing, the light part of a fieldfare's feather.

Black Hackle. Body, pale yellow silk; with a black cock's hackle turned about it.

Dun Hackle. Body, dun-coloured silk; with a dun cock's hackle.

FEBRUARY. The same flies as are directed for the preceding month.

MARCH. The same flies as are directed for the preceding months, and also the

Turkey Fly, or *March Fly.* Body, brown foal's hair, tops of the wings of a woodcock, some ruddy, others gray, well mixed together; warp with pink and yellow, or pink and light-coloured brown silk, twisted together. Wing, of a pheasant-cock's feather.

N.B.—This, it is supposed, is the cob-fly, so much cried up in Wales.

APRIL. *Light Bloa.* Body, light fox-cub fur, a little light foal's hair; a little squirrel's bloa, and the whitish yellow of the same, all these well mixed together; warp with yellow silk. Wing, of a light fieldfare's feather.

Dun. Body, dunnest filmart,† or martern's fur, Indian fox-dun, light dun fox-cub, coarse hair of the stump of a squirrel's tail, of a

* This is a north-country word, and, as I am told, signifies a colour resembling that of a mole's back, which has a bluish gloss. I find it is thus explained, in a catalogue of local words communicated in a letter from Mr Thoresby, of Leeds, to Mr Ray: "*Bloa*, black and blue." *Philosophical Letters, between the learned Mr Ray, and several of his ingenious correspondents,* octavo, 1718, p. 321.

† *Filmart.* This is the animal which Walton, chap. i. p. 48. calls the fulimart; but the former is a name by which it is very well known at the furriers.

brightish brown or yellowish cast; warp with yellow silk. Wing, the light feather of a fieldfare.

Plain Hackle. Body, black ostrich herl, with red or black cock's hackle over it; and, in hot weather, add gold twist.

Red Hackle. Body, red silk and gold twist, and a red cock's hackle, till June: afterward use orange silk for the body. An excellent fly.

N. B. — This is more properly the orange-fly. It resembles in colour a Seville orange. Wings may be added, either of a ruddy hen or chicken, or of the softest feather of a rook's wing: the first will give it an orange, the latter a dunnish hue. It has four wings, two next the body, of a very dark gray colour, and two serving as a case over them, sometimes of a dirty blackish colour, and sometimes of an orange colour.

*Bloa Watchet,** Is a small fly, and appears on the water in a cold day. (Hook, No. 9 or 10.) The body, fur of a water-rat, black part of a hare's scut, the pale roots cut off, a very little brown bear's hair; warp with pale brown or olive-coloured silk. Wing, of a hen blackbird.

Yellow Watchet. Body, water-rat's fur, the blackest part of a hare's scut, greenish yellow crewel for feet; warp with green silk. Wing, the lightest part of a blackbird's feather. Hook, No. 9 or 10.

Knotted Gray Gnat. Body, darkest part of a hare's scut, dark brown foal's hair, dark fur of the black of an old fox; warp with gray silk. Wing, the bloa feather of a fieldfare.

Green-Tail. Body, dark part of a hare's scut, and darkest bloa fur of an old fox; light part of a squirrel's tail, and a hair or two of the coarse brownish part of it for feet; warp with ash-coloured silk. Wing, of a hen pheasant.

Sand Fly. Body, dark brown foal's hair, a little bloa squirrel's fur, and the whitish yellow of the same; warp with yellow silk. Wing, the light part of a fieldfare's feather.

MAY. The nine foregoing flies directed for April: and also the *Bloa Herl.* Body, fox's fur, dark part of a hare's scut, greenish herl of a peacock, (if the weather is warm for the season, otherwise little or none of the greenish herl;) warp with brown silk. Wing, of a starling's feather.

Dun. Body, dunnish bloa fur of an old fox, mixed with pale yellow, the ends of the hairs of an old fox almost red, some coarse hairs taken out of the tail, or brush; warp with yellow. Wing, starling's feather.

Stone Gnat. Body, the roots of the darkest part of a hare's scut, the top or ends being cut off; warp with ash-coloured silk. Wing, a blackbird's feather.

Light Bloa. Body, light fur of an old fox, mixed with pale yellow crewel; warp with pale yellow silk. Wing, light feather of a jay.

Orange Brown. Body, orange-coloured wool, with bright brown bear's hair mixed; warp with orange silk. Wing, of a starling's feather.

Peacock Hackle. Body, peacock's ruddy herl; red cock's hackle; warp with red silk.

Black Herl. Body, black herl of an ostrich, and ruddy herl of a

* Watchet; *color cæruleus albicans,* Skinner. Pale or sky-blue.

peacock, twisted together; warp with brown silk. Wing, the light feather of a fieldfare.

Pewet, or Lapwing's Topping. Body, peacock's herl, and that of a lapwing's crown feather, twisted together; warp with red silk. Wing, the red feather of a partridge's tail.

Red Herl. Body, two herls of a peacock, twisted together; warp with ruddy silk. Wing, the red feather of a partridge's tail.

JUNE. The dun, stone-gnat, light bloa, orange brown, peacock hackle, black herl, pewet's topping, and red herl of the last month, go also through this. There are likewise taken the

Whitterish. Body, the root end of the white part of a hare's scut, light gray foal's hair, or camel's hair, towards the tail, the dark part of a hare's scut with some brown hairs mixed; peacock's herl for the head; warp with white silk. Wing, the feather of a sea-mew.

Light Gray. Body, fur of the inner part of a rabbit's leg, the lightest of the dark part of a hare's scut; warp with ash-coloured silk. Wings, light gray mallard's feather.

JULY. The peacock hackle, black herl, pewet's topping, and red herl of May and June, and the whitterish and light gray of the last month, serve also for this. And to those add the

Brown. Body, hair of a very light brown or reddish calf or spaniel, and light bear's hair, mixed; warp with pale orange. Wing, the feather of a land-rail.

AUGUST. The peacock hackle, and the three following flies of May and the two subsequent months, and the brown of the last month, serve also for this: in which also are taken the

Gray Fly. Body, light gray foal's hair mixed with the dark part of a hare's scut; warp with gray silk. Wing, a hen pheasant's feather.

Black Ant-fly. Body, darkest part of a hare's scut, and dark brown wool, or sheep's russet, equally mixed, and one single ruddy herl of a peacock, all twisted together; warp with copper-coloured silk. Wing, a fieldfare's feather.

Brown Ant-fly. Body, bright brown bear's hair, much weather-beaten. Almost of an orange colour towards the tail; and, therefore, a few hairs, of a light brown, or flame-coloured calf or spaniel's hair, to be added in the tail part; warp with orange-coloured silk. Wing, the light feather of a fieldfare or starling.

Note. — The black and the brown ant-fly, I have studied to imitate with other materials, (and have found them succeed very well,) made as follows:

Black Ant. Brown bear's hair, and a little gray squirrel's hair next the roots, peacock herl; warp with copper colour or ash.

Brown Ant. Light barge-sail, seal's fur and brown bear's hair, peacock's herl; warp with orange. Wings of this and the former, starling's feather; longer than the body.

No. IV.

(Referred to from Part II. page 275, *note.*)

FEBRUARY. *Prime Dun.* Dubbing, of the down of a fox-cub, warped with sad ash-coloured silk. Wings, of the feather got from

the quill of a shepstare's * wing. This fly is made little: but there is another, made of the same dubbing, larger by far.

MARCH. The same flies as are taken in February will be taken in March; and also those hereafter mentioned.

Moorish Brown. Dubbing, of the wool of a black sheep, warped with red silk. Wings, of the feather got from a partridge wing.

Palm Fly. Dubbing, of the hair of a brown spaniel, got on the outside of the ear, and a little sea-green wool mixed; warped with brown cloth-coloured silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather.

Green-Tail. Dubbing, of the brown hair of a spaniel, got on the outside of the ear; but a little, in the end of the tail, must be all of sea-green wool, without mixture. Wings, as the last.

APRIL. *Bright Bear.* Dubbing, of bright bear's hair, warped with sad cloth-coloured silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather. Others dub the body with yellow silk, which is better.

Yellow Dun. Dubbing, of yellow wool, and ash-coloured fox-cub down mixed together; dubbed with yellow silk. Wings, of the feather of a shepstare's quill. Others dub it with dun bear's hair, and the yellow fur got from a martern's skin, mixed together, and with yellow silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather.

Make two other flies, their bodies dubbed as the last; but in the one mingle sanded hog's down, and to the other black hog's down. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather.

And there is also taken an excellent fly, made of dun bear's hair, yellow martern's fur, sanded hog's down, and black hog's down, all mixed in equal proportion together; warped with yellow silk. Wings, of the feather of a shepstare's quill.

These several flies, mentioned for April, are very good, and will be taken all the spring and summer.

MAY. *Thorn-fly.* Dubbing, of black lambs' wool; warped with black silk. Wings, of a mallard's light gray feather.

Note. That in all instances where mallard's feathers are directed to be used for wings, they must be those of the wild, and not the tame mallard.

Knop Fly. Dubbing, of the down of an otter-cub and the herl of a peacock; warped with black silk. Wings, of the light gray feather of a mallard.

Fern Bud. This fly is got on fern, and the natural one is very good to dib with. It has a short thick body, of a very sad greenish colour, and two pair of wings; the uppermost are hard, and sometimes taken off, but the undermost diaphanous. And it is dubbed with the herl of a peacock, and very sad green silk. Wings, of the feather of a fieldfare's quill got out of the wing.

Little Dun. Dubbing, of an otter's fur; warped with ash-coloured silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather.

Yellow May-fly. Dubbing, of yellow wool, mixed with yellow fur of a martern; warped with yellow silk. Wings, of the lightest coloured feather of a throstle.

JUNE. *Black Midge,* or *Gnat.* Dubbing, of the down of a mole; warped with black silk. Wings, of a light gray shepstare's quill feather.

Gray Midge, or Gnat. Dubbing, of the down of a sad gray cat,

* The reader is to note, that shepstare, stare, and starling, are words synonymous: *vide* Minsheu's Dict. *voce* Stare.

or sad gray camel's hair; warped with gray silk. Wings, of the gray feather of a mallard.

Purple Fly. Dubbing, of purple wool, and a little bear's hair mixed, sometimes no bear's hair at all. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather. Warped with purple silk.

Sand Fly. Dubbing, of the wool gotten off the flank of a black sheep; warped with black silk. Wings, of the sad-coloured feather of a throstle quill. Others make the body of the feather of a heron's neck.

Mackerel. Dubbing, of light brown camel's hair, warped with black silk. Wings, of a red cock's feather.

JULY. *Blue Dun.* Dubbing, of the down of a water-mouse, and the bluish dun of an old fox, mixed together; warped with sad ash-coloured silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather.

AUGUST. *Buss Brown.* Dubbing, of the light brown hair of a cur. The head, black. Wings, of the feather of a red hen. Warped with orange-coloured silk.

Hearth Fly. Dubbing, of the wool of an old black sheep; with some gray hairs in it for the body and head. Wings, of a light shepstare's quill feather; warped on with black silk.

Pismire Fly. Dubbing, of bright brown bear's hair; warped with red silk. Wings, of the saddest coloured shepstare's quill feather. A good fly.

SEPTEMBER. *Little Blue Dun.* Dubbing, of the down of a mouse, for body and head; warped with sad ash-coloured silk. Wings, of a sad-coloured shepstare's quill feather.

No. V.

(Referred to from Part II. page 288, *note.*)

TEN YEARS, ONE MONTH, AND FIVE DAYS' ANGLING.

	FISH taken in the counties of Carmarthen and Glamorgan, commencing 11th April, 1753, to the 10th April, 1754, inclusive,	6272
	Ditto in the counties of Pembroke, Carmarthen, Glamorgan, and Derby, from 11th April, 1754, to 24th October following,	3758
1756	Ditto in the counties of York, Salop, and Glamorgan,	3739
1757	Fish taken in the county of Glamorgan,	9272
1758	Ditto in the counties of Glamorgan, Brecon, Radnor, and Hereford,	7762
1759	Ditto in the same counties,	3490
1760	Ditto in the county of Glamorgan,	2150
1761	Ditto in the same county,	2522
1762	Ditto in the counties of Glamorgan and Carmarthen,	3183
1763	Ditto in the county of Carmarthen,	3158
1764	Ditto in the county of Carmarthen, to 23d July, being my last day's angling in the principality,	1814
	The whole given to the public,	47120

The rich, the poor, the sick, and the healthy, have tasted of the labour of my hands.

In the first nine months in the year 1751, I took, in the counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen, above a thousand Trouts: and though I have taken Trouts in every month in the year since, yet I could not, in any one year, reach that number. Perhaps I have done it before 1751; but I did not then keep an account all the year round, only noted those days in which I had diversion more than common.

N. B. There were some Pike and Chub, Eel and Flounder taken, which are not noted in the above account.*

No. VI.

Additional Rules and Cautions.

1. When you have hooked a fish, never suffer him to run out with the line; but keep your rod bent, and as near perpendicular as you can; by this method the top plies to every pull he makes, and you prevent the straining of your line for the same reason.

2. Never raise a large fish out of the water by taking the hair to which your hook is fastened, or indeed any part of the line, into your hand; but either put a landing-net under him, or, for want of that, your hat: you may, indeed, in fly-fishing, lay hold of your line to draw a fish to you, but this must be done with caution.

3. Your silk for whipping hooks and other fine work must be very small; use it double, and wax it, and indeed any other kind of binding, with shoemaker's wax, which of all wax is the toughest, and holds best: if your wax is too stiff, temper it with tallow.

4. If for strong fishing you use grass, which, when you can get it fine, is to be preferred to gut, remember always to soak it about an hour in water before you use it; this will make it tough, and prevent its kinking.

5. Whenever you begin fishing, wet the ends of the joints of your rod, which, as it makes them swell, will prevent their loosening. And,

6. If you happen with rain or otherwise to wet your rod, so that you cannot pull the joints asunder, turn the ferule a few times round in the flame of a candle, and they will easily separate.

7. Before you fix the loop of bristle to your hook in order to make it fly, to prevent its drawing, be sure to singe the ends of it in the flame of a candle; do the same by the hair to which at any time you whip a hook.

8. Make flies in warm weather only, for, in cold, your waxed silk will not draw.

9. In rainy weather, or when the season for fishing is over, repair whatever damage your tackle has sustained.

* If I had the honour of an acquaintance with this keen and laborious sportsman, I might possibly at times have checked him in the ardour of his pursuit, by reminding him of that excellent maxim, "Ne quid nimis," *i. e.* "Nothing too much." The pleasure of angling consists not so much in the number of fish we catch, as in the exercise of our art, the gratification of our hopes, and the reward of our skill and ingenuity. Were it possible for an angler to be sure of every cast of his fly, so that for six hours together his hook should never come home without a fish at it, angling would be no more a recreation than the sawing of stone or the pumping of water.

10. Never regard what bunglers and slovens tell you; but believe that neatness in your tackle, and a nice and curious hand in all your work, especially in fly-making, are absolutely necessary.

11. Be ever so provided as to be able to help yourself in all exigencies; nor deem it a small incivility to interrupt your companion in his sport, by frequently calling to him to lend you a plummet or a knife, or to supply you with a hook, a float, a few shot, or any thing else that you ought to be furnished with before you set out for your recreation.

12. Never fish in any water that is not common, without leave of the owner, which is seldom denied to any but those who do not deserve it.

13. If at any time you happen to be overheated with walking, or other exercise, avoid small liquors, especially water, as you would poison, and rather take a glass of rum or brandy; the instantaneous effects whereof, in cooling the body and quenching drought, are amazing.

14. Never be tempted in the pursuit of your recreation to wade, at least not as I have seen some do, to the waist. This indiscreet practice has been known to bring on fevers that have terminated in abscesses, and endangered the loss of a limb.

15. Never, to preserve the character of an expert angler, be guilty of that mean practice of buying fish * of such of your fellow sportsmen as have had better success than yourself; thereby giving occasion for that bitter sarcasm, the more bitter for being true, "They were caught with a silver hook."

16. Remember that the wit and invention of mankind were bestowed for other purposes than to deceive silly fish; and that however delightful angling may have been made to appear by the foregoing pages, it ceases to be innocent when used otherwise than as a mere recreation. †

17. Lastly, when seated under a shady tree, on the side of a pleasant river, or moving about on the banks of it, thou art otherwise pursuing thy recreation; when the gliding of waters, the singing of birds, the bleating of flocks, the lowing of cattle, and the view of delightful prospects, and the various occupations of rural industry, shall dispose thee to thought and reflection; let the beauties of Nature, the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty, as manifested in the production of his creatures, the order and course of his providence in their preservation, the rewards of a good life, and the certainty of thy end, be the subjects of thy meditation.

* There are others to whom this caution against buying fish may be useful. One of the greatest temptations to the fishing with unlawful nets in the Thames, near London, is the high price which by an artifice some of the scaly kinds of fish, that is to say, Roach and Dace, are made to fetch; for the takers of such first scrape off the scales, and sell them by the pound to the necklace-makers, (who make thereof a kind of amalgama, with which they cover wax beads, and thereby imitate pearls;) and having so done, they cry the smallest and very refuse of the fish about the streets, and sell them to ignorant housekeepers for Gudgeons.

† Some will be disposed to dispute the correctness of this conclusion. — S.

No. VII.

ECLOGA PISCATORIA.

(A METASTASIO, UT DICITUR.)

Candida vitæ,
Gaudia nescit
Ah miser! ille,
Qui requievit
Littore nunquam
Mollis arenæ
Pone reclinis;
Grata Favoni
Quot micat ardens
Ignibus æther
Unda relucet,
Fractaque Phœbes
Æquore glauco
Ludit imago
Lactea, splendet
Sub tremebundo,
Lumine pontus;
Et tua, Triton,
Buccina torta
Nocte silenti
Littora complet,
(Blanda palustris
Fistula cede,
Pan, licet Arcas
Inflet avenam!)
Saxaque latè
Reddere discunt
Doridos ignes,
Leucothoesve,
Vel Galatheæ
Grata Sicano
Furta sub antro,
Quæ fovet ulnis
Acida Divum;
Dumque natanti
Lumine languens
Murmure leni,
Basia sugens
Comprimit arctè
Pectore pectus
Aurea nymphè;
Spretus amator
(Ardua moles)
Heu fremit atrox
Ore cruento,

Quum levis aura,
Vespere sero
Fluctibus orta,
Flamine leni
Pectora mulcens
Æquora crispat:
Nox ubi fuscis
Evolat alis,
Tum furibundis
Passibus errans,
Sanguinolentum
Luminis orbem
Sævè volutans
Singula lustrat,
Cernere si quâ
Possit amantes.
Raptaque dextrâ
Pallida membra
Fulminis instar
Fragens heu! heu!
Vindice saxo.
Ergo age tandem
Spernere mitte
Gurgitis almi
Littora grata,
Gratior ipsa
Rustica Phylli,
Ipsa Dione,
Ipsa puelli
Arcitenentis
Aurea mater,
Aurea quæ nunc
Ore nitenti
Numina captat;
Blanda marinæ
Filia spumæ
Edita ponto est:
Nunc quoque pontum
(Æthere spreto)
Sæpè revisens
Alite curru
Diva serenis
Labitur undis,
Collaque olorum
Floribus atque

Cunctaque latè
Voce tonanti
Semifer implet:
(Scylla relatrat
Ætna remugit)
Alme Favoni,
Purpureisque
Exsilis alis,
Moxque reportans
Conjugis horto
Sive rosarum
Vel hyacinthi
Fundis odores.
Grandia cete
Gaudia vasta
Saltibus edunt
Incompostis,
O Venus alma,
Teque salutant,
Et maris æquor
Impete læto
Sydera ad alta
Naribus efflant.
O mea vita,
Ocyus adsis,
Molle latusque
Littore fulta,
Prospice mecum
Colle propinquo
Subsilientes
Lanigerarum
Ubera circum
Molliter agnas;
Flectit habenâ;
Æolus Euro
Lora frementi
Contrahit arctè;
At tibi laxat,
Pendula lino
Et tibi dextram
Armet arundo;
Hamus aduncus
Fluctuet unda:
Mox genus ecce
Omne natantum
(Squammea pubes
Ex latebrosis
Advena fundis)
Præpete pinnâ
Trans maris æquor
Ultro requiret
Humida nostræ
Lina puellæ;
Crine madentes
Et tibi fundent
Naiades udæ
Divite dextrâ,
Mille colorum
Munera conchas,
Sanguine multo
Tincta coralla
Gurgitis imi
Splendida dona,
Doridos almæ
Læve tributum.*

* This Eclogue, which on account of its excellence is here inserted, was communicated by a learned friend to the editor of this work, (1760;) but it does not occur in any of the editions of Metastasio's Works.

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